The Saturday Evening
POST
July 22, 1961 – 15¢

Champion swimmer Lynn Burke: "No More Olympics for Me"

VERMONT
Last Stand of the Yankees

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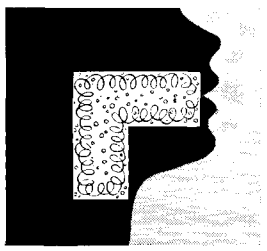

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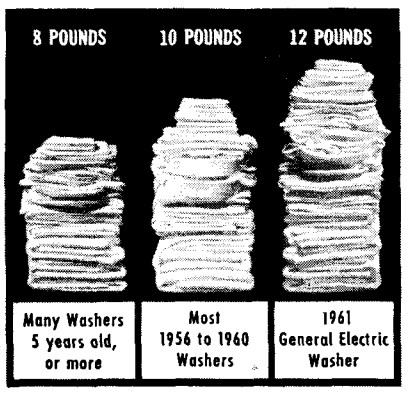

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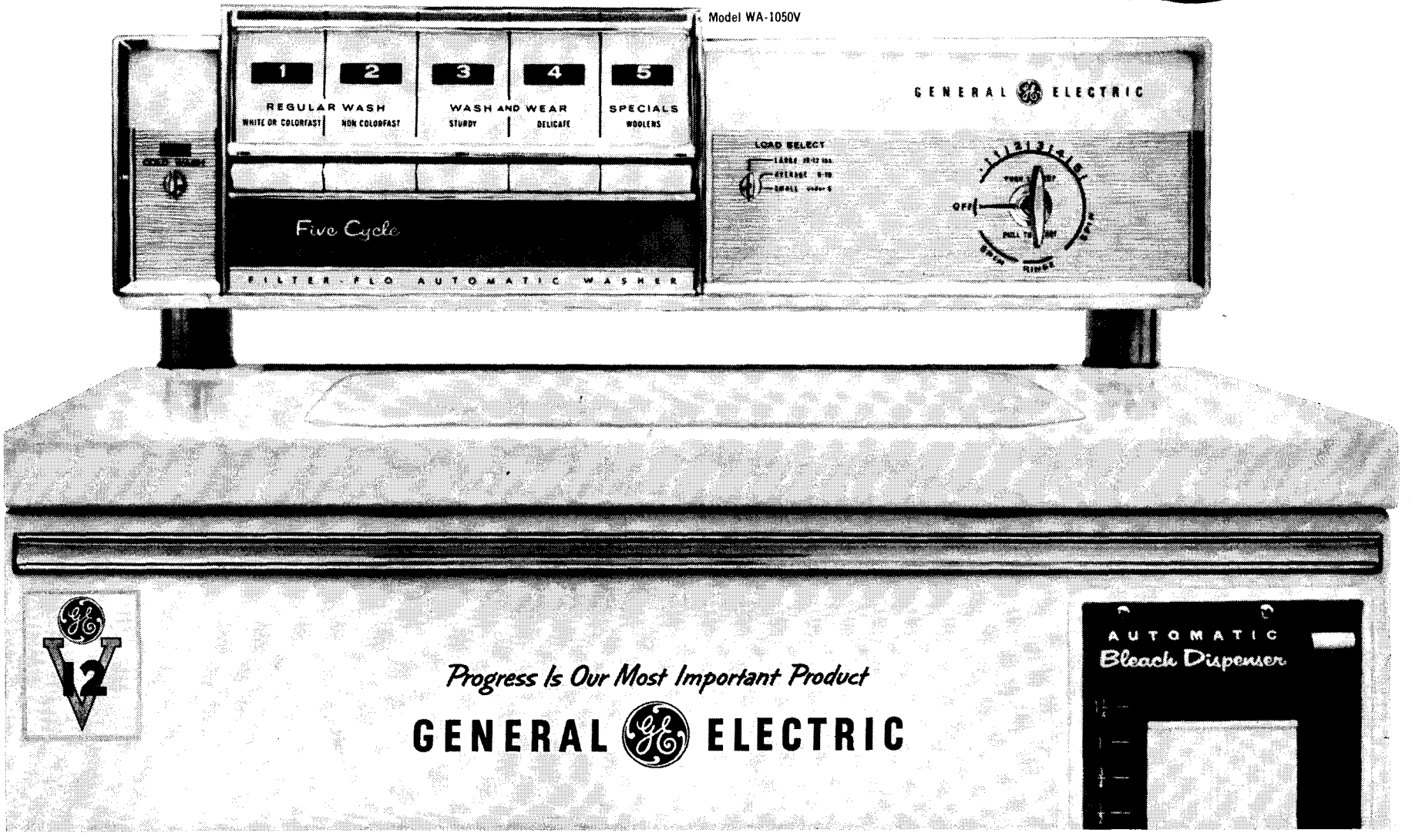

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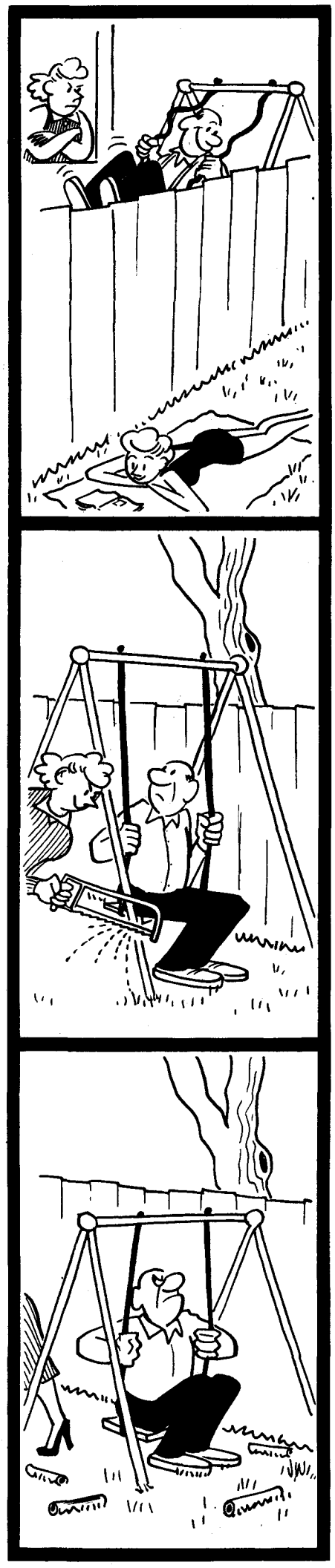
THE COVER

A fellow toils for fifty or sixty hours a week to squirrel away enough dough for a cool pool where he can enjoy his few hours of leisure, and what happens? Come the hordes, advancing behind the inevitable rallying cry, "Yoo, hoo—anybody home?" But isn't a swimming pool meant to be swum in? And didn't the pool salesman promise that the pool would be "inviting"? If our reluctant host demands privacy, he had better lift that newspaper off his lap and check the classified listings for a quiet apartment in town—one with an oversized bathtub. Or he can console himself with the knowledge that if he owned a home and pool in Florida, as does artist Thornton Utz, he would have to put up with "friends" such as these in the winter as well as in the summer.



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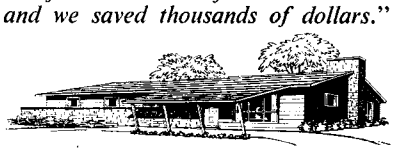

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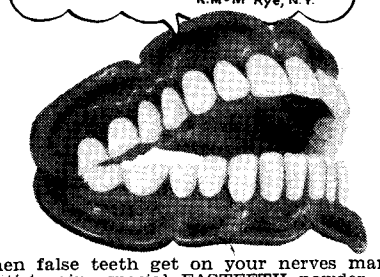
K.McM Rye, N.Y.



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Letters

Gnaw? Naw!

Dear Sirs:

I want to complain about the write-up on the June 17 cover [see excerpt below], which showed a middle-aged man dashing into the surf on a chilly day. The last lines of that write-up ["See that gap between the upper front teeth? Comes from gnawing on tree trunks. You can spot an eager beaver every time."] could

have been omitted. I have several people in my family with space between their front teeth, and they did not get it by gnawing tree trunks.

MRS. LAWRENCE PLANK
Ashland, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I'll have you know that a gap between the upper front teeth doesn't mean that we've been gnawing on tree trunks, nor are we eager beavers. I'm having my teeth fixed to the tune of $950 and have been asked why. Now I can carry the picture and the comment on the cover around, and no other explanation will be needed!

PAT HAYNES
Belmont, Calif.

● *A gap isn't always a liability. Witness the current success of British comedian Terry-Thomas (below).*
—ED.

Dear Sirs:

I rather like our friend Smiley in the red shorts. He looks like a good Joe. Maybe he should write the explanations for your covers. He might not be so apt to criticize people who look like beavers.

JULIE BARNES
St. Louis Park, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

Dick Sargent's cover is a scream, and it is so true. We who live in Florida go in the surf between May and October, but oh, those tourists!

They undress as the plane is taxiing up to the administration building, hesitate long enough to register at a motel—putting on trunks at same time in th interim—and plunge in! They dor believe the weatherman—just the Cham ber of Commerce. Anyway we love them. They keep Florida green.

JAMES K. VAN ARSDALE
Sarasota, Fla.

Still Friends?

Dear Sirs:

Your article ARE THE CANADIANS STILL OUR FRIENDS? [by Harold H. Martin, June 17] was one of the fairest and most reasonable commentaries on this ticklish subject I have read in any magazine, Canadian or American.

I think most Canadians know that we are suffering from national growing pains. But most of us feel that we have a right to have these pains and to groan about them.

B. M. ERB
Ottawa, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

I do not like Americans, and many my friends hold the same opinion. Ir agine, some Americans come to Ontario in July with skis on their cars, asking where the snow is.

RUTH ANNE ASHMAN (*Age 13*)
Tillsonburg, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

Everywhere Americans go they expect to be welcomed with open arms and allowed to take over the running of whatever situation they push their way into. Although you are the Great American People, this gives you no rights to infringe on the sovereignty of any nation, however small.

MAURICE O. SIMMONS
Montreal, Quebec

Dear Sirs:

Any Canadian who thinks that the majority of his fellows is anti-American could likely get himself into a fine brawl if he tried to swing the rest of us to his way of thinking. Most of the noise comes from vociferous knotheads by whom sor of our politicians are unduly influence.

R. H. PALLIN
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Dear Sirs:

As Britain before 1776 controlled the Thirteen Colonies culturally, so does the United States control Canada. . . . The Kennedy Doctrine was the last straw for most of us Canadians, who wish others to respect our rights as we respect theirs. The identity of the Canadian people will not be suppressed by either United States or Communist imperialists!

HUNTER BRUMELL
Montreal, Quebec

Dear Sirs:

Your article took four and a half pages to wonder if Canadians are still your friends and then gave the answer in the last two paragraphs. Of course we are still your friends and will continue to be. . An article such as this one will do not ing toward either strengthening the bonds of our friendship or clearing up the problems that exist between us.

YVONNE BAINES
Toronto, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

One very important but unmentioned cause of the present anti-American feelings here may be the rape of our natural

(Continued on page 6)

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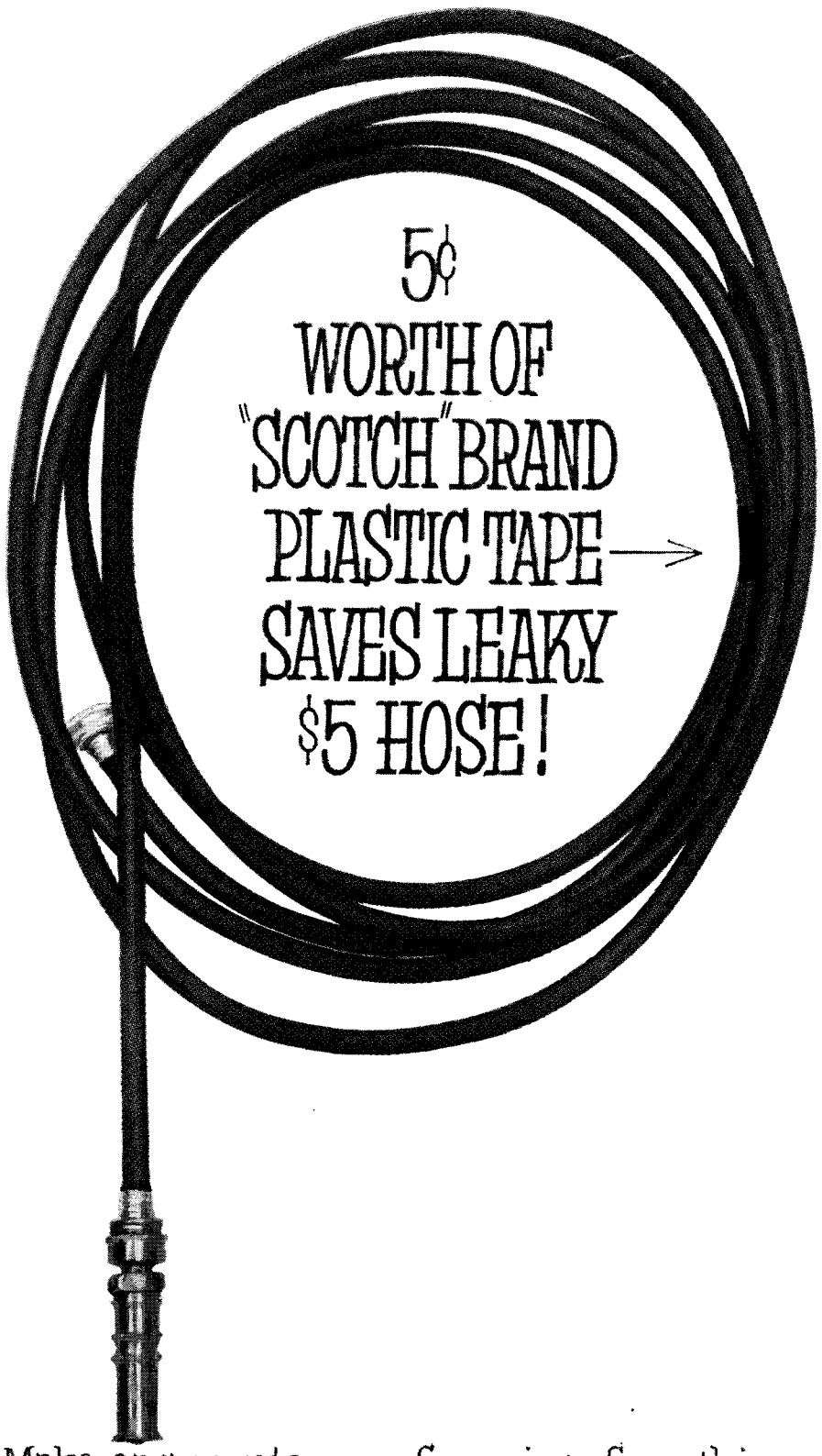

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

resources through a complete disregard of game laws by U.S. sportsmen. The main requirements of these so-called sportsmen seem to be that they must catch and shoot anything and everything, get drunker than anyone and be

louder than everybody in Canada. These are our "friends"?

FELIX LEVEQUE
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Do Funerals Cost Too Much?

Dear Sirs:

My husband and I found your June 17 article CAN YOU AFFORD TO DIE? [by Roul Tunley] extremely interesting. We each have had personal experiences with various morticians who have asked completely unreasonable prices, and we are glad to know there is an organized movement to combat those outrageous demands.

JENNY P. FORWOOD
La Canada, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I was intensely interested in the article about the societies formed to beat the undertakers' racket. I have been burned up ever since I learned that a cousin of my wife was suckered into paying $1700 for his wife's funeral.

RALPH D. WHITMORE
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

This society has received over 1100 letters from every state in the union and Puerto Rico in the first week after the publication of your article. Only three disagreed with the views expressed. This remarkable reaction has prompted us to call a national conference of interested groups for Aug. 26—27 in Berkeley.

PROF. S. GRISWALD MORLEY, *President*
Bay Area Funeral Society
1414 University Ave.
Berkeley 2, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

There is no ethical funeral director anywhere who will refuse to provide burial for $150 or less if necessary, but please bear in mind that the median price of $764 as purported by you is a fair price for value received.

ROBERT C. LAWLOR, *Funeral Director*
Providence, R.I.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Tunley says "the country's annual burial bill of nearly $2,000,000,000 exceeds by far the amount we spend each year on getting well in hospitals." The American Hospital Association states the hospital bill for the nation in 195 amounted to $7,789,000,000.

ROBERT WHARTON, *Funeral Director*
Alva, Okla.

● *The author was mistaken.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I would bury my dog without embalming, viewing or elaboration, but not my mother. How crude can people get for a few paltry dollars when a dignified funeral is the last thing on earth you can do for your loved ones? I'll take the good old American funeral customs as they now exist and live happily knowing that our death standards are as high as our living standards.

MATTHEW A. FINEGAN
Cranston, R.I.

Dear Sirs:

The quotation attributed to San Francisco *News-Call Bulletin* reporter Jane Eshleman Conant ["Even though th undertaking industry has to take i share of the blame for the overcommercialism of funerals, I don't think it's fair to criticize them as more culpable than the rest of us."] was actually the statement of Dr. Harry B. Scholefield, minister of San Francisco's First Unitarian Church, in an article under Mrs. Conant's by-line. She hopes you will make it clear that she was merely reporting Dr. Scholefield's views; she feels her own are entirely immaterial.

HARRY PRESS, *City Editor*
San Francisco News-Call Bulletin
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Tunley referred to *The American Funeral Director* as the "organ of the American Funeral Directors Association." There is no association by that name.

The American Funeral Director is not the organ of any association.

ALBERT R. KATES, *Edit*
The American Funeral Direct
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Your article stated: "Last year, Forest Lawn grossed $2,300,000 on a tax-exempt basis". . . . The Forest Lawn Company is not tax exempt. . . . Of this gross income, $300,626 was paid to cover Federal, state and local taxes.

UGENE U. BLALOCK
Forest Lawn Memorial-Park
Glendale, Calif.

● *The Post regrets this error.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

If my family has $948 (the cost of the casket pictured with your article) to spend on a casket for me, I'd so enjoy a trip to Yellowstone Park instead—now.

CAROL MIL'
Terre Haute, In.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:
4—European. • 13—Peter Throckmorton; Ollie Atkins. • 14, 15—Peter Throckmorton. 16, 17—Coby Whitmore. • 18—Wide World; two by Larry Fried. • 19—Larry Fried. 20, 21—Robert G. Harris. • 22—Sonja Bullaty; Grant Heilman. • 23—Sonja Bullaty; George Burns. • 24—Don Almquist. • 25—Larry Keighley. • 26, 27—Ollie Atkins. 28, 29—Jim Burns. • 30—Two from Colonel Ralph C. Benner; National Archives. • 31—Stan Galli. • 32, 33—James R. Bingham. • 36—Bernard D'Andrea. • 76—Sam Hicks; Larry Fried; cartoon by George Gately.

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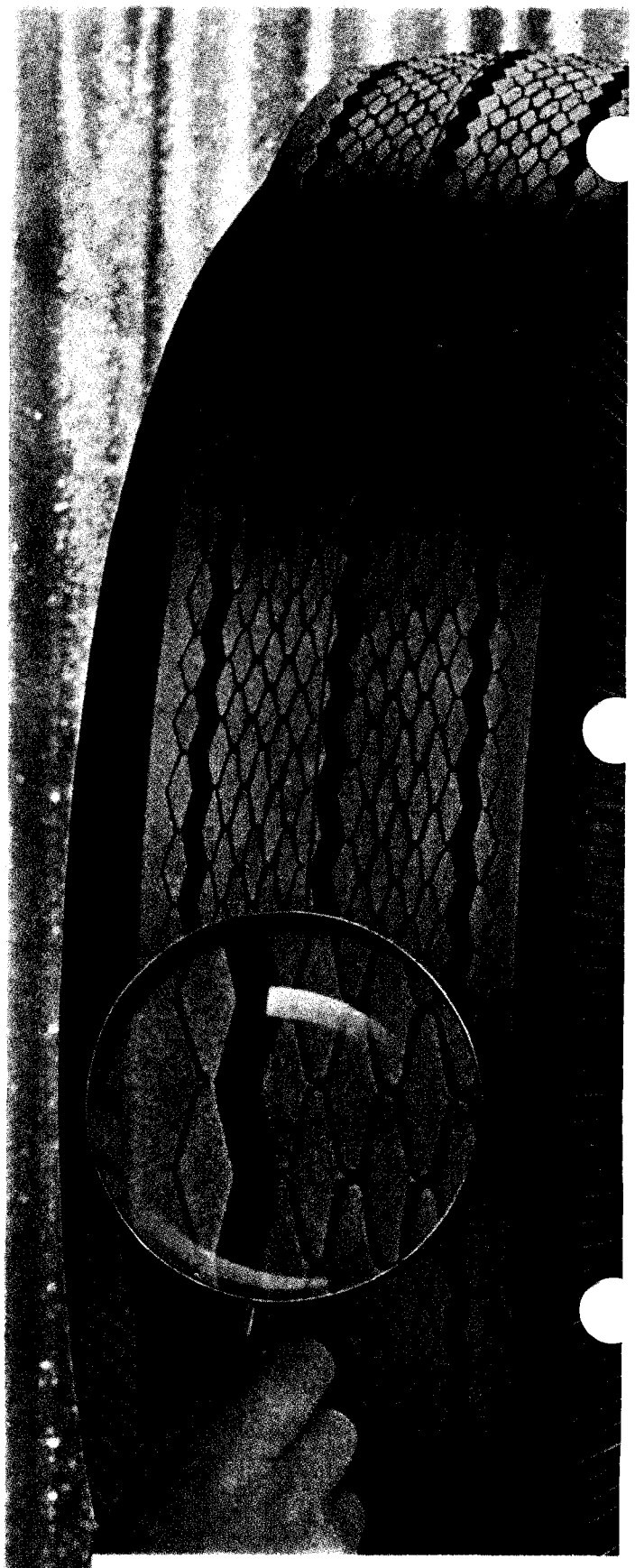

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Editorials

Our Merchant Fleet Is Threatened by New Union Assault

By REAR ADM. D. V. GALLERY

The maritime strike backed by an alliance of Jimmy Hoffa and the seafarers is a sobering example of what irresponsible union labor can do to the country and to the national defense posture of the United States. Such a strike could strangle the economy of the country and dump the Navy's war plans into the bilges. It could create an image of the United States to the rest of the world as a big nation with no respect for its solemn obligations to small nations.

The battle is over what the unions call "runaway" ships. They sail under what the Government calls "flags of convenience" and the shipowners, "flags of necessity." Those are the flags of Panama, Liberia and Honduras (PanLibHon), now flown by many United States-owned ships, including the biggest and most modern part of our vital tanker fleet. These ships, firmly pledged to United States control in wartime, are indeed runaway ships, fugitives from the ruinous wages dictated by the unions which make it impossible for unsubsidized United States ships to compete in the free market with foreign ships.

Featherbedding on the railroads and by the union rocketeers at Cape Canaveral has its counterpart at sea. Crews' wages on United States ships have been inflated to several times those for the same type of ships under PanLibHon flags. The PLH ships pay union wages for the countries the crews hail from, which are good wages for those countries, but not equal to U.S. wages. We now pay subsidies of $130,000,000 per year, 87 per cent of which goes to crews' wages. To subsidize the United States PLH fleet would take half a billion.

The unions claim shipowners use PLH flags not only to escape inflated wages but also to evade United States taxes. Actually they save money for the Treasury. Much of the national income of PanLibHon countries comes from their 25,000,000 tons of merchantship registry. Take this income away, and we would have to give them millions in foreign aid and free gifts. How much better it is to let our shipowners carry the foreign-aid burden and pay these friendly little countries for services rendered rather than pauperize them with handouts from the Treasury!

What the unions demand is that all United States-owned ships come under union jurisdiction regardless of PLH flags. This would be a violation of the sovereignty of the small nations involved, because jurisdiction of a country over the internal affairs of a ship flying its flag is absolute. You can register a ship in any country willing to accept it.

But last January the National Labor Relations Board barged into this touchy international area and by a three-to-two vote ruled that the United States unions have jurisdiction over the crew of a United States-owned ship flying the Liberian flag and not even manned by Americans! It did this over the shocked protests of the State, Defense and Commerce departments. United States unions have no more right to muscle in on PLH ships than they have to do so in the new $250,000,000 Ford plant in England.

The State Department protested this arbitrary and unilateral action against small Latin American and African countries. Defense protested because this action makes wastepaper out of all the Navy's mobilization plans. PLH ships were immediately available in the Korean War. But they wouldn't be available if under European flags; and the owners won't register them under the United States flag and thereby accept jurisdiction of the United States unions.

In either case the Navy would lose most of its wartime tanker fleet. Oil is the lifeblood of a modern war plan, and this strikes at the Navy's jugular vein.

The stakes in this battle are free enterprise and our competitive system of economy. The ships fighting it will be flying "flags of survival."

"Urban Renewal" Can Make an End of a City's Charming Historic Spots

It may turn out that the Teapot Dome scandal of the sizzling '60's will be Urban Renewal. In cities from coast to coast, areas of historic interest, pleasing architecture and gracious living are being condemned as "substandard, blighted, deteriorating" or plain "slum." Then, as John Crosby put it in a recent column, "real-estate speculators come in loaded with Federal money and vast powers and vast responsibilities. They can throw you out of your home, pay you a condemnation price for a house whose mortgage you've been paying off for twenty years and construct a perfectly hideous anthill in its place, which is called luxury housing."

Something of the sort is threatened for the West Greenwich Village area in New York City. Fourteen blocks in the most charming part of the city have been designated as a "blighted area," although the people who live there include normal middle-class families with better-than-average incomes, artists, small-business operators, working people of many races—the kind of people you find in any American community which has had a long and natural development. The delinquency rate is low; real-estate valuations and taxes have been steadily rising. A uniquely "blighted" area!

Many residents of West Village have bought fine old brownstones and have invested heavily in repairs and modernization. This is the kind of urban renewal that should be encouraged. Instead, householders who have helped "unblight" an area are likely to be evicted so that a consortium of builders, city planners and labor unions, using the taxpayers' money, can erect expensive and probably ugly poodle warrens on the site. Few of the present residents of this area could afford to live in the proposed apartments, or would want to. What it comes down to is that people who want to build apartment houses in the West Village are attempting to displace householders who live there now—under the pretext of eliminating a blighted area. Whence comes the principle that people whose neighborhoods are to be "improved" are the last to be consulted?

Just how did such an area as West Village come to be condemned as blighted in the first place? Nobody seems to know. The area had been described as "deteriorating" some years ago, but had been redeemed from that category in 1954, a judgment which was sustained by the City Planning Commission in 1959. And yet a year later, after steady improvement and a boom for available houses, on the initiative of the same City Planning Commission, the West Village now becomes "blighted." How come?

Actual blighted areas, or areas which could accommodate public housing without displacing people, seem not to tempt the planners. Efforts of lovers of the Village to interest the Housing and Redevelopment Board in providing housing in areas involving no destruction of existing buildings, or for those who have already been displaced by luxury buildings and conversions, got nowhere.

What goes on in New York, or in dozens of other American cities afflicted with this suicidal passion to destroy their most distinctive neighborhoods? The urge of the speculators, nourished with public money, is understandable. The support of the labor unions, which reportedly have invested their funds in apartment buildings and naturally favor anything that keeps their members employed at top wages, can be taken for granted. But the motives of city planners who ignore the wishes of residents in the area and defy the best opinion of their own trade on the folly of "tampering with the natural texture of a city," could be more complicated.

Under Title One of the Urban Renewal Act, the real-estate speculator can't get Federal money except for slum or "blighted-area" clearance. Since he can't find tenants for expensive apartments in a genuine slum area, it is necessary to persuade the planners and the politicians to find him a "slum area" in a nice part of the town! Some official investigative body ought to be concerned with the details of how this can be wangled.

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This is a picture of retirement—as it should be. At last, Mother and Dad have all the time they want to visit new places, to explore new interests. And, just as important—they have the *money*, a steady income every month. They can count on it as long as they live. No worry about "outliving" their savings.

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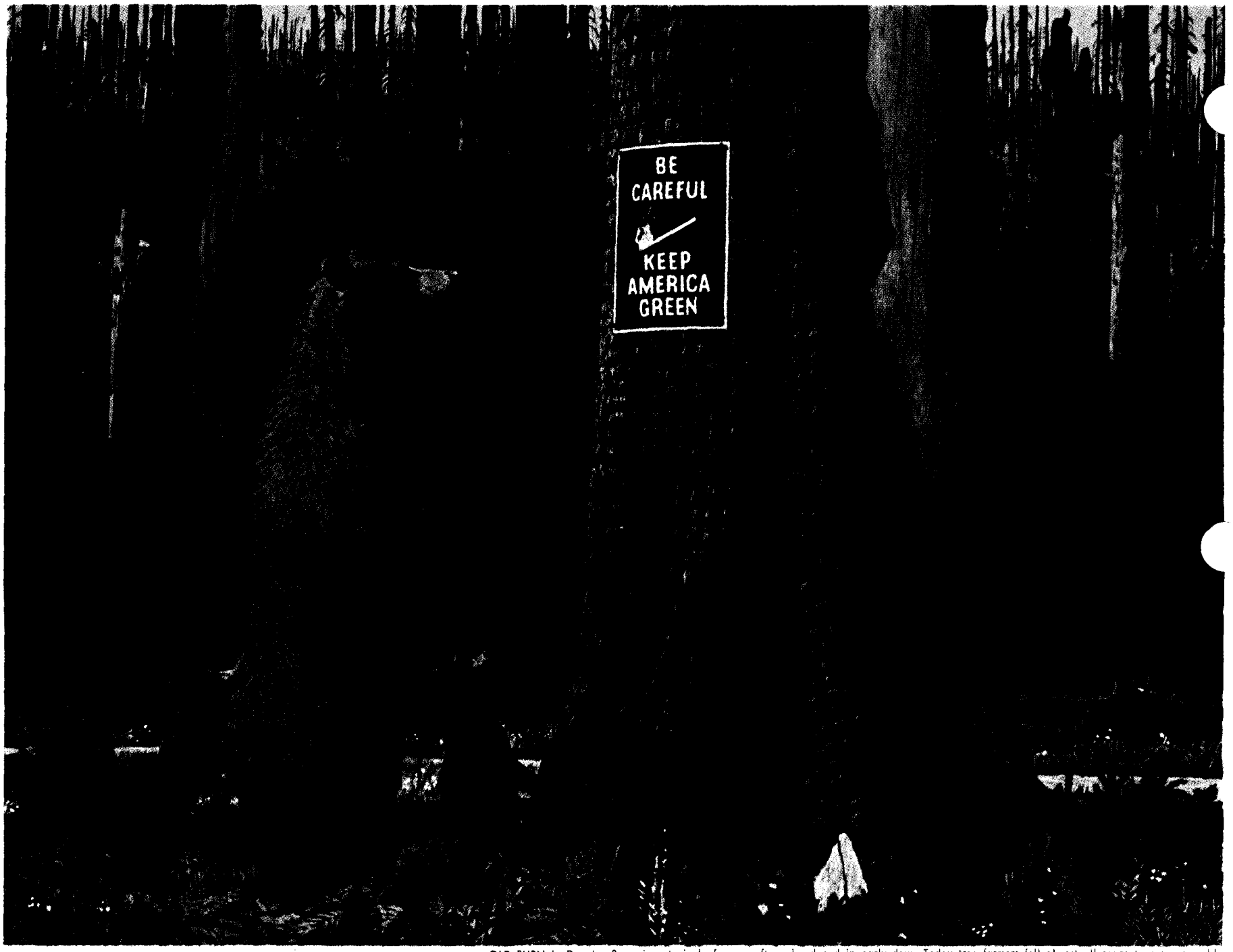

OLD BURN in Douglas fir region, typical of areas often abandoned in early days. Today tree farmers fell almost all snags to recover usable wood and diminish further fire hazard. The land is then restocked by seedings or plantings that will be ready to harvest in 80 to 100 ye

Industrial foresters wage war on a deadly enemy...fire

Beautiful, versatile and economical, wood is America's favorite building material. And in wood, the name Weyerhaeuser is known nationwide as a symbol of dependability, value and fine quality.

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The warm dry winds and hot days of fire season signal the fire watch to begin on Weyerhaeuser tree farms. Men in radio-equipped vehicles constantly patrol hundreds of miles of company-built forest roads. Dispatchers at key points stand ready to relay the call to action from the roving patrols, or government lookouts. Trained company fire-fighters and tons of mechanized equipment are put on the alert. Everything is in readiness to quench a blaze quickly. Fast action is the key to good fire protection.

The *best* protection against fire, however, is prevention itself. To this end, both industry and government continue to plead for caution in the woods. *Everyone* mus his part to safeguard vital forest resources...to help Keep America Green.

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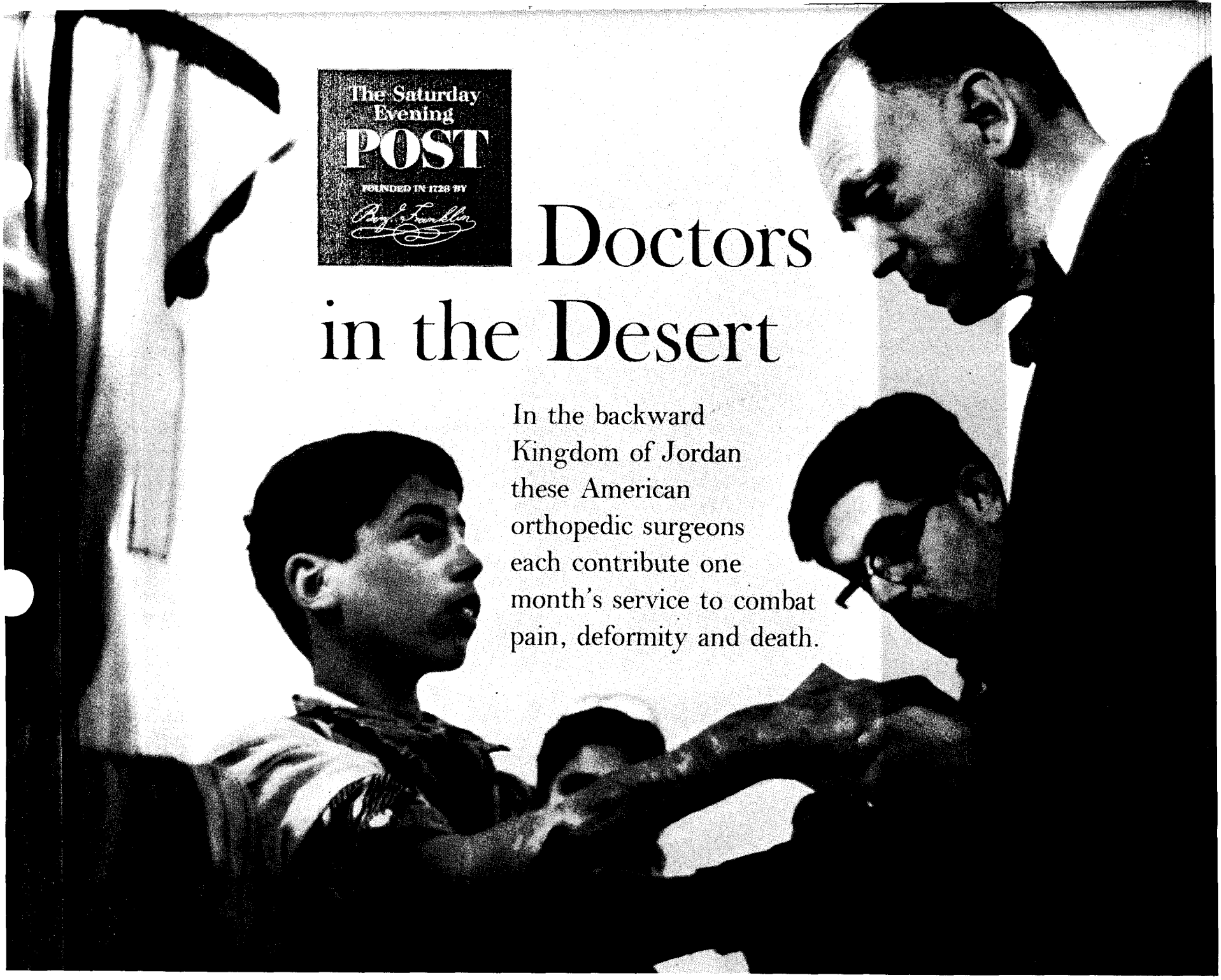

Doctors in the Desert

In the backward Kingdom of Jordan these American orthopedic surgeons each contribute one month's service to combat pain, deformity and death.

ablus, Jordan: Dr. Samuel Moore of Oklahoma City examining an osteomyelitis victim. Before the program began, Jordan had no fully qualified orthopedic surgeons.

Author McKelvie (above, right) with writer Milton MacKaye. In August, 1959, Dr. McKelvie became the Overseas Project's first physician on the job in Jordan.

By ALLAN M. McKELVIE, M.D. as told to Milton MacKaye

For almost two years, and without the waving of flags or the beating of drums, American physicians have carried on a unique medical project in an ancient land and new nation. The nation is the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. The country, sand-blown, arid and almost treeless, is the land of the Old Testament, and the place names ring the bell of memory—Jericho, Bethlehem and Jerusalem itself.

The purpose of the American mission is to bring help and hope to the crippled and underprivileged of a poverty-stricken country. The doctors are skilled orthopedic experts who volunteer their services in the interest of international good will. Today they are operating on twisted and maimed children and adults and teaching Jordanian doctors and nurses modern methods in bone and joint surgery and the correction of physical deformities.

I was a member of this mission and, in the preparation of this article, I was selected by my associates to be spokesman.

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Many of the ailing and crippled children, says the author, had never had treatment of any kind. This young mother and baby are awaiting a doctor in a ward at the Spafford Memorial Hospital in Jerusalem.

It should be said at once that we are sponsored by no governmental organization, and are completely nonpolitical. We call our enterprise the Orthopedic Letters Club Overseas Project (OLCOP). Each doctor spends one month in Jordan. We pay our own traveling expenses and our living expenses while there. We receive no salary and accept no medical fees from patients. Many of us are accompanied by our wives—I was—and some of us by high-school-age children. We pay their expenses too. In short, we go not as propagandists or persuaders but only as physicians and friends.

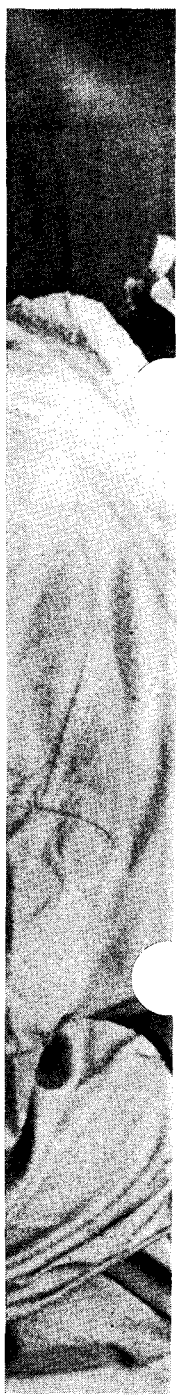
I have called OLCOP unique because it was spontaneous, a sort of upbubbling of conscientious concern among a group of busy and normally self-centered men. The Orthopedic Letters Club was formed after World War II by young doctors who wanted to keep in touch with one another and share firsthand the medical problems of their specialty. Each year we hold a get-together dinner at the convention of the American Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons. It was at the January, 1959, convention in Chicago that this adventure was spawned.

The Letters Club has fifty-two members in this country and twelve members overseas. Each of us writes one letter a year which is mimeographed and circulated. This adds up to a letter every week from colleagues in this country and a monthly letter from abroad. So in 1959 we were not unaware of medical needs in foreign lands despite the legend that successful physicians read only scientific journals and stock-market reports. Dr. Richard Dodge of Honolulu was the catalytic agent at Chicago. He had worked in the misery and mud of Korea and he had just finished reading the best-selling book *The Ugly American* [*The Saturday Evening Post*, Oct. 4–Nov. 8, 1958]. Like the authors of the book, he was concerned about the failure of some United States programs abroad to create real friendships between peoples.

No one questioned the importance of American financial assistance to allies and emerging nations, or the necessity for orthodox foreign-service cadres. But it did seem that ambassadors were pretty far removed from the peasant in the rice paddy or the goat herder beside his campfire. A medical license is a passport to many lands. The common language of pain and disability, we knew, often gives the doctor an entree denied the diplomat.

But what to do? Our careers were now in swiftly flowing midstream. It was not the

Dr. Moore studying a leg deformity caused by polio. A third of the orthopedic patients treated were suffering from the effects of polio. The disease previously had been undiagnosed in Jordan.



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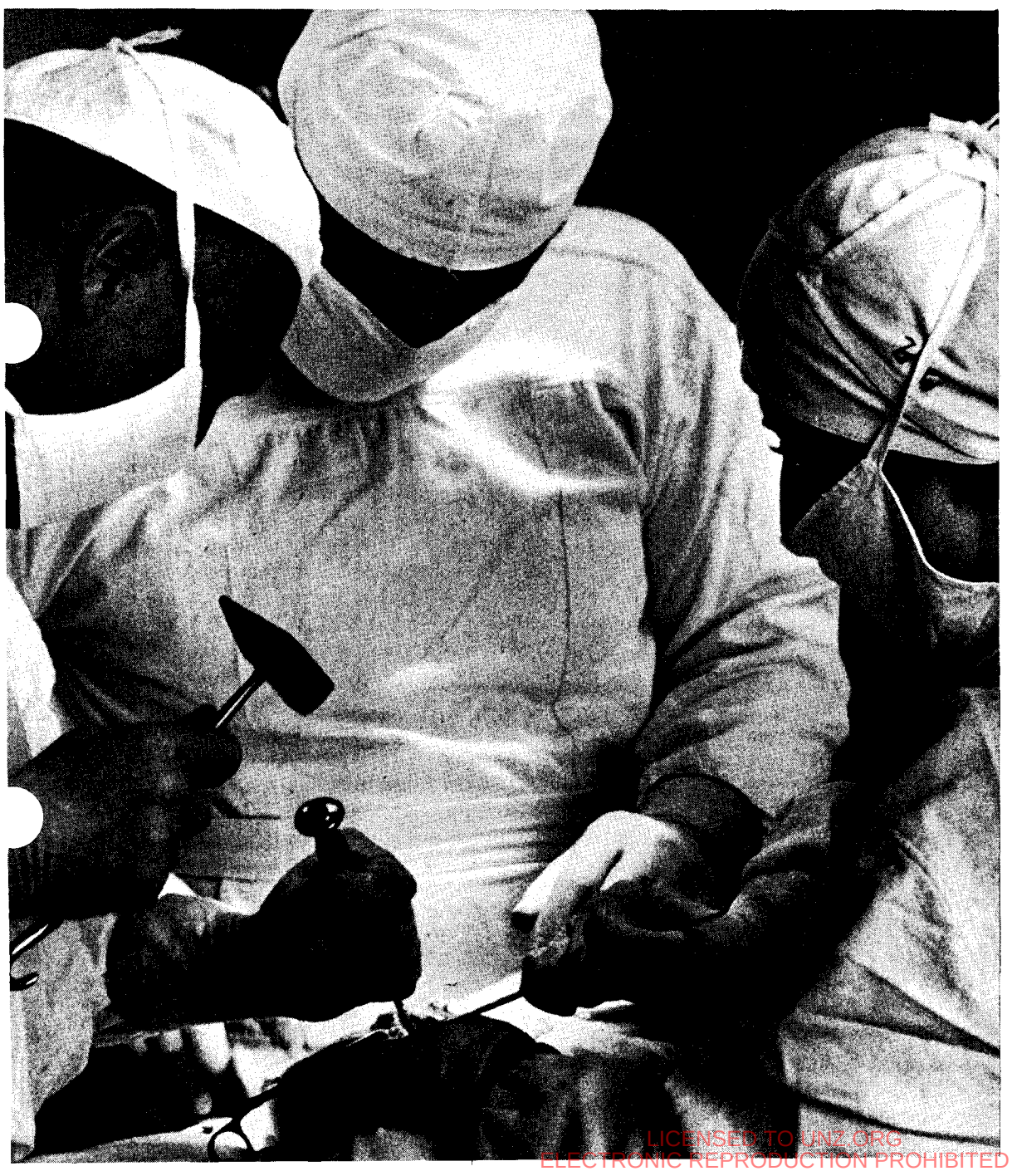
prospect of financial sacrifice which made us hesitate. It was, instead, our obligations to our own patients; we could not leave busy practices for too long a time. A committee was appointed to study ways and means and, after Chicago, discussion continued by long-distance telephone. Eventually someone came up with the solution. If one doctor couldn't go for a year, why couldn't twelve doctors go successively on a monthly basis? This proposal was so well received that we soon knew we could recruit volunteers.

The next step was to determine where our services were most urgently needed. The obvious place to go for this advice was MEDICO, the overseas charitable foundation created by the late heroic Dr. Tom Dooley and Dr. Peter D. Comanduras. I live and practice in Washington, D.C., so I went to see Doctor Comanduras at MEDICO headquarters. He had the answer. A recent survey had shown that the small country of Jordan had not one fully qualified orthopedic surgeon and had great need of help. If we wanted to try our wings, that was the place to do it. From then on things moved fast.

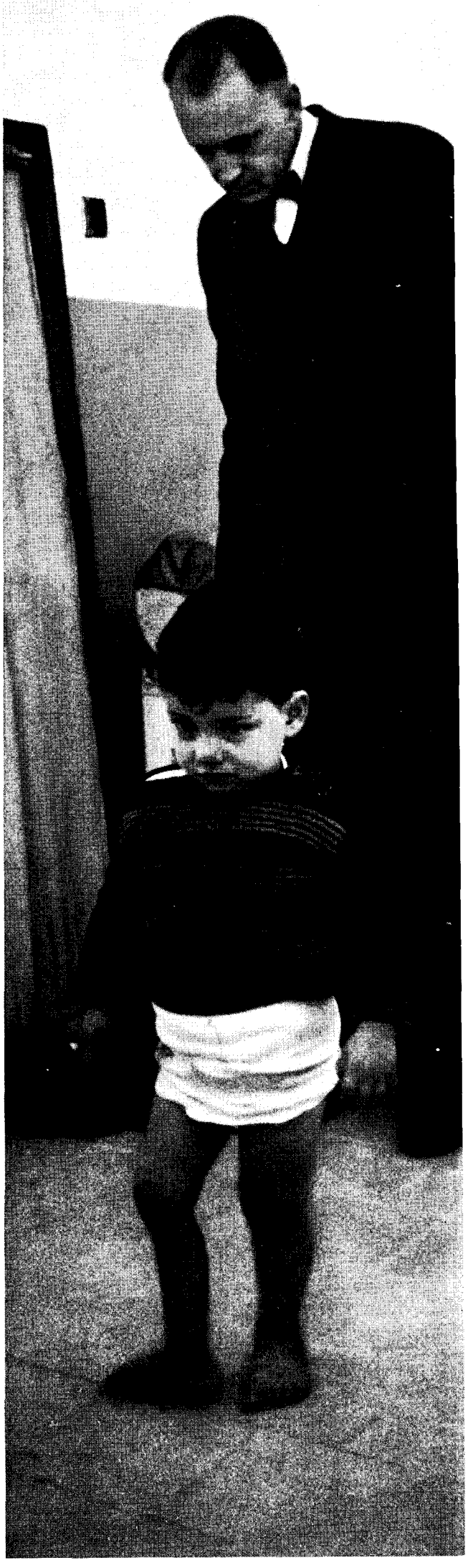
MEDICO agreed to sponsor our project, the Jordanian ambassador in Washington gave assurance of his government's approval, the Jordan Medical Society agreed to issue temporary licenses so OLCOP doctors could practice there, and we were promised the all-out co-operation of the United Nations Relief and Works Agency (UNRWA). Of Jordan's population of nearly 1,700,000, about a third are Arab refugees from the part of Palestine which is now Israel. They have been living in camps for more than a decade, fed and ministered to by UNRWA. In mid-August of 1959, only seven months after our project's birth pains, I flew to Beirut and then to Jerusalem—the first OLCOP doctor in the field.

My wife Cynthia and my teen-age daughter Jill went along. We put up at the American Colony Hotel, once a caliph's palace. Our medical mission now has its headquarters there. UNRWA provided me with a car and a driver—the joyous and articulate Wadji—and I spent the next two days exploring Jordan. What I saw, the American doctors who succeeded me were also to see—hospital waiting rooms and corridors full of ailing and crippled children. Many of them were brought on the backs of older youngsters. The patients had never walked, and the task of carrying them everywhere devolved on brothers and sisters. At Spafford Memorial Hospital, built in Jerusalem's (Continued on Page 57)

Amman Government Hospital: With a surgical hammer and chisel, Dr. Moore chips a bone to correct a clubfoot. Dr. Yasir Amr (center), the hospital's surgery chief, observes the operation and studies the technique.



Help for a crippled child: Moore examines a boy's clubfoot to plan a course of treatment. Cases which require treatment beyond a doctor's one-month tour of duty are referred to the surgeon succeeding him.



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Beauty Contest at Buckingham Palace

By MARY HIGGINS CLARK

Sir Winston sat patiently on the sun deck of his Riviera villa and waited for the deferential reporter across the table to begin asking questions concerning his just-published sixth volume of memoirs which encompassed the last forty years of the twentieth century.

He felt slightly chilled and gave a twist to the knob on his chair, causing the sun's rays to turn more strongly in his direction. "They got the idea for this from something called an electric blanket," he told the reporter. "But, bosh, you probably don't even remember that." He bit into his cigar, reflecting that when you got to be 146 years old, you had to remember not to refer to events or objects that belonged in the past of more than two generations ago. Otherwise people thought you were getting fey.

"Sir Winston," the reporter said, holding up his pencil, "I've read every volume of yours, with the exception of this new one. Now, looking back over your long, full life, what do you consider your moment of greatest trial? When do you feel your forces of leadership and cunning were most called to the fore? Was it during England's finest hours in World War Two? Or perhaps when you arbitrated the squabble between Russia and the United States over who got stuck with the dark side of the moon? Or ——"

Sir Winston raised his hand slowly. "My son, none of these terrible times caused my blood to run cold as did the night in 1961 when the most exalted beauty contest of the twentieth century took place."

He took a sip of brandy, shuddering at the memory. "It was during the early years of the reign of Elizabeth the Second," he said. "Jacqueline Kennedy of the United States was in the White House—as first lady, of course, not President. The first woman President wasn't elected for nearly a quarter of a century after that. Fabiola of Belgium was a recent bride. Princess Grace of Monaco was renowned for her loveliness. Sirikit of Thailand and Farah of Iran—well, someone suggested that nations meet on the basis of beauty, and out of all that a beauty contest was developed among the aforementioned ladies. The judges were Khrushchev of Russia, Nehru of India and De Gaulle of France. I knew in my bones it would be a bit of a sticky wicket, but no one would believe me; and since these ladies were to be accompanied by their husbands, it seemed a good way to have an informal summit conference in the bargain."

He reached for the brandy again. "So a first-prize medal was struck—a map of the world in miniature with precious stones outlining the borders of the countries—valued at a million pounds, it was. I was the master of ceremonies and the London *Times* dubbed me 'Sir Bert Parks'—why, I never found out. Someone had adapted a rather ghastly song, *There She Is, Miss Head of State*, to be sung to the winner. After months of preparation, all was in readiness. The ballroom at Buckingham Palace was prepared. Invitations were issued to the *crème de la crème*, and the contestants flew over in their jets. You probably don't remember about jets either."

Sir Winston leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. "It's as though it were yesterday," he said.

The reporter waited deferentially. He knew all about the beauty contest, of course. He'd read volumes on it. Who hadn't? It was known as Sir Winston's masterpiece.

The contestants stood in the wings, ready to walk through the crowded ballroom. The assembled ladies were dressed in high-fashion evening gowns and tiaras. For the men, white tie was *de rigueur*. Flowers filled the great hall. When Sir Winston announced the first contestant, the orchestra struck up the opening notes of *Pomp and Circumstance*. The audience didn't applaud. It bowed.

Sweeping across the room, her apricot satin gown gleaming, a million dollars' worth of jewelry sparkling on her white throat, her slim hands and her chestnut hair, was her majesty Elizabeth the Second, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and of her other realms and territories, queen, (Continued on Page 41)

Choose the fairest one of all?
Who would dare?

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Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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I'm Old at Eighteen

By LYNN BURKE as told to Dave Anderson

Our pretty backstroke champion tells why she is passing up future Olympic glory by retiring as an amateur while still in her teens.

Lynn Burke being congratulated by competitors after she won the women's 100-meter Olympic backstroke event in Rome last September. Her winning time was 1:09.3.

For her victory at Rome, Lynn received the gold medal she is wearing. She got a second for her part in America's 4-woman, 400-meter medley-relay triumph.

When I was eight years old I won a tiny plastic trophy for finishing first in a twenty-five-yard swimming race. I remember hugging it all the way home and putting it on my dresser. Gradually, as I won other awards, that little trophy lost its meaning. Now, ten years later, I have nearly 300 trophies and medals, including two gold medals from the 1960 Olympics in Rome last summer. Day by day the Olympic medals lose their meaning too. This is the reason I've retired from competition. As a swimmer, I'm an old lady at eighteen.

It's this way with most girl swimming champions. During the eleven months before the Olympics I swam a total of 1300 hours. I was in bed by 9:30 and up at 5:30 for a morning workout before going to school. I was on a strict training diet—no treats like pie alamode, except to celebrate after a big meet.

I'm not complaining. It was all worth it when I won my two Olympic medals and set a world record of 1:09.3 for the 100-meter backstroke. But when my Olympic coach, George Haines, asked me last fall if I wanted to continue in competition—and warned me, "If you say 'yes,' you'll have to work just as hard, maybe harder"—I told him, "I don't think I could do it again. I reached my goal at Rome."

It might seem silly to retire from anything at eighteen, but there's not much incentive to go on. Amateur swimmers, particularly girl swimmers, are second-class citizens of sports. For a month every four years we're in the Olympic headlines. The rest of the time hardly anyone knows who we are.

At Rome the swimmers saved second place for the United States in the Olympic team standings. Of our thirty-four gold medals, the swimmers and divers won eleven in their nineteen events. The girls won five of their nine events. The way the rest of the world is catching up to us in sports, our Olympic team will be lucky to finish third at Tokyo in 1964. For one thing, we'll need a brand-new girls' swimming team. Of the fourteen girls who swam for us at last year's Olympics, seven have retired—Ann Warner, Shirley Stobs, Joan Spillane, Carolyn Schuler, Molly Botkin, Patty Kempner and myself. Two others, Chris von Saltza and Sylvia Ruuska, plan to retire after this summer's meets.

Miss Burke receives the press. The occasion was the signing of her first professional contract at the Penthouse Club, N.Y.C. for the aquashow, Mermaids Holiday.

This summer I'm swimming professionally in the Mermaids Holiday aquashow in New York City, but this opportunity had no bearing on my decision to retire. The aquashow is a temporary thing—a summer job, so to speak. College now is more important to me than swimming. As a freshman last fall at San Jose State College in California I had a B-plus average in a liberal-arts course with emphasis on drama—I hope someday to be an actr
In the fall I plan to resume college at St. Joh.
University near my home in New York City—we live in Flushing, Queens. I couldn't remain in amateur competition and expect to do justice to my college work. I wouldn't have time to swim five hours a day, six days a week. I wouldn't have time to travel all over the country to meets. Perhaps most important, I wouldn't have time to worry about whether I would win or not.

In competitive swimming the pressure is terrific. After my return from Rome last fall many honors were given me, but what I enjoyed most during that time was an afternoon at Jones Beach with four of my Olympic teammates—Chris von Saltza, Ann Warner, Patsy Willard and George Harrison. We splashed in the surf and ran in the sand. When you're in training you're not allowed to run i
sand. It tightens your leg muscles. You
risk a twisted ankle.

I had lived with Chris and Ann for the previous eleven months in the Von Saltza home in Saratoga, California. I had gone there, with my parents' approval, to train under George Haines with the famous Santa Clara Swim Club. And how we trained!

The alarm clock buzzed at 5:30. We put on baggy gray sweat (Continued on Page 40)

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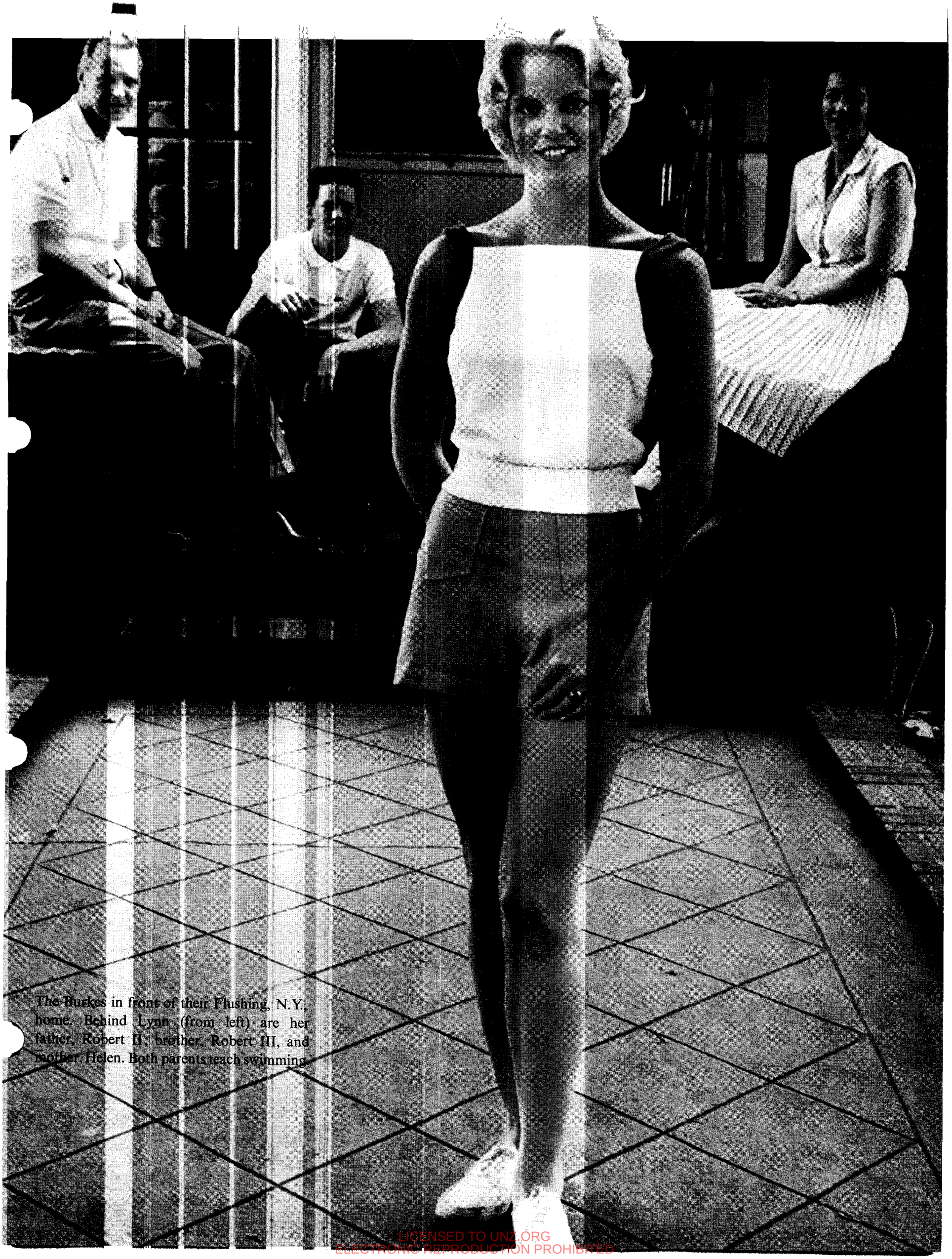

The Burkes in front of their Flushing, N.Y., home. Behind Lynn (from left) are her father, Robert II; brother, Robert III, and mother, Helen. Both parents teach swimming.

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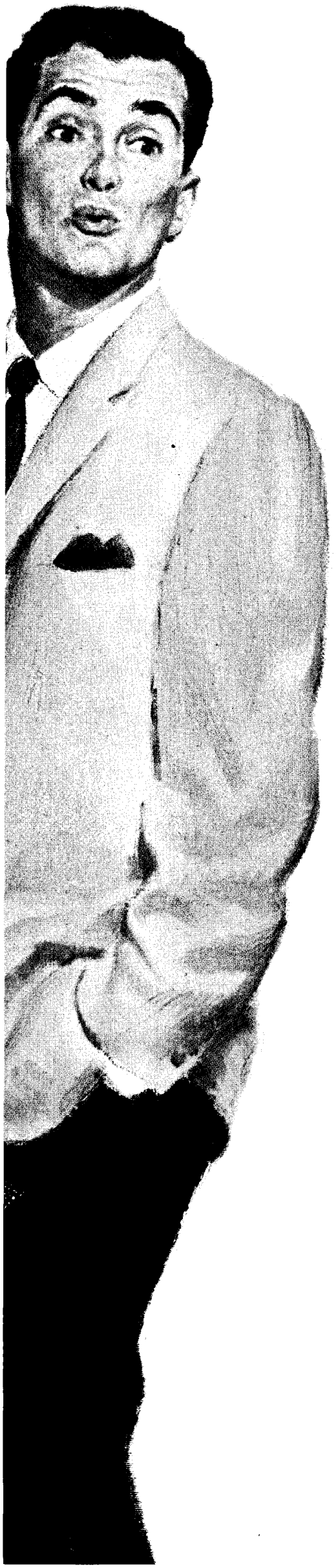

TOO MANY SUITORS

By WILLARD TEMPLE

She had a tough time deciding among three. And now there were four.

"I love you," the young man said. It was a superfluous statement. The girl had heard it before. So had I. I was sick and tired of hearing it, an eavesdropper through no fault of my own.

I waited for the silence that meant the clinch, and when the apartment-house door opened and shut, I decided to take matters into my own hands. I opened my door and stepped out into the hall.

The girl and I lived on the ground floor of a garden apartment, and met occasionally in the hall. I knew her name because it was on her doorplate, but we had never exchanged more than a few casual remarks. She was about five-three, had reddish brown hair and brown eyes, which sounds meaningless, but if you were male and had achieved the age of puberty it would not be meaningless.

"Would you mind marrying one of them?" I said. "Please? Soon?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said, and started to go inside.

"Your name is Betty Benson," I said. "You are employed as a receptionist in the offices of Harbison and Briggs. You have three suitors. The one who just departed breathing heavily is named Mark. At present he's a salesman for Ramsey and Company. He has a lot of savvy, and it's quite likely that in years to come he will run Ramsey and Company. He's aggressive, ambitious and ruthless. Would you care to make a rebuttal?"

"You're a Peeping Tom," she said accusingly.

"So much for Number One," I said. "Number Two, who will be on the premises tomorrow night, is named Harold. He is a different kettle of fish altogether. Harold is a minor employee in a shipping firm. He's about as aggressive as a piece of boiled spaghetti. He will never have any money, but he will worship you and make up for what he can't give you in material goods by the extent of his devotion and adoration. Or so he says. Would you care to enter a demurrer?"

"Keep talking, bigmouth," she said icily.

"On the night after tomorrow," I went on, "you will go out with Frank. Frank is something else again. He's about thirty-five, which gives him ten years on Harold and Mark. He has established himself socially and financially. He isn't a driver because he inherited money; he has it made. Sophisticated, polished, a gourmet, he offers you security and a life of ease."

(Continued on Page 68)

Illustrated by R. G. Harris

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"Oh, heavens," Betty said.

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Skiing contributes a big share to Vermont's annual $120,000,000 tourist income, but some claim that it is ruining the wilderness.

VERMONT:
Last Stand of the Yankees

Village greens, spruce-studded mountains and a contempt for material progress typify this unspoiled state. But signs point to a growing disenchantment with the austere past.

By HAL BURTON

A weathered farmhouse on a back road near Craftsbury Common, Vt.: for many outsiders, a symbol of how their grandparents lived.

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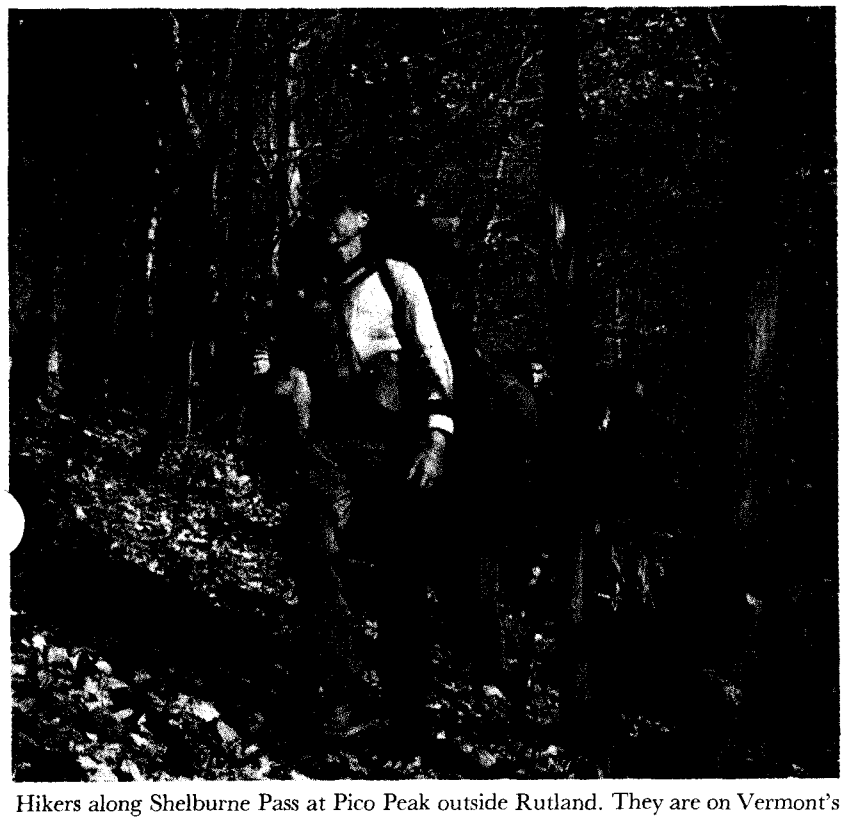
Like a Puritan beset by the temptations of the flesh, Vermont is painfully examining its own soul in a struggle to decide whether being the last of the Yankee states is worth the sacrifice it entails. The alternative is to give up its independent ways, an emotional wrench to a generation weaned on the dill-pickle philosophy of a distinguished native, the late Calvin Coolidge. Vermont up to now has been pretty much a loner—basically indifferent to material progress; faintly contemptuous of the tourists who pour down its highways looking for quaintness in summer and for skiing in winter; acidulously tolerant of well-heeled outsiders who buy up abandoned farms and settle down to a one-sided love affair with the fourth least-populous state of the Union. Only Alaska, Nevada and Wyoming have fewer residents.

The dilemma is intensified because precious few Vermonters any longer find it morally uplifting to rise at dawn to till a stony hillside, or to lavish a fourteen-hour day on the care and feeding of milk cows, which until 1960 outnumbered the people. The economy of Vermont floats on a sea of lacteal fluid, the milk supply for metropolitan Boston. But mechanization of the dairy farms and a starvation income from others not so productive have sent more and more people to the cities, where, although the pickings may be slim, the amenities of civilization are at hand. Austerity, long cherished by Vermonters as a virtue, has for 100 years driven talented nd aggressive youngsters out of the state in search of a better life. An estimated 20,000 departed in the last decade. As a consequence of this migration Vermont—with a population of 389,881 by the 1960 census—is only one fourth more populous than it was in 1860.

The state's advertising slogan is "Unspoiled Vermont," an uncommonly effective tourist come-on. The unadorned facts make it evident that Vermont must succumb to quite a lot of spoliation both from tourism and from industry in order to enjoy the same level of creature comforts as the rest of the country. Already there are portents of change in the progress of the Federal Interstate Highway System, just now beginning to thrust northward through the state from Boston toward Montreal and Quebec. The sense of remoteness that constitutes the charm of Vermont is in jeopardy.

For indeed Vermont is charming, a Yankee Glocca Morra compounded of green meadows, forested hills and craggy mountains with villages nestling beneath them. The state is laced with shadowy valleys into which new generations of explorers are constantly advancing with happy cries of discovery. On the west the broad fields roll back from Lake Champlain to the (Continued on Page 43)



Hikers along Shelburne Pass at Pico Peak outside Rutland. They are on Vermont's "Long Trail," which winds over 250 miles from the Canadian border to Massachusetts.

Springfield, Vt.: In a sleepy town a child's life is idyllic, but in the last decade 20,000 Vermonters have moved from the state to better themselves elsewhere.

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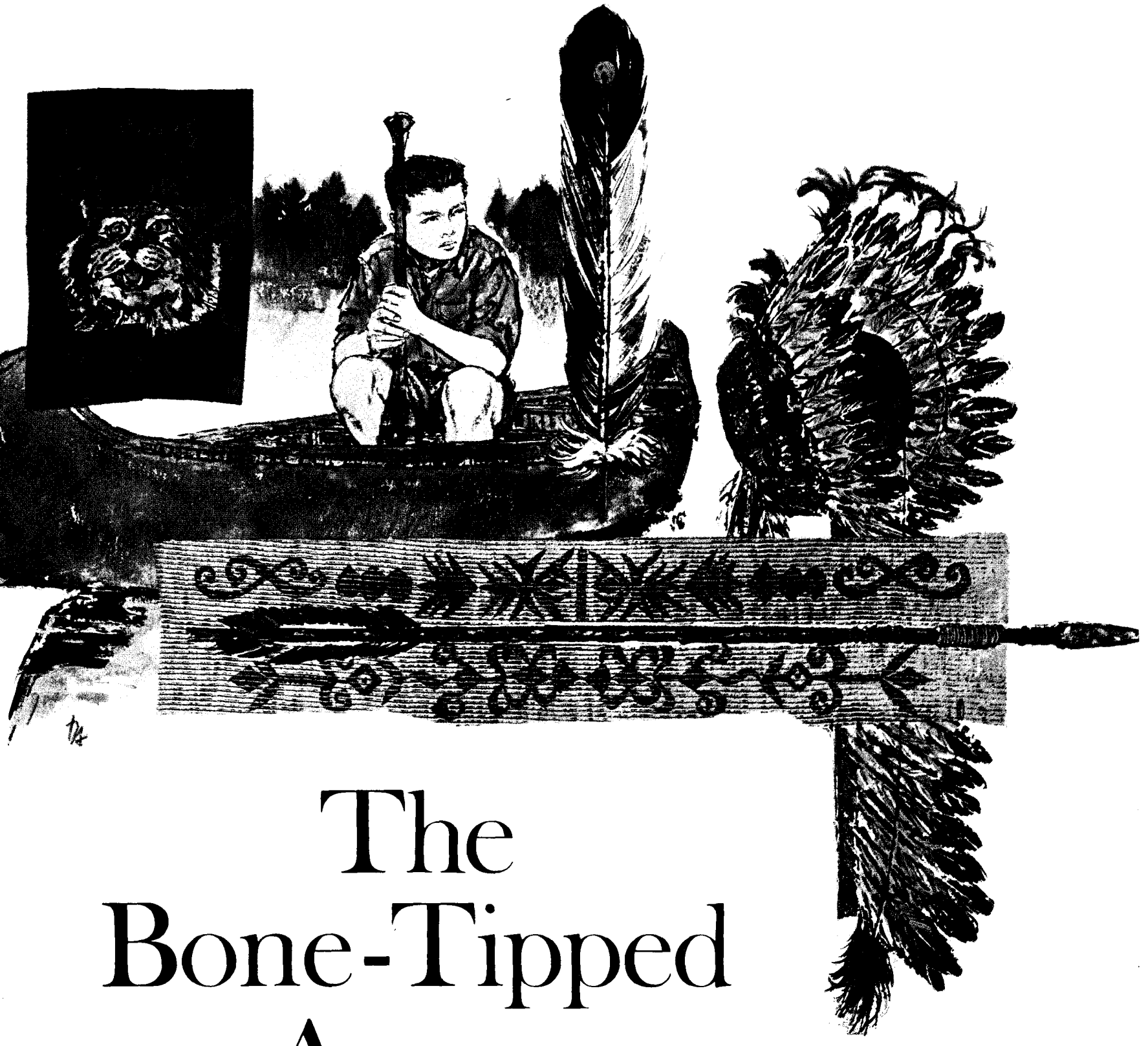

The Bone-Tipped Arrow

A Short Story by RICHARD SAVAGE

The boy stepped out of the cabin into the coolness of a night in late August. Cautiously he moved in the direction of the woodpile, shining his flashlight desperately into the creature-haunted darkness of the north woods. He followed the ray of light as if it were a kind of lifeline to which he must cling. His footsteps on the ground, heavily carpeted with pine needles, made no noise. The only sound was the strangely soft and wild murmur of the night wind in the tops of the great pines—a sound so ageless and forlorn that it seemed to blow from far back out of a time when the forest knew no man, not even the Indian, but only the beauty of its own fierce purity.

The boy listened to the sound and was deeply moved by it, moved both by love and by fear. In the voice of the wind he struggled to hear what would bring him comfort, but it was neither the voice of comfort nor of enmity. It was a voice that invited him only to be strong enough, to be courageously passionate enough to understand the wilderness for which the voice spoke.

The boy clutched the flashlight and stared into its beam, knowing that not yet had he the strength or the love to lift his head and turn away from that light, which linked him with the comfort of a world of cities far removed from this one.

As he neared the woodpile, the light suddenly began to grow dim and, with a frantic little gasp, the boy desperately flicked the switch several times and tried to screw more tightly the metal cap of the flashlight. But his efforts failed. The light went out. He cou' still see dimly the woodpile before him, an. he bent down and grabbed for a log. As he cradled it in his arms and reached for another, he heard a sudden crashing in the underbrush nearby. For a moment he was paralyzed. Then with a whimper he turned and ran wildly back toward the lights of the summer cabin.

"What—only one log, Jeff?" asked his father, turning (Continued on Page 46)

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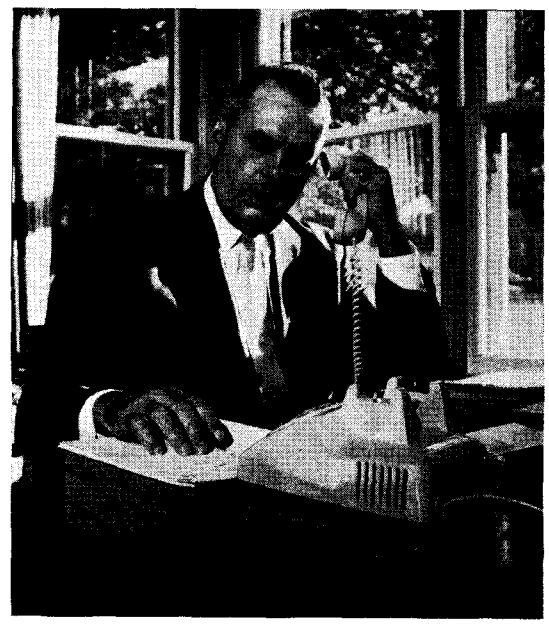
Telephones That "Think"

By ROBERT W. WELLS



Mayor Donald Caisley of Morris, Illinois, using one of the revolutionary new "transfer" telephones.

This Illinois town has a new electronic switchboard which automatically transfers calls anywhere. In time, scientists predict, we may even have telephones that talk by themselves.

It was Election Day in Grundy County, Illinois, and County Clerk Nels P. Nelson had a problem. Voting results would be telephoned to his office in the Morris, Illinois, courthouse, but no one would be there—the room was being remodeled and could not be used. Another office was available, but the phone number was different. And it was too late to tell poll workers of the change.

On another recent day in Morris, a ninety-year-old woman fell and broke her hip. The family called Mrs. Zita Halloran, a private nurse. But Mrs. Halloran was out collecting money for a civic project, and no one was home to answer her phone.

Ordinarily these cases would present certain difficulties but, because Morris is the testing place for a revolutionary development in telephone communications, both problems were easily solved. Nelson's calls were automatically transferred to the other office. Mrs. Halloran's call was switched, also automatically, to the Morris Ice Cream Shop, owned by her husband John. He immediately tracked down his wife and dispatched her to care for the elderly woman.

To make such transfers possible, Bell Telephone Laboratories spent $25,000,000 and 750 man-years of effort developing the electronic brain which has been installed in the Illinois Bell Telephone Company's exchange in Morris, thereby endowing that northern-Illinois city of 7958 persons with the most modern telephone system in the world. And County Clerk Nelson and the Hallorans happen to be among the 430 customers serving as guinea pigs in the field trial of Bell's first electronic central office (E.C.O.).

When the trial is completed in 1962, the experts will mull over the results, and other cities will start in 1965 to get electronic exchanges. With their help we may some day be able to solve a problem that now baffles teen-agers' parents all over the country—how to call home without waiting two hours for a clear line.

Even in Morris this miracle has not yet come to pass. But other lively precedents have been set. Among other things, the test families can use their extension phones as a private-communications network. For example, when nine-year-old Thomas McElvain couldn't find a shirt the other morning, he did not yell downstairs to his mother, as he used to do. Instead, he dialed 18 on his extension phone. From the ground-floor telephone, eight oboe-like musical notes sounded. Mrs. James McElvain lifted the receiver, told her son that there were six shirts in their usual drawer and to hurry down to breakfast, please.

This "code calling" is one of six special services being tested. "Abbreviated dialing" is another. Frequently called numbers can be reached by two flicks of the dial instead of the customary seven. Thomas E. West, publisher of the Morris *Daily Herald*, "The Greatest Small City Newspaper in the United States," uses this service when a subscriber calls him at home to complain his paper is late. West hangs up and dials 13. That connects him with the home of Circulation Manager Lewis Mottice, who handles the complaint.

Then there's "series completion." When the number called is busy, the call is automatically switched to an alternate number. If you dial the Bright Spot Cleaners when its phone is in use, your call is switched to the home of Herbert Sparks, the owner. If (Continued on Page 49)

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QUARTERBACK OF THE CABINET

A Post editor's revealing picture of Secretary of State Dean Rusk, the quiet, brilliant man who—with the President—will guide our foreign relations through the perilous years to come.

By BEVERLY SMITH Jr.
Washington Editor of The Saturday Evening Post

No Secretary of State in our history, beginning with Thomas Jefferson in 1789, has ever taken office to find himself launched on such a world-wide sea of troubles as has Dean Rusk. From Laos to the Congo, from Algeria to Cuba, new crises have arisen, shifted, changed from day to day since the Kennedy Administration took over in January.

America's course, amid these global storms, is set from the top by President Kennedy. His is the final responsibility; he frankly accepts it, along with blame for errors. But in reaching his decisions he relies much on the man who, as Secretary of State, is his principal adviser on foreign policy. Thus Rusk's qualities, of mind and character, of judgment and courage, are of immense importance to the country and to all of us—now, and during the even harsher trials which lie ahead.

Yet Secretary Rusk, senior officer of Mr. Kennedy's Administration, and operating at the storm center of critical decisions, remains almost unknown to the American people. This is no intentional mystery. Dean Rusk, a calmly quiet man, working a seven-day week, twelve hours a day, traveling to Asia and Europe for international conferences, has had little time or inclination for personal publicity.

The intent of this article is twofold: first to introduce you to Dean Rusk, a man whose career has been almost as extraordinary as Kennedy's own. And second, to trace the relationship between the President and his Secretary of State, since it is in the interaction of their minds and personalities that America's course will be set in a world becoming dangerous and inflammatory beyond all precedent.

Kennedy himself knew Rusk only by reputation and had never even met him until last December. Rusk had no inkling that he was being considered for the secretaryship. Public speculation centered about half a dozen other candidates, including Adlai Stevenson, men of far wider renown than Rusk.

A month after the election last fall, Dean Rusk was presiding over a meeting of the trustees of the Rockefeller Foundation. As president of the foundation since 1952, he had directed its world-wide philanthropies in dispensing some $35,000,000 a year, primarily assisting the progress of agriculture, medicin science and education in underdeveloped countries. The meeting was interrupted by an urgent telephone call for Rusk. When he returned to the room, his usual intent concentration on the business at hand was missing. He sat there doodling on a pad, his expression faintly puzzled.

Afterward he confided to a friend, "The President-elect asks me to call on him. What the hell can he want to see *me* about?"

Said the friend, who had heard rumors, "Maybe he wants you to be his Secretary of State." Rusk good-humoredly laughed off the absurdity of the proposition.

It was a historic encounter, this meeting which was to bring together the two men who are guiding American foreign policy in a world stirred to unparalleled fury by Communist intrigue in many lands. Kennedy, vivid forty-three-year-old scion of the famous Boston family which in three generations had moved fr immigrant labor to national leadership. Ru eight years older, a big, solid, imperturbable fellow who, reared in the poverty of a hard-scrabble little Georgia farm, had gone on to win distinction in scholarship, in the Army, in the State Department and as executive head of the giant Rockefeller Foundation.

What happened at their meeting is known only to the two principals. Gleanings from their friends suggest that Kennedy gave no intimation of wanting Rusk as his Secretary of State. Rather he seemed to seek Rusk's advice on the possible choice, and Rusk, pointing out the high qualifications of some others prominently mentioned, little knew that the men he had praised had already recommended Rusk himself as the best man available. Both men had been students of foreign affairs since college days; Kennedy was fully familiar with Rusk's writings on the role and interrelationship of a President and Secretary of State shaping our international course. Kenne found in Rusk a cool realism resembling i.

He was articulate, attentive, concerned, pensive and amused during a Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearing after the ill-fated Cuban invasion.

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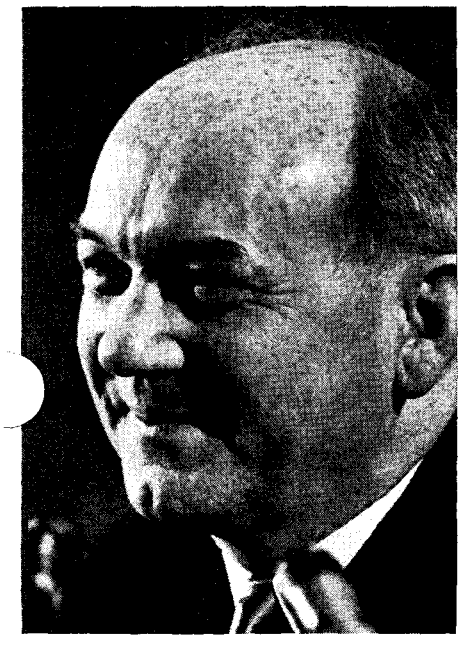
Secretary Rusk and President Kennedy meet in the White House. Mutual trust makes their staggering task easier.

Photographs by Ollie Atkins



own; a calm facing of the fact that America was up against imminent perils far beyond those which had been brought home to the general public.

All the while Kennedy was sizing up this curiously impressive stranger, this Southern farm boy who, following paths so divergent from his, had arrived at a concept of the American heritage and destiny so closely akin to his own.

Rusk returned to New York, cheerfully assuring his friends that he could now forget about the secretaryship rumors and get back to his job with the foundation. A few days later Kennedy surprised the nation, and Rusk, by appointing him Secretary of State—a post which he was known to regard as the most important in his entire Administration. The only ones not surprised were those who in past years had had a chance to watch the quality of Rusk's quiet services, whether in the military, State or the foundation, and had sensed in him the stuff of greatness.

The "bolt from the blue" did not come as an unmixed blessing to the Rusk family, his wife Virginia, his two sons and his daughter. As president of the Rockefeller Foundation Rusk had held one of the world's most enviable, worthwhile jobs, congenial to his interests in mankind's progress. He could keep regular office hours and come home for dinner and join with his devoted family in weekend pleasures, like other men. Now, he knew, this was past. He would now hold a position of high national honor. But it would involve, he knew, toil by day and night and sleepless pondering of heartbreaking decisions which could often be at best a choice between evils.

The first manifestation of the new Rusk eminence had a comic touch. Mrs. Rusk, fixing dinner in the kitchen of their home in Scarsdale, answered the (Continued on Page 72)

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The Face of AMERICA

Mamma Loves to Sing

Each Thursday these thirty-one mothers gather at a church in suburban Minneapolis for the pure joy of singing. Named the Symphoknolls, they are one of numerous groups of "Mothersingers" affiliated with the P.T.A. These musical mothers represent the Hopkins School District of Minneapolis. On May fifth, clad in silky white dresses, high heels, blue scarves and matching gloves, the Symphoknolls gave their fifth annual concert to a sellout crowd. Proceeds from their yearly recitals are donated to a P.T.A. scholarship fund. They sing also—free of charge—at civic gatherings, penal institutions, church-club meetings and shopping centers. Usually their thirty-one preschool children are tended by a baby sitter in an adjoining nursery room. But when a sitter is unavailable, the kids join their moms. During rare moments such as this, calm prevails over chaos and the singers can give undistracted attention to their music.

• Photograph by Jim Burns

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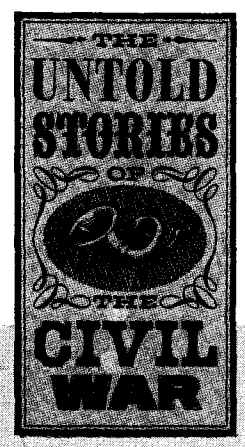
ONE WOMAN'S ORDEAL

A Union officer's wife tells how she was captured, reviled, imprisoned and then returned to her home—only to be confronted there by a band of marauding Confederate cavalrymen.

The author, as she appeared after surviving the War Between the States.



By LUCY B. COBB

Union Captain John Cobb, the author's husband. Confederate troops captured the Cobbs at Star Fort, Winchester, Virginia.

(For two memorable, action-packed months in 1863, nineteen-year-old Lucy Bundy Cobb found herself caught up in the crazy whirl of the Civil War. She hurried from her home in Ohio to Winchester, Virginia, to nurse her ill husband a Union officer. The Confederates seized Winchester and captured both of them Lucy was sent to a prison for women in Richmond and exchanged without knowing her husband's fate. A keen and sensitive observer, she related her experience in later years to her son, Howard Bundy Cobb, and a grandson, now Col. Ralph C. Benner, USA (Ret.). Cobb wrote down her story and Benner preserved the manuscript, giving us today a rare and exciting insight into Civil War life and adventure.—The Editors.)

In the telegram the colonel commanding the 116th Ohio Volunteer Infantry requested that I come at once. My husband and other officers were very low with typhoid fever, and nurses were needed badly at the hospital in Winchester, a Virginia city which our troops had occupied.

At the head of his own company of recruits, John Haskell Cobb had left me on our farm in southeastern Ohio scarcely a year before. With the help of an occasional old man or boy, my Aunt Sarah and I had managed to put in a crop to feed ourselves and the few remaining livestock.

My father, Congressman Hezekiah S. Bundy, hurried up the path to our farm cottage as soon as he learned of the telegram. He was a "war," or pro-Union, congressman with some influence in Washington. "Lu," he began fussily, "get ready

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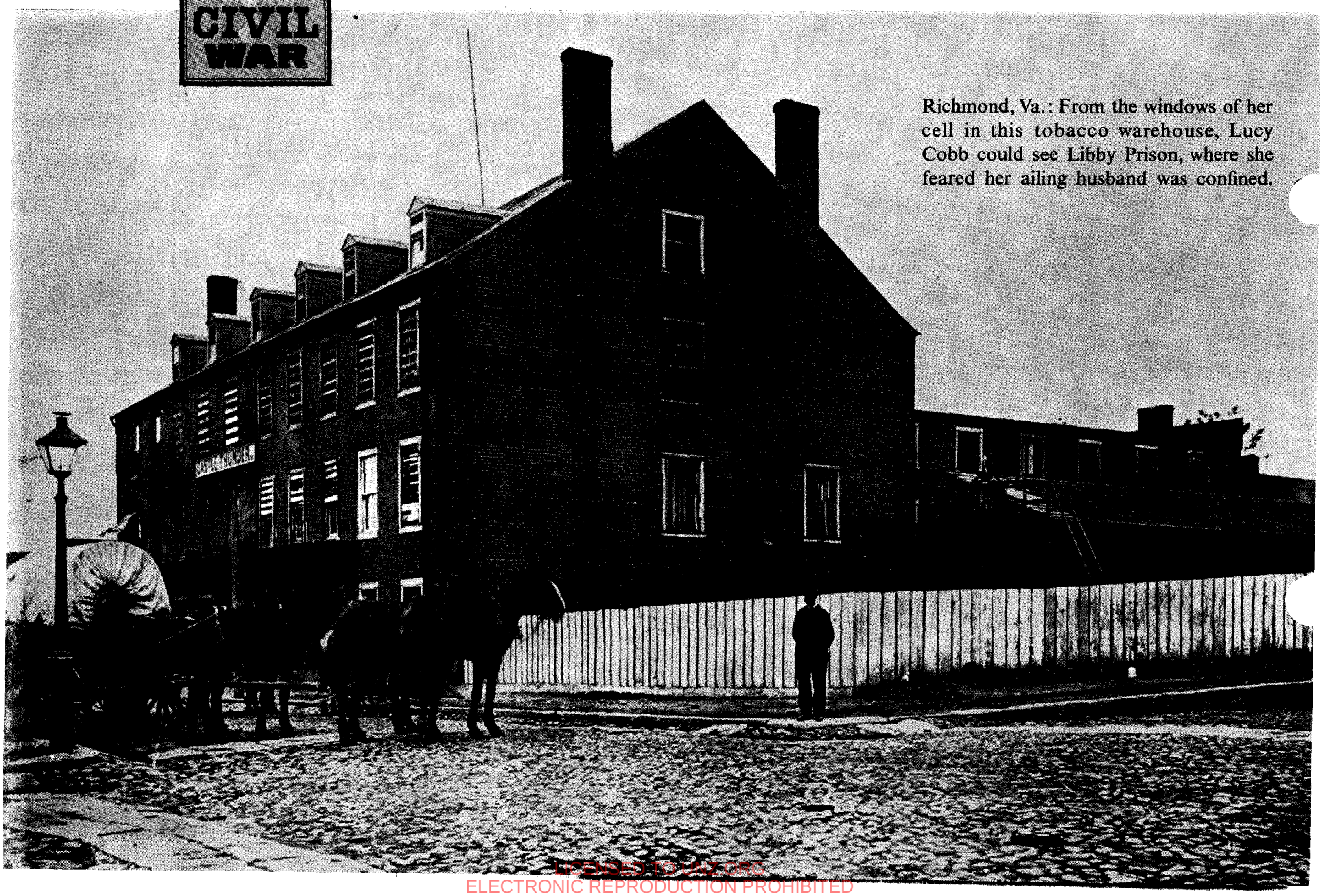

Richmond, Va.: From the windows of her cell in this tobacco warehouse, Lucy Cobb could see Libby Prison, where she feared her ailing husband was confined.

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Reluctant Hero

Why did he refuse the Silver Star?

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

Speaking of riddles," Hobey Dunn said, "I ran into a dilly during the fighting in the Philippines. It concerned a soldier named Minor—at least that was the name the Army knew him by then."

"Not his real name?" I asked.

"Nope," Hobey said. "Back during the Civil War, so I've read, a drafted man could hire a substitute to take his place in the Army. Well, Tom Minor pulled a switch on that."

"So?" I said. "What kind of switch?"

"Tom didn't hire a civilian to take his place as a soldier," Hobey told me. "He hired a soldier to take his place as a civilian. Lucky for me he did, too. I wouldn't be here if he hadn't."

We had reached Carigara Bay on Leyte (Hobey said) when I first ran into Tom. I was commanding a battalion, and this night we went into a perimeter astride the Capoocan Road. About 0400 the rain began to come down in sheets. It was nice weather for a banzai attack, and, brother, we got one. It hit hard into Love, which was the rifle company farthest forward.

Communications went out, and I got itchy and started up there. Fool thing to do. In the night and rain I got lost. I was blundering around like a stupid cow when an M-1 went off almost under my nose. Luckily I'd stumbled into one of our positions.

I yelled, "Hold it! This is Dunn!"

"Get down in here, colonel," a crisp voice said. "The Nips are liable to chop your head off if you don't."

I slid into the hole—it was a big one with five men in it. Two of them were dead Japanese, I found out. It was too dark to tell much about the three others except that they were Americans.

(Continued on Page 54)

He was where it was thickest, his voice lifting above the howl of the fight.

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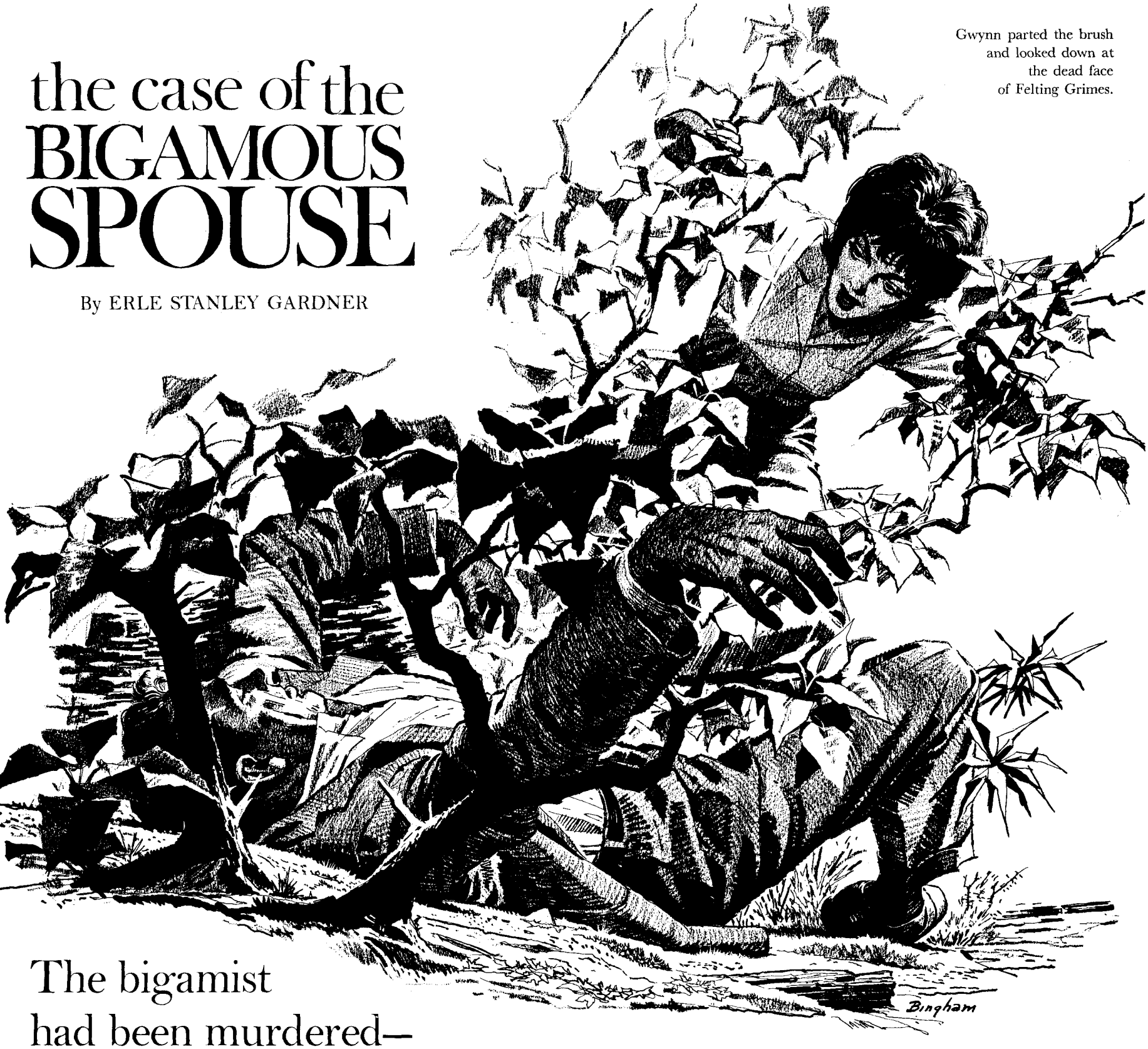
the case of the BIGAMOUS SPOUSE

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER



Gwynn parted the brush and looked down at the dead face of Felting Grimes.

The bigamist had been murdered— and Mason's beautiful client was the prime suspect.

When shapely Gwynn Elston appeared in Perry Mason's law office, she brought evidence to justify her fear that she was going to be murdered: a tissue with which she had blotted the remains of a cocktail prepared for her by Felting Grimes. The paper bore traces of strychnine. Grimes, the husband of Gwynn's best friend and her host since she moved into the Grimes residence, apparently wanted Gwynn dead to keep her from exposing him as a bigamist.

Miss Elston found out about Grimes's double life in an unexpected way. Her book-selling job took her to the home of Frankline Gillett, where she discovered—without actually meeting Gillett—that Felting Grimes and Gillett were the same man. Grimes apparently first learned of Gwynn's visit to the Gillett home when he saw a sales list upon which the Gillett name and address appeared.

On Mason's advice Gwynn kept a second appointment with Mrs. Gillett, but did not meet Gillett. Perry and his secretary, Della Street, stood by until Gwynn telephoned that all was well, and then arranged for her to return to Perry's office the next morning.

II

At 10:35 Della Street said, "Your bookselling client seems to be five minutes late."

Mason frowned. "She should be here—but I guess she isn't nearly as concerned, now that the heat has been turned off."

"Well," Della Street said, "we might utilize the time by dictating replies to those two letters that came in this morning."

"Good idea," Mason said.

The lawyer had finished with replies to the letters by 10:45. He looked at his watch, then at Della Street, frowned and said, "What's the name of that place where she's staying, Della?"

"Felting Grimes, 367 Mandala Drive. I have the phone number here."

"Give them a ring," Mason said. "Let's see what the story is this time."

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Della Street put through the call, then after a moment, said, "May I speak with Gwynn Elston, please? I believe she's staying there, isn't she? . . . Oh. . . . Thank you. May I ask who this is talking? . . . Well, thank you very much, Mrs. Grimes. . . . No, never mind. It's just a friend of hers calling on a purely social matter. I won't leave any message. I'll try again later on. Thank you."

Della Street hung up the telephone before Mrs. Grimes could say anything else, and said, "That was Nell Grimes I was talking with. She wanted to take any message; seemed to be rather curious and a little insistent. For your information, Gwynn Elston left at a little before nine this morning, and Mrs. Grimes doesn't know exactly what her schedule was or where she can be reached."

Mason frowned thoughtfully. "Hang it, Della! If anything's happened to that girl, I'm going to be kicking myself all over the office. After all, you know, putting strychnine in a drink ——"

"But she was there until nine o'clock this morning," Della said.

"That's what Mrs. Grimes says," Mason said. "I ——"

The interoffice phone on Della Street's desk rang sharply. Della picked up the instrument, said, "Yes, Gertie. . . . Oh, she is? Just a moment."

She turned to Perry Mason and said, "Your missing client is in the office, safe and sound. And," Della Street went on, looking at her watch, "she's exactly twenty minutes late."

"Tell her to come in," Mason said. "In fact, you might go out and get her, Della, and explain to her that I have to apportion my time rather carefully and, when I make an appointment, it's ——"

"I'll give her an oral spanking," Della Street said. "Her legs won't impress *me!*"

It was three minutes later when Della Street was back with Gwynn Elston in tow. "Miss Elston is in serious trouble," she said.

Mason raised his eyebrows.

"I think you'd better sit down, Miss Elston," Della Street said, "and tell Mr. Mason what you just told me."

Mason, studying Gwynn Elston's white, drawn face, said, "I take it Mr. Grimes came home unexpectedly."

She shook her head, tried to say something, stopped, glanced at Della Street, then said, "He won't ever be home any more. He's dead."

"Who's dead? Grimes?"

She nodded.

Mason said, "How do you know?"

"I saw the body."

"When?"

"About—about three quarters of an hour ago."

"Wait a minute," Mason said. "Della was talking with his wife on the phone not ten minutes ago, and she ——"

"She doesn't know anything about it," Gwynn Elston said. "No one knows. He was murdered."

"Did you kill him?"

She shook her head.

"You'd better tell me about it," Mason said, "and don't take time out to have hysterics, don't do any sobbing, don't wait for me to prompt you. Start talking. Give me just the bare facts. Where did you see him?"

"Out at the George Belding Baxter estate."

"What were you doing out there?"

"I went out to find out about the officer who had given me the gun last night."

"The gun!" Mason exclaimed.

She nodded.

"Go on," Mason told her grimly.

"Do you want me to tell you about the gun or start at the beginning and ——"

"Start at the beginning and talk fast. You went out to see the Gilletts. Mr. Gillett wasn't home. Mrs. Gillett told you she couldn't afford to take on the books right at the present time, what with other expenses they had. You were there an hour. Then what did you do?"

"I left."

"All right," Mason said, "what happened then?"

"Well, you remember it had been raining all day. It had rained hard along about dark and then settled down to a cold drizzle. I was driving slowly and, when I got to the gates of the Baxter estate, I saw this flashlight winking on and off and shining right in my eyes."

"What did you do?"

"At first I started to stop, then I remembered about things, and I speeded up."

"And then what?"

"Then this man stepped out into the road, right directly in front of me, with the flashlight shining full in my eyes—right into my windshield. So I stopped."

"All right, you stopped," Mason said. "Then what happened?"

"This man had his car there. The back of the trunk was up, and he told me he had a flat tire and didn't have a jack and he needed to get to the nearest service station right away. He said he wanted to ride in with me. He was good-looking, he wasn't wearing a raincoat, and his clothes were dry. I think he'd been sitting in his car, just waiting for me to come along. When he saw my lights coming, he got out of the car and went into his act."

"And what did you do?"

"I kept the car door locked. I had rolled down the window a few inches so I could hear what he had to say. You see, I've been propositioned in all sorts of ways and ——"

"I dare say you have," Mason interrupted. "Never mind that. Then what happened?"

"He pulled a leather folder out of his pocket and showed me a badge and told me he was an officer and *ordered* me to open up.

"I refused, and he laughed nervously and said, 'Look, I don't have all night to stand here and argue with you. I'm not going to make passes at you. I'm an officer. I'll give you my gun and, if I make even the faintest pass at you, you can stop the car and order me out.'"

"Then what did he do?"

She said, "He poked his gun, with the butt first, through the window, and it fell down on my lap."

"What did you do?"

"I took the gun and unlocked the door and told him to get in."

"Then what?"

"Then I drove him to that little settlement, Vista del Mesa.

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"You're being held on suspicion of first-degree murder," Tragg said.

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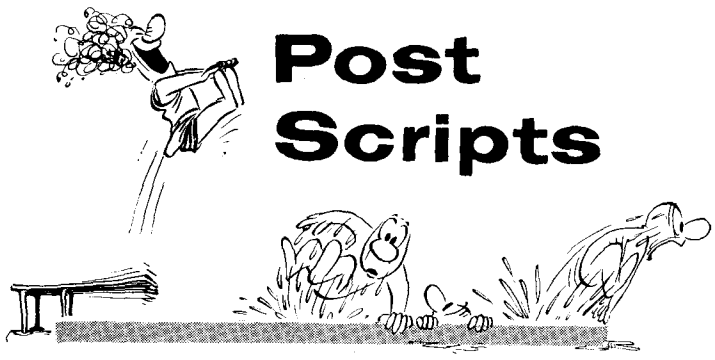


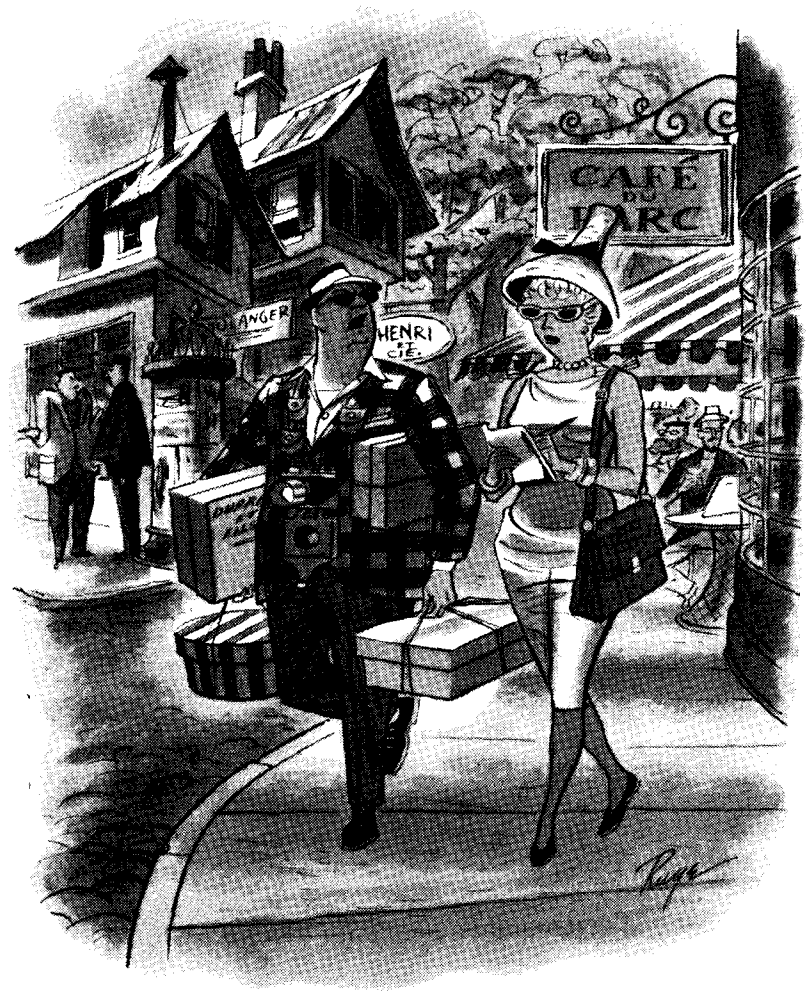
Post Scripts

The Children's Hour

My children's apathy toward the great literary classics impelled me last evening to get out an old copy of *Treasure Island* and read it aloud to them. Other parents may be interested in some statistics concerning this experiment.

Number of times dog wanted out: 1
Number of times dog wanted in: 4
Number of times telephone rang: 7
Number of times doorbell rang: 2
Bottles of pop spilled: 3
Comic books confiscated: 3
Arguments waged: 6
Arguments settled: 0
Number of times television set was turned on: 4
Number of times television set was turned off: 3
Pages of *Treasure Island* read: 2

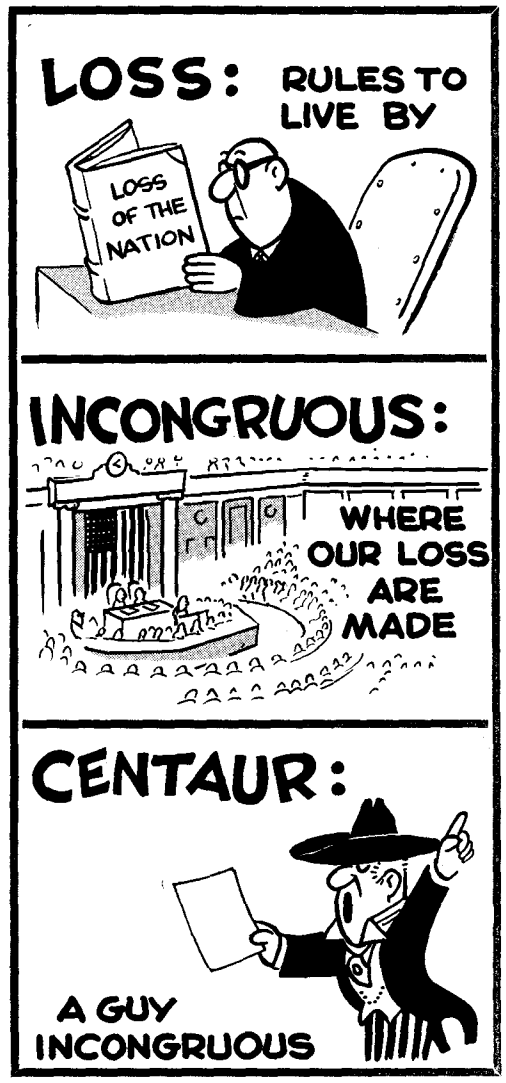
HILARIE BROWN



"Well, I think you have France well along the road to economic recovery. Shall we move on to Spain?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Pun-Abridged Dictionary



BIL KEANE

Mark Antony Writes His Speech

~~Ladies and gentlemen~~ Friends, ~~Ancient~~ Romans, countrymen, ~~loan~~ lend me your ears. I come ~~here today~~ to bury ~~Julius Ceasar~~ Caesar, not to ~~flatter~~ praise him. The ~~rotten things a guy does~~ evil that men do lives after them; the good ~~stuff is often~~ oft interred with their bones. ~~I guess that's the scoop with~~ So let it be with Caesar.

~~Old Brutus over there~~ The noble Brutus ~~has~~ hath told you Caesar was ~~a real power-mad guy~~ ambitious. If it ~~was~~ were so, it ~~were~~ was a grievous fault, and grievously ~~has~~ hath Caesar ~~answered~~ answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest ~~of you guys~~—for Brutus is an ~~honorable~~ honourable man; so are they all, all ~~honorable~~ honourable men—~~I~~ come I to speak in Caesar's funeral. He ~~and I were buddies~~ was my friend, faithful and just to me. But ~~Caesar~~ Brutus says he was ambitious, and ~~Caesar~~ Brutus is an ~~honorable~~ honourable man.

He ~~has~~ hath brought ~~a whole slug of~~ many captives ~~back here~~ home to Rome, whose ransoms ~~meant a ton of dough~~ did the general coffers fill ~~up~~. Did this in Caesar seem ambitious? When that the poor ~~hath~~ have cried, Caesar hath ~~cried too~~ wept. ~~Don't tell me stuff like that is~~ Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. Yet Brutus says he was ambitious, and Brutus is an ~~honorable~~ honourable man.

You all ~~saw~~ did see that on the ~~Lupracal Lupreal~~ Lupercal I ~~three times~~ thrice. . . .

VERNON H. KURTZ

Take a Tip, Fair Maidens

Don't count on the males at a summer resort
For gay romantic adventures.
For those not chewing on teething rings
Are fussing about their dentures!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Diary of a New Dog

10:00 A.M. Left pet shop with new owner and went to railroad station to get train home. A railroad station is a place where they have pinball machines, automobiles are on display, and Florida homesites are sold.

11:15 A.M. Arrived new home, which is quite nice. Has wall-to-wall newspaper.

11:45 A.M. Given first meal, but had no appetite and could hardly finish.

11:47 A.M. Ate cat's lunch. Don't like fish.

12:00 Don't feel well. Wandered into living room and took book *The Gathering Storm*, by Winston Churchill, from coffee table. Paper certainly nothing unusual, but interesting taste to the binding. Had seconds—*The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* by William L. Shirer.

12:35 P.M. Thirsty. Found my water pan on table with flowers stuck in it. Accidentally tipped it over—due to flowers, which I chewed up but didn't swallow because I'm honestly not hungry.

1:02 P.M. Sleepy. Light-blue velvet chair quite comfortable except for dampness. See above.

3:05 P.M. Bored and miss friends in pet shop. Package of cigarettes on end table left me totally unimpressed, although filters were interesting.

5:16 P.M. New owner returns with husband, who must have had a bad day at office, as he looks upset. He stood in the door and whistled once quite low, but it's not the kind of whistle that will ever call a dog.

CASKIE STINNETT

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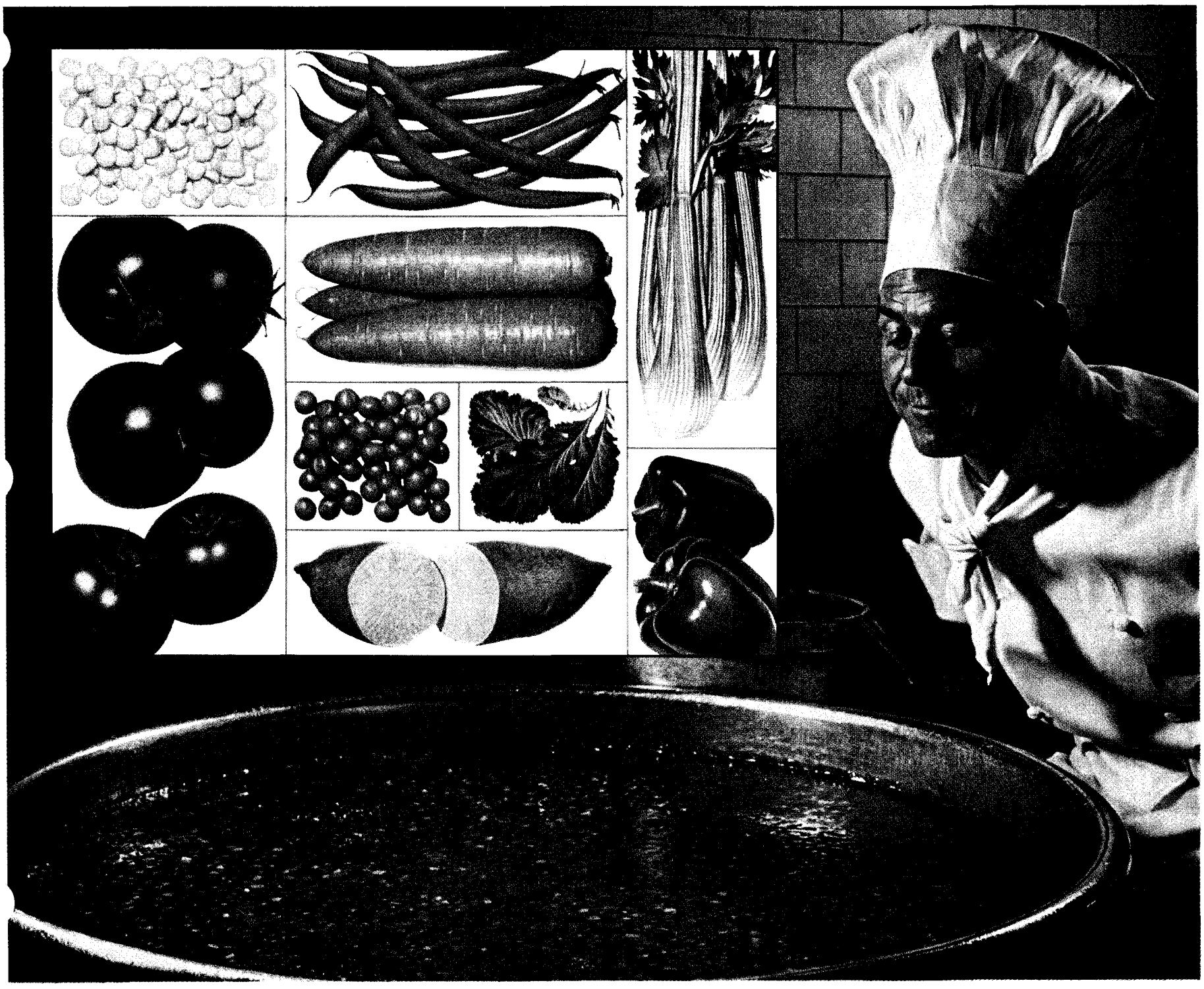
"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."



Why our soups look as good as they taste

They're color-planned all the way from seed to simmer

A lot of folks who like our soups tell us they especially like the appetizing colors that make them look every bit as good as they taste. We thought you'd like to know our chefs create these tempting soups with colors that come right from Nature, and no place else.

We start with the seed

Of course, we don't just sit back and wait for Nature to make them happen. Our chefs and scientists color-plan our soups all the way from seed to simmer. Sometimes Campbell scientists work for years to grow an exactly-right color right into the vegetable. Then the fine art of our chefs goes to work, and the happy result is the blend of rich reds, greens and yellows that sings out to your appetite, and actually helps you enjoy the meal more.

You get more of what food's for

There's more to this hearty color than meets the eye. It's also a sign of healthy, nutritious vegetables. And because our soups look as good as they taste, they not only help you enjoy their flavors more, but also "tune up" your digestive processes to help you make the most of this good nutrition. You might say they give you more of what food's for.

And that, of course, is the whole reason for the creed Campbell works by: "*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"

- Soups
- Frozen Soups
- Tomato Juice
- Pork & Beans
- V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices
- FRANCO-AMERICAN Products
- SWANSON Products

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passage to danger

BY EDWIN LANHAM

Bahama knew his best chance to escape was by taking the boy as a hostage.

After the fatal stabbing of millionaire rancher Bart Leroy, everything pointed to Jack Adams as the murderer; he was seen running away after Leroy was killed, and a knife found nearby was his. The sheriff took Jack and Flora, Bart's wife, into custody.

Scott Chapman, Jack's guest on a vacation cruise through the Florida Keys in the yacht *Cormorant*, refused to believe his friend was the killer. When Scott's eight-year-old son Pip told him that hulking Bahama Gibson was aboard the *Cormorant* on the night of the killing Scott became convinced that Bahama took Jack's knife and used it to kill Bart. Bahama's guilt seemed certain; Bart must have learned that Bahama was responsible for the theft of 50,000 missing Cuban pesos, and Bahama must have killed Bart rather than give up the money. Pip's near drowning while skin-diving with Bahama no longer appeared accidental,

© 1961 by Edwin Lanham

and Scott reproached himself for entrusting Bahama with the boy's safety.

As Scott detailed his suspicions to lovely Barbara Hopkins and Carl Norwood, Bahama suddenly appeared on the deck of the *Cormorant*. He leveled a pistol at Scott. "Don't make no trouble, please, Mr. Chapman," Bahama threatened.

V

Bahama squeezed through the doorway into the deckhouse. The soggy brim of his Panama hat drooped over one eye, but the other showed dark and watchful, and in his yellow slicker he looked immense. As he closed the door he said, "Everybody keep quiet, please. Don't make no noise. . . . Mr. Chapman, you better sit down."

The snub-nosed revolver in Bahama's hand was pointed at (Continued on Page 61)

"Pip stays with me," Bahama said.

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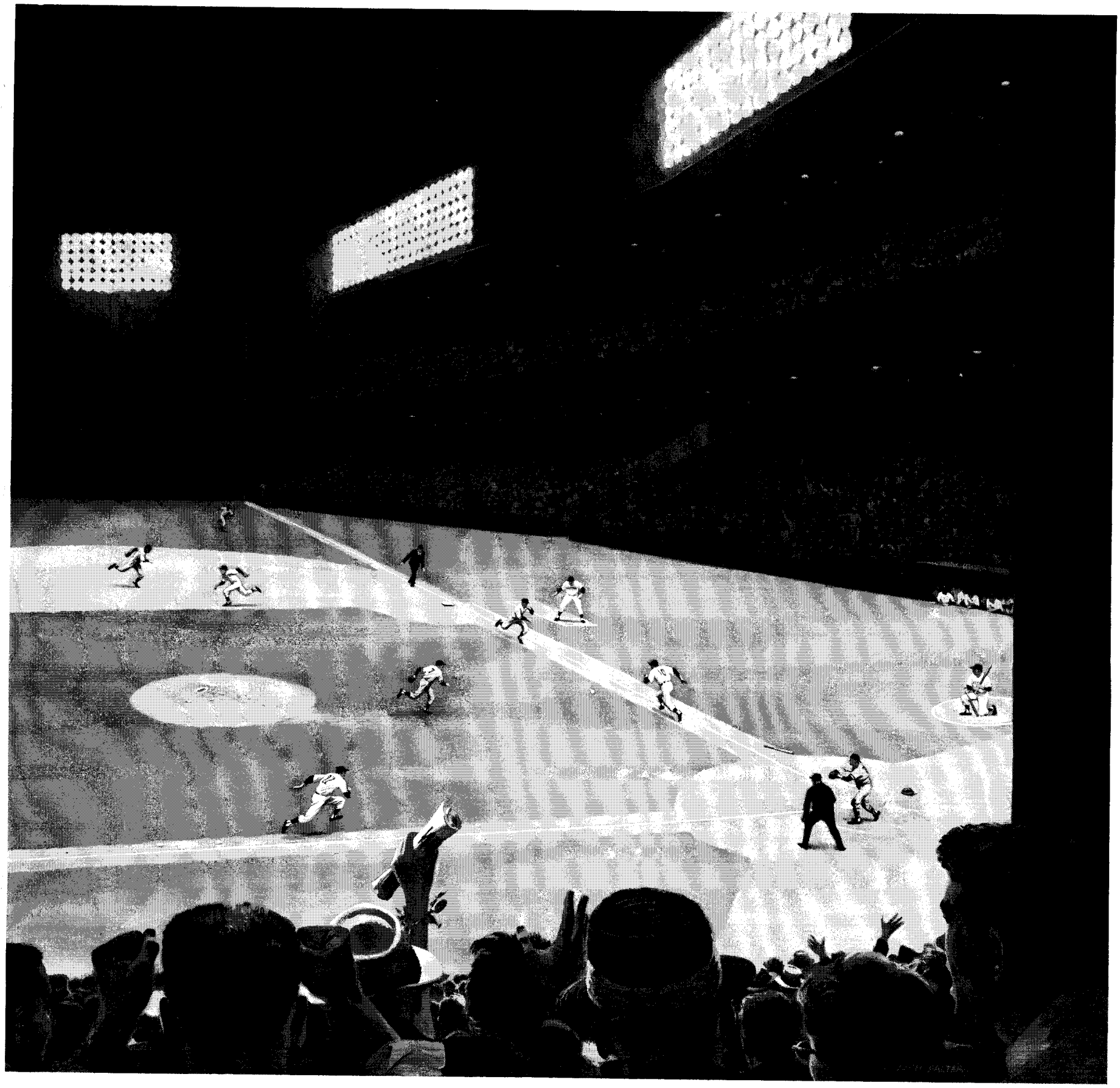

Game not called on account of darkness

Great banks of lights in the ball park do more than light up a game.

They symbolize the tremendous abundance of electric power that gives America more time for enjoyment . . . more time for accomplishment.

Most of this power comes from the investor-owned electric light and power companies.

They have made America the world's greatest electric nation, with so much electricity that we almost take it for granted, like the air we breathe.

The investor-owned electric companies serve 4 out of 5 homes and businesses . . . double their supply of power each 10 years . . . always stay *ahead* of needs.

By 1970, for example, America will need twice as much power for new jobs, homes and businesses—and the investor-owned companies will be prepared.

They have experience and capability that the nation can rely on. The electric power of the future will be ready *ahead* of any demand.

Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies

Company names on request through this magazine

Keep America Powerful

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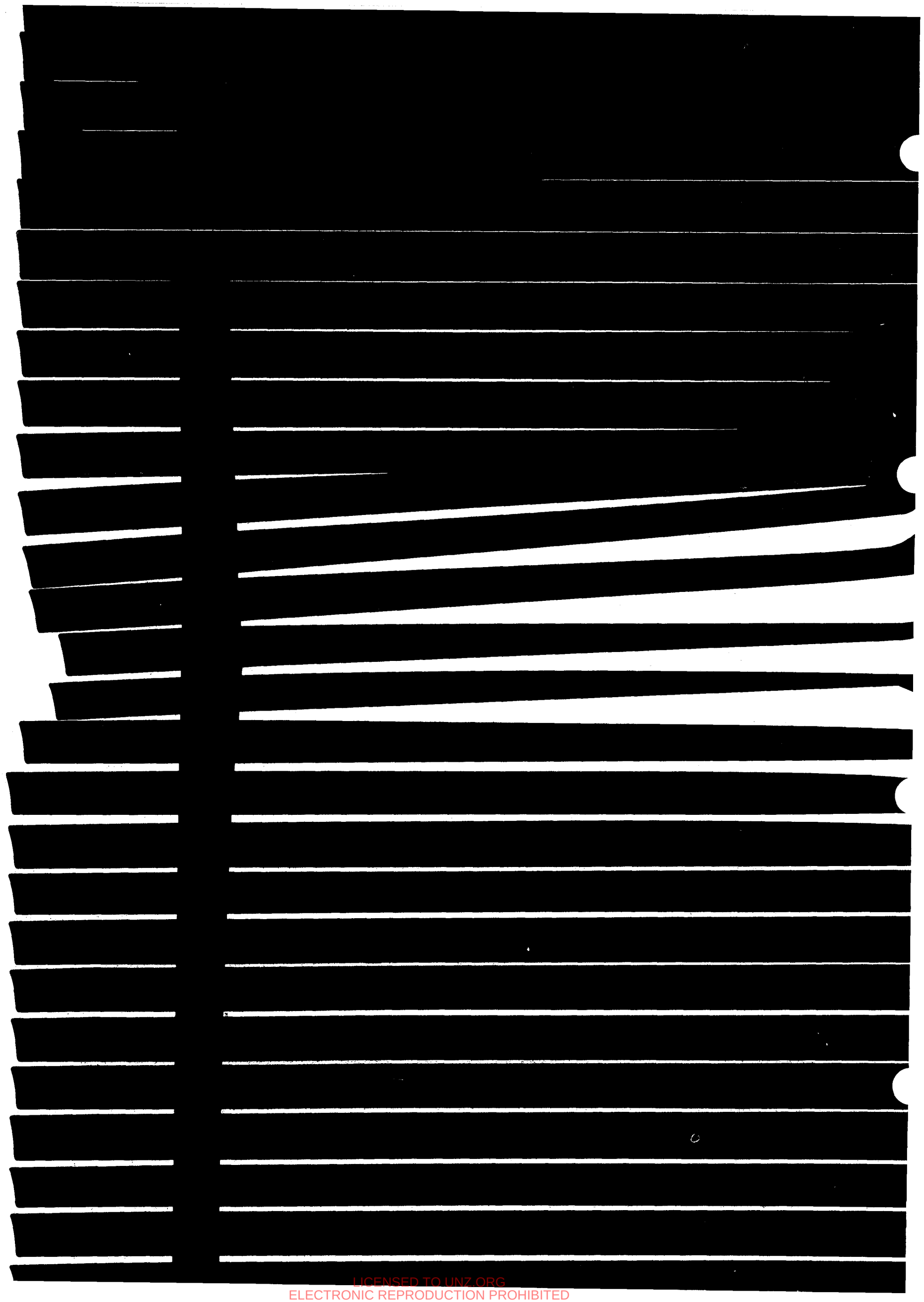

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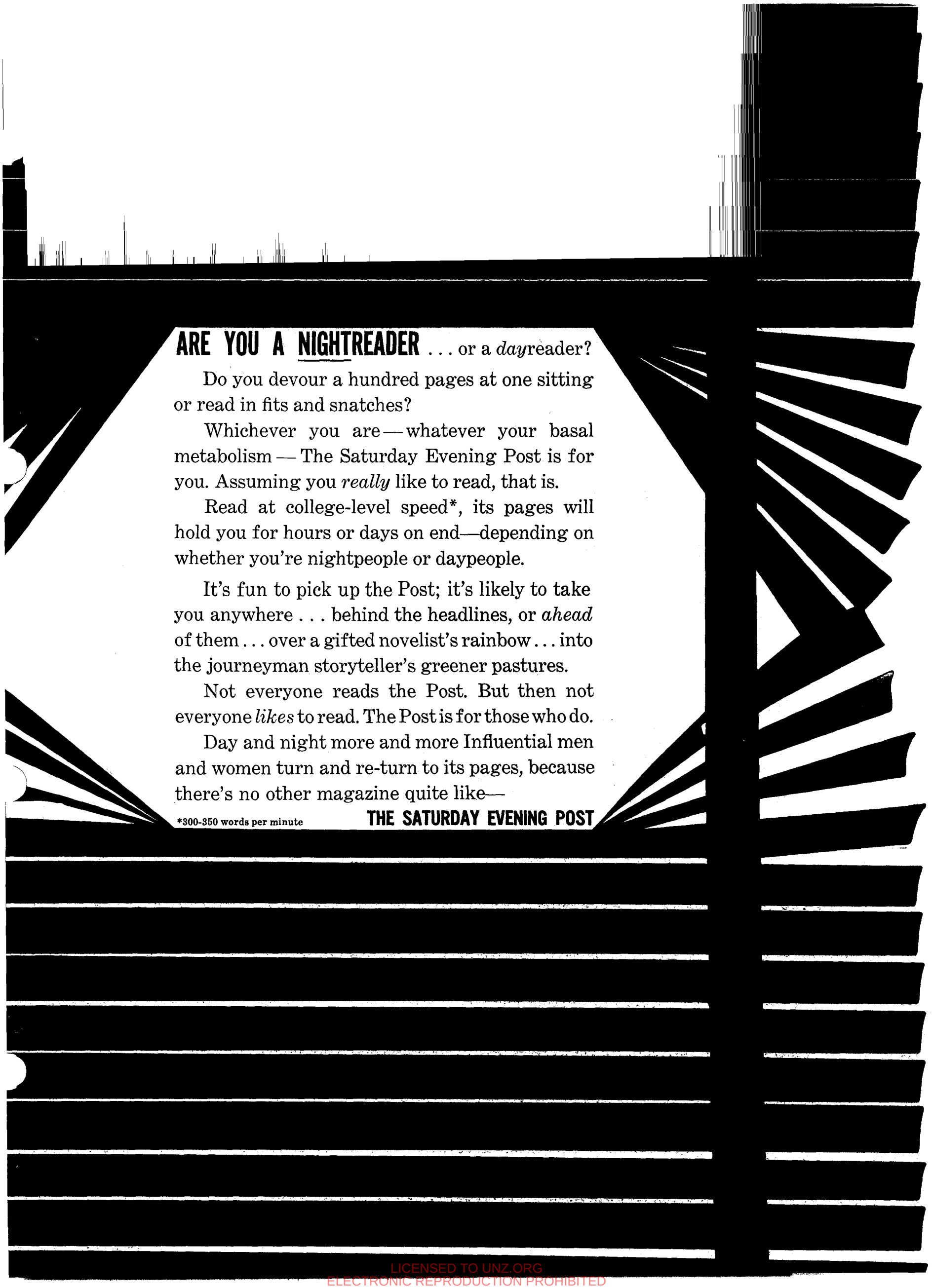

ARE YOU A NIGHTREADER . . . or a *day*reader?

Do you devour a hundred pages at one sitting or read in fits and snatches?

Whichever you are—whatever your basal metabolism—The Saturday Evening Post is for you. Assuming you *really* like to read, that is.

Read at college-level speed*, its pages will hold you for hours or days on end—depending on whether you're nightpeople or daypeople.

It's fun to pick up the Post; it's likely to take you anywhere . . . behind the headlines, or *ahead* of them . . . over a gifted novelist's rainbow . . . into the journeyman storyteller's greener pastures.

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Day and night more and more Influential men and women turn and re-turn to its pages, because there's no other magazine quite like—

*300-350 words per minute

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"We moved by Mayflower, too . . . no fuss, no feathers, no fuming!"

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Next time you're ready to make a move, give Mayflower a call. Your local Mayflower warehouse agent will gladly give you complete information on all the helpful advantages you'll enjoy.

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Helping Homemakers Since 1927

I'm Old at Eighteen (Continued from Page 18)

suits—they had been discarded by the boys' high-school basketball team—and stumbled down the stairs to a breakfast of orange juice, cold cereal, poached eggs, skimmed milk and three vitamin pills. We left the house at six, with Chris driving. Down the road another girl, Linda Platt, joined us. We rode twelve miles through the twisting mountain roads to the Fremont Hills Country Club outdoor pool in Palo Alto. In the fall and spring the weather was warm enough, but during the winter the temperature sometimes dipped under forty. The water was heated to seventy degrees, but the air seemed plenty cold.

By 8:30 we were finished with our morning workout. We changed into our school clothes, tossed the sweat suits into the car and sipped hot soup out of Thermos bottles during the return trip to Los Gatos High School for a 9:45 class. For lunch we usually had tuna-fish sandwiches on low-calorie bread and skimmed milk. Beginning in early December we drove back to the pool for another hour's workout after school.

At the Von Saltza home we had a high-protein dinner, then did our homework. When that was finished, we listened to records, usually Johnny Mathis or the Kingston Trio, and went to bed no later than 9:30. But it was no concentration-camp existence. I hardly ever missed a Saturday-night date, and sometimes I'd have another date after Mass on Sunday.

Looking back now, I seldom think of the grind. All I remember is the fun we had living and working together—Chris, Ann and myself. There was never any jealousy, possibly because we swam different strokes. Chris swam the free style, Ann the breast stroke. We rooted for one another and George Haines rooted for all of us.

As much as I owe George, I never would have had a chance for the Olympics without my dad's coaching when I was a child. Recently an old friend of his told me something that happened when I was eight. "Bob used to play handball with us twice a week at the New York Athletic Club. Then one night he told us, 'You've seen the last of me. I'm going to do something for my little girl.' He hasn't played handball since."

Dad has a finance business. Both he and my mother are excellent swimmers; they teach it at the neighborhood Flushing Y.M.C.A. Neither was a champion, but they knew the value of swimming for children. When I was sixteen months old, my mother tells me, I was able to keep myself afloat in Long Island Sound. By the time I was four I was really swimming. At six I could paddle fifty yards to a little red raft at the Miller Beach Surf Club.

From the time I was eight I swam in all the local age-group meets. When I was twelve, dad took me on my first trip. We went to Buffalo for the Canadian-American championships. After that dad accompanied me to nearly all my meets. Over the years our trips cost dad plenty—he's afraid to add it up—in transportation, hotel and meal bills, in addition to the time away from his business.

In 1956, when I was thirteen, dad and mom both went with me to the Olympic Trials in Detroit. We knew I didn't have a chance of making the team, but it was a vacation for them, and I wanted to see what it was like. My time, 1:24, put me nineteenth in the 100-meter backstroke.

That evening at dinner dad said, "Well, what do you think of all this?" About all I could think of was the contestant's parking sticker we had been given for our car. "Daddy," I said, "don't take that sticker off the car. We're coming back in 1960." Incidentally, the sticker is still on the windshield.

I started aiming for the Olympics in earnest after the 1958 women's nationals, in which I placed fifth in the 100-meter backstroke. Dad and I got up at six every Saturday to use the Flushing Y.M.C.A. pool, and he took an additional coaching job at the Forest Hills Community House so I could swim there too. Sometimes we sneaked into the Columbia University pool for a workout. Other times we went to St. Mary's pool in The Bronx.

The next summer I made the United States team for the 1959 Pan-American Games in Chicago. Shortly after the Pan-Am Trials in East Lansing, Michigan, I developed a bursitis condition in my left shoulder. In a way it was the best thing that ever happened to me, because it soon led to my friendship with Chris von Saltza.

After we arrived in Chicago, my left shoulder was taped, but I continued to practice my kicks. One day a man looked at me across the deck of the pool and shouted, "Chris! What's wrong with your arm?" It was Dr. John von Saltza. He had mistaken me for Chris. That's how much we look alike. After that Doctor Von Saltza started calling me his other daughter.

Two weeks later the Von Saltzas passed through New York. That's when dad arranged for me to go with them to California, where George Haines made me an Olympic champion. He did it with more than swimming technique. During the grueling months of training he knew just what to say and when to say it. In the midst of the toughest workouts he broke the tension by dancing around the pool and clicking his heels. If I complained of a pain, he grinned and said, "I can't feel it." I laughed and forgot it.

It made it easier when George was named to coach the United States Olympic girl swimmers. But the day of the 100-meter backstroke in Rome, George and dad couldn't help me any more. I kept telling myself, "Don't be nervous." But I was. My hands were shaking when I placed my good-luck charm—a big-eyed green rubber frog—on my starting block. I don't remember much about the race, but I knew I had won when I hopped out of the pool. I stood on the Olympic platform with the gold medal around my neck. The band played *The Star-Spangled Banner*. It was my once-in-a-lifetime thrill—bigger than being a member of our winning 400-meter medley-relay team the day before.

When I returned to New York, I was on a merry-go-round for a week. Mayor Wagner gave me a gold medallion on the steps of City Hall. There were dinners and luncheons in my honor. I rode on the back seat of a big black Cadillac convertible in a parade through my Flushing neighborhood.

When I entered San Jose State in the fall, I felt like a freak at first. Some of the other students, even some of the teachers, would peek at me and whisper, "That's Lynn Burke." Big deal. All I wanted to do was go to class and go on dates, like any other coed.

I could tell that some of the fellows who took me out merely wanted to be able to say that they had dated an Olympic champion. Then one night my date told me, "Gee, you're just like any other girl." That's what I wanted to hear and what I want to be. THE END

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Beauty Contest at Buckingham Palace

(Continued from Page 16)

head of the Commonwealth, defender of the Faith. She smiled dazzlingly at the assemblage, lifted her hand in her familiar gesture of greeting and took her place on the dais.

It was the first time she'd ever been involved in a beauty contest, and although she hid her nervousness behind royal aplomb, she wondered if she'd be able to add one more title to her already impressive string—"most beautiful first lady in the world." Of course, she was up against such striking girls as Grace of Monaco, Jackie of the Colonies, Sirikit of Thailand, Farah of Iran and Fabiola of Belgium, but still, she'd come a long way from the tremulous bride who'd wiggled her overample self into the love-in-the-mist-blue going-away suit that had been Norman Hartnell's creation. Dear Norman. He must have been a bit balmy to suggest that color. Really, she hadn't looked like the heiress to the empire at all. She'd looked like the empire.

She shot a quick look over to the first row where the most important dignitaries were sitting. Philip was smiling. He had a satisfied look in his eye, so she must be looking her best. She'd almost forgiven him for that day, shortly after Charles was born, when he'd looked at her quizzically and said, "Dear, you and your mummy will be able to swap clothes soon." Of course, she'd got back at him. The day some months later when he commented on her vanishing waist, she'd said. "The better to match your hairline, ducks." He hadn't minded, though. Really, it was nice to feel his pride in her.

"You're a ripping good queen, pet, probably because you enjoy it so." Well, it *was* her cup of tea, no two ways about it.

The flutter of admiration subsided, and the audience waited breathlessly for the next contestant. The English in the assemblage considered the contest over already, of course. Elizabeth had outdone even herself. It wasn't just those incredibly blue eyes, the perfect complexion, the shining hair. The girl had presence—radiance, don't you know. Shows what happens when you're born to be queen.

Sir Winston consulted the program in his hands before announcing the next contestant. Not that he needed to. Gads, that had been a harangue, trying to decide in what order they'd enter. Thank heavens, Attlee had come up with the suggestion that Elizabeth as hostess come first and the others follow in the order of the length of their reign. No delicate age problem there, and it put *the* queen at the head, which was as it should be. Trust a lamb like Attlee to turn into a dove of peace.

"Her majesty, Queen Sirikit of Thailand," he announced, managing to recapture some of the sonorous goldness of his wartime voice.

There was a gasp of admiration as slender Sirikit entered. She'd worn a multicolored brocade with a suggestion of the Oriental culture of her country. It had straight lines and a slit in the front, revealing an ankle that would have been as at home on a chorus girl as on a queen. Her jet-black hair was piled high and soft on her head. Her even white teeth flashed as she smiled courteously to the gathering. She walked slowly across the room and up the dais, taking care to stand not too near Elizabeth.

If she could only win, she thought. These Westerners with their appalling ideas about Thailand—it was all the work of that book, *Anna and the King of Siam*. She'd actually heard someone at the airport remark, "With a queen like that, do you think the king keeps a harem too?" Harem indeed! Her dear Phumiphon. Anyone knew that if he ever fell for another girl, it would be because she played a mean sax or blew a French horn the most.

But all in all, this had been her year—on the best-dressed-women's list and now, if she won this contest, people would certainly take Thailand seriously. And not just for that damned silver jewelry that Phumpy was always asking her to wear to drum up trade.

There was excited comment among those who dared to whisper. What an impossible comparison, they were saying. Like choosing between Snow White and Rose Red. It wasn't a degree of beauty at all—it was a type. God pity the judges if the others looked half this well. Solomon himself would have been stumped today. You couldn't open windows and have bees sniff around in this kind of contest.

"Her serene highness, Princess Grace of Monaco." Sir Winston adjusted his spectacles. This was the one who worried him the most. His own queen could win hands down over the other contestants, he was sure, but these actresses had to be watched. He chuckled to himself. There'd been an actress in his past, half a century ago. Dear, dear Ethel. Smashing she'd been in *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines*. And they had a way of being regal of bearing almost beyond the ones who'd been born to the bit. He bent his head forward to get a glimpse as Princess Grace swept by. Worse than he'd expected—the girl was stunning!

She remembered not to hold her head higher than Elizabeth had done. People were always watching for that sort of thing. She was glad she'd settled on the white gown. She and Rainier had hemmed and hawed half the night before they'd decided against the blue. "You shall be the snow queen," Rainier had decreed. "Besides, the white gown will show up better on the new stamp issue."

"Oh, not another stamp issue, dear," she'd protested. "Don't you think we're beginning to have rather more stamps than letters to put them on? We still have so many left from the last issue that we had to store them in the banquet hall. Cook put her foot down on using any more of the canisters, and the basement is already heaped."

Rainier had looked crestfallen, then said hopefully, "We'll have a National Letter-Writing Week again. Last time we did that, we used up the whole atticful."

She began to ascend the dais, thinking how nice it would be to win for his sake. He did so want their country to be considered important. Those remarks that compared Monaco to Central Park certainly bugged him. And he did so much for her. Like when she'd arrived for the wedding, and he'd told her that he'd had every leak in the palace repaired in her honor. "It's a plumber's delight now," he'd said proudly.

And then he'd shown her his magnificent cactus garden. "Whenever you feel like acting, we can come out here and do a scene from *High Noon*," he'd suggested.

The last strains of *Pomp and Circumstance* died away as she took her place on the dais. *I just love that song*, she thought. *If it weren't for those* True Love *royalty checks, it would be my favorite, hands down.* She had to catch herself from humming the last line of *True Love* as she glanced quickly around. The other girls looked just great. She gazed at the first row of dignitaries and saw that Rainier was smiling from ear to ear and fairly bursting with pride. She relaxed inside. *I hope mamma remembers to send me tomorrow's Philadelphia papers*, she thought.

Farah Diba stood impatiently in the wings. She knew her eyes were sparkling and she deliberately lowered them and willed the lines of her face into the soft Mona Lisa smile that she knew people expected of her. She was wearing a pale green gown embroidered with hundreds of tiny diamonds. Her dear lord had personally placed the new tiara, valued at a king's ransom, on her head. He'd stepped back to look at her and nodded. "Unless those judges are fools, you'll have another title tonight, little one," he'd said.

She'd smiled back at him. "Have them beheaded if they go against me," she'd suggested.

He'd looked startled. "My ancestors could have done that, of course," he'd agreed. "It might not be considered good sportsmanship today." He'd linked her arm in his when they started down to the ballroom.

And the funny part of it, she'd thought, *is that you still don't know you adore me. Some little part of you believes that yesterday is with you yet.*

She remembered how she and a friend were at the Sorbonne when they'd read the shah's heartbroken message announcing his divorce from his beloved Soraya. Her friend was the sentimental kind. She'd sighed. "No matter whom he marries, he'll always weep for Soraya."

Farah remembered her answer. "Weeping willows are easily transplanted." She still believed it. Oh, granted it hadn't been easy at first. But Reza Jr. had tipped the scales in her favor. And she was six years younger than Soraya. That helped too.

"Her imperial majesty, Farah Diba, queen of Iran." She heard the opening bars of the music, started out into the great ballroom and felt unutterably sure of herself. One more thing—when she won this contest, she was fast going to see that Avenue Soraya got a new name. Oh, she wouldn't think of letting them change it till now. Better to be magnanimous, but enough was enough.

She knew the assemblage was comparing her with her predecessor. But Soraya had had a beautiful predecessor too and who mentioned her now? She strode confidently up the dais. Reza was leaning forward in his seat, smiling triumphantly. She wanted to blow him a kiss. It was the outrageous sort of thing that seemed to fascinate him, but she satisfied herself with the barest hint of a wink.

And the funny part of it all, she mused, *if it weren't for the heir to the peacock throne bit, I'd have preferred a girl.*

Sir Winston cleared his throat. He hoped the sweet young girl who'd just come through hadn't heard the whispers that compared her with her predecessor. *These Near East countries*, he thought impatiently. What in deuce was wrong with having a woman succeed to the throne? Judging from some of the kings he'd known, the queens did rather a better job of it. Speaking of queens —— He realized that the assemblage was looking at him expectantly. Oh, yes, the new little one, Fabiola of Belgium. A sweet girl really, no match for Elizabeth—but then, who was? "Her majesty, Queen Fabiola of the Belgians."

Fabiola drew in her breath sharply—but with excitement, not nervousness. She came forward in pale, shimmering pink satin, yards and yards of it, twisted and shaped into an exquisite ball gown—but no train. Dear heavens, every time she thought of that twenty-foot train she'd been married in! She'd had a stiff neck half her honeymoon from the way it pulled her back.

She walked slowly across the room, bowing slightly in response to the curtsies and cheers. She'd suggested having a comb or two in her hair and carrying a fan just to jazz her outfit with a bit of Spanish elegance. But Baudouin had looked pained. "You can wear your mantilla and combs at a costume ball sometime," he'd suggested.

She didn't pretend that she had the outstanding good looks of Grace or Jackie. *But I've got the Cinderella ingredient*, she thought. *I capture the imagination—spinster aunt of thirty-one nephews and nieces walks off with the biggest catch in Europe.* She smiled at Baudouin, who was sitting straight and proud in the first row of dignitaries, and thought of the day they'd met. It had been at a cocktail party, and he was introduced as Count Something-or-other. She'd been stunned. Did anyone really believe that the world's most eligible bachelor wasn't recognizable? She was just about to curtsy when she thought of that American contestant on some quiz program who had known the names of long-forgotten groups of islands, but not of Belgium's king. He'd had a reason for forgetting it. Some perverse quirk made her decide to play the same game.

She'd pretended complete ignorance of the count's true identity and now she thanked her stars she did. He'd been so relaxed. Maybe Baudy just got shy when he was running the country. Every once in a while he'd say, "And you really didn't know me, did you, dear?" She'd have to invite that American quiz fellow to dinner sometime. She certainly owed him a truckful of Brussels sprouts. She reached the dais and glanced around the magnificent ballroom. She felt the weight of the diamond tiara on her head and drew in her breath happily. *If this doesn't beat writing fairy tales*, she thought.

Sir Winston harrumphed loudly. Last but, by Jove, certainly not least, was the newest member of the charmed circle—that lovely Kennedy girl. Oh, these Americans—they had a way about them. Positively breath-taking! His throat cleared to his satisfaction, he waited till the expectant murmur hushed, then announced grandly, "The First Lady of the United States, Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy."

Oleg has outdone himself, Jackie thought as she began an easy glide across the ballroom—pale gold satin, slim-lined, but with the suggestion of a train

... ...

I, Too

By Charles Lee

I, too, have stood eyeless
In the sun
And clawed
Along the rim of doom.

But I, too, have risen
With the sun
And found along that
treacherous rim
A footing in the light,
And I have seen
The gloomy tides of night
Foam with stars.

... ...

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in the back. Of course, no one curtsied to her, but the deferential head-nodding was terribly flattering. She'd been telling Elizabeth this morning about how a Washington paper had sent her over to do sketches of the coronation. "I felt sorry for you that day," she'd told the queen. "All that ceremony. I didn't know then that I had an inaugural in my future."

"Well, at least you rode to it in a car," Elizabeth retorted. "That coach they drag out for me is really too much—sways like the proverbial reed and feels like the inside of a fridge."

"Yes," Jackie reminded her, "but they stick to *God Save the Queen* when you come in. Have you by any chance heard a rendition of *Jacqueline?*"

Elizabeth nodded sympathetically. "It will never make the *Hit Parade*."

Jackie smiled to herself. The queen was really a good sport. They were going riding together in the morning too. She was passing the row of dignitaries before ascending the dais.

The President was watching her intently and he slapped his right hand firmly on his knee, so everything must be all right. If Jack stopped waving that hand, there had to be something wrong. Like the time they were in a motorcade and, after five miles of simply crawling, she'd opened her book. The minute that hand got still, she knew she was in hot water. But Chaucer was such a delight.

She walked across the dais majestically and noticed how really sweet Fabiola looked. *She's as new to this routine as I am, but she's enjoying it too,* Jackie thought. *And really, she doesn't look at all annoyed about King Baudouin's glasses.* That had been the one bad moment of this trip. Jack had talked Philip and Reza and Baudouin and Rainier and the other boys into a quick game of touch football in the palace garden. And Jack, being Jack, played to win.

Now Philip was limping, and Baudouin was peering nearsightedly through his reading glasses, and Rainier had a sprained thumb. But what did it matter? Here she was, and that was all that counted. Pa Kennedy was so excited about this contest too. He'd promised her a check for a million dollars if she won. She stood at her appointed place and smiled into Jack's eyes. *We've got it all,* she thought. *Youth and looks and the children and each other and money and the White House. But whatever will we do for an encore?*

Sir Winston surveyed the dais intently. Never, never had such youth and beauty been present. He looked suspiciously at the judges. He'd just heard from an unimpeachable source that Nikita had offered to vote for Jackie Kennedy if the United States would sell Alaska back to him. And Nehru had promised to vote for Elizabeth if England erected a statue of Gandhi opposite the one of Queen Victoria. You'd expect De Gaulle to be above that kind of hanky-panky, but he'd been said to have promised Rainier that he'd cast his vote for Grace in exchange for the proceeds from Monte Carlo—just to tide France over till Algeria got straightened out.

Sir Winston settled his face into the bulldog look that had made it famous in the 'Forties. The contest had served its purpose. Among the husbands of the contestants and the judges, they'd have a summit meeting, the like of which the world had never seen. And he'd get it started over some fine old brandy.

He strode to the dais. "We have attempted the impossible," he thundered. "We have tried to choose between the rose and the lily, the orchid and the jasmine." He looked to the judges, who were nodding vigorously and gratefully. "We shall gather these ladies into a bouquet the like of which has never been seen. To attempt to select one from amongst them goes beyond the capabilities of the finite mind. . . ."

Sir Winston opened his eyes. It had been his moment of inspiration. The reporter was still sitting there, quietly attentive. "I thought the way you disposed of the first prize was a stroke of genius, sir," he said respectfully.

Sir Winston chuckled. "It was, young man," he admitted. "It was. I remembered the prize as I finished my speech and my eyes swept the assemblage in despair. 'Twas the grace of heaven they came to rest on Mrs. Khrushchev, who was looking quite chic in black velvet and pearls. She'd always been rather notorious for her dowdiness, you know. And after a hurried consultation with the judges, from which Nikita gracefully disqualified himself, we called it a 'greatest improvement' medal and pinned it on her." THE END

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Vermont: Last Stand of the Yankees

(Continued from Page 23)

upland farms and the spruce and rock of the Green Mountain range, stretching 157 miles from Massachusetts to the Canadian border. Beyond, the land slopes down to the still waters and oxbow curves of the Connecticut River, with the White Mountains of New Hampshire mistily blue to the east. At its minimum, Vermont is only about thirty-five miles wide; at its maximum, ninety miles.

Motorists will swear you can tell when you have crossed into Vermont from any direction. The church spires seem whiter; the village greens greener. Excluding a few eyesore towns such as White River Junction, Barre, Springfield and Ludlow, the state substantially fulfills the published wish of the late novelist, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, that Vermont become "a National Park . . . so the rest of the country could come in to see how their grandparents lived." Romantics credit this to the fact that Vermont is composed of about 70 per cent native-born Yankee stock, which presumably harbors a deep reverence for its past. The ratio is one of the highest in New England. The other New England states either have been overwhelmed by immigrants from Ireland, French Canada and Italy or lie under their political domination.

The realistic explanation of Vermont's timeless air is a less elegant one. The state lies off the main routes of travel and commerce. Until the tourist era reached its apogee after World War II, precious few people passed through en route to points beyond. This kept Vermont a rural backwater, appealing to antiquarians but set apart spiritually from the rest of the United States. Vermont changed so little because it had no incentive to change.

All these aspects of a crotchety and tough-grained state, hardened into Biblical writ by the sayings and writings of Calvin Coolidge, have made Vermont a lodestone. To the casual tripper must be added whole summer colonies of ministers, college professors, artists, writers and professional men in search of the quiet life. More recently have come a growing number of retirees who regard the state as the last, best refuge from the crassness of the world, and roar with indignation at the thought of change. The natives refer to these Johnnies-come-latest as "suntanners," an apparent reference to the informal summer garb of the city slickers. The origin of the term is moot, but it has figured repeatedly in state elections, as suntanners run for the legislature, often successfully, or move into assorted state jobs at Montpelier, the capital.

The legend of Vermont as a paradise on earth is, like all such blanket statements, subject to some suspicion. The state indeed has its special qualities, one of which is that just about everybody knows everybody else. With a population not much bigger than that of Oakland, California, spread out a sparse forty-one persons per square mile, life in Vermont bears a startling resemblance to life in a small town, from which so many Americans spring. It is a little like Old Home Week on a magnified geographical scale. Like small-town life it also has its seamy and tragic side—seamy on the worn-out "hill farms," now disappearing, where the Jukes and Kallikaks would find poverty and squalor to a satisfying degree; tragic, because the suicide rate of Vermont is the seventh-highest in the United States, topped in order of precedence by only Montana, Oregon, Washington, California, Wyoming and Nevada.

The suicidal nature of too many Vermonters was first brought to national attention in 1957, when a news magazine described the state as being among the first in this morbid field of endeavor. The University of Vermont convened a medical forum at which doctors, criminologists, sociologists, psychiatrists and knowledgeable laymen studied the problem. "It's simple," said a distinguished judge who sat in on some of the sessions. "They're old, and they're lonely."

This was as close as anybody could come to a definite answer. The long, white winters of Vermont—in some upland villages spanning nearly six months—lead to long thoughts in the white houses with green shutters. The 1959 rate, the last for which total figures have been compiled, was 19.7 per 100,000 citizens as opposed to 11.0 for the whole United States.

The amiable aspects of Vermont by far outweigh this touch of Ethan Frome, among them the easygoing way in which the state governs itself. The town meeting, pictured by Norman Rockwell years ago in *The Saturday Evening Post* illustrations portraying "The Four Freedoms," has begun to lose its mass attraction now that good roads and good cars make it possible to enjoy social life on a less organized scale. But it is still a forum where, on the last Wednesday in March, every man can have his say and most do, boringly. Pure democracy, however, has its limits. Nobody can vote in town meeting or in an election without the prior payment of a poll tax varying state-wide from one dollar to nine dollars. In the legislature, the democratic principle is carried to an extreme. The House of Representatives has 246 members, one from each township with a population greater than forty-five. The figure is topped only by New Hampshire's staggering 400. The Senate, more restrained, has only thirty-one members.

The biennial turnover of the Vermont House is substantial, slightly more than one half the membership. This rate of attrition has caused some wry wits to speculate that, in the smallest towns, the voters choose the man most likely to go on the welfare rolls, and by this method keep him fiscally sound—at the rate of ten dollars for each day he sits in Montpelier. The efficiency of the legislature belies this supposition. "It sounds like a mob scene, but it really works," says Robert S. Babcock, a former lieutenant governor. "After a few days, the members coalesce around the experienced leaders, and the business gets done."

Vermont, with a thousand units of government, has been described as "the most-governed state in the Union," but it is also one of the best and most prudently governed. Since the state votes Republican 99.9 per cent of the time, this has made it the mistaken darling of a good many right-wing outsiders, who equate fiscal with political conservatism. The state's politics in fact are liberal, tending on radical. George D. Aiken, a distinguished liberal Republican, has been a United States Senator since 1940. Ralph E. Flanders, the other Senator from 1952 to 1958, though basically conservative, did not hesitate to introduce the censure resolution that brought low Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin.

Since Vermonters delight in the unpredictable, in 1958 they came within 750 votes of electing the state's first Democratic governor, Bernard J. Leddy, a very popular Burlington lawyer. He was beaten by Robert T. Stafford, but only after a recount. Two years later the citizens startled everybody, including themselves, by electing as congressman William H. Meyer, who was not only the first Democrat in 106 years to hold the job but also a conscientious objector in World War II and a vehement advocate of the recognition of Red China by the United States. This aberration, caused mainly by the unpopularity of his Republican opponent, ex-Governor Harold J. Arthur, lasted only two years, and then a Republican was voted in again.

The quirks of Vermont thread themselves through the law and government of the state. Any citizen may carry a pistol without a license—and many do. This privilege leads to complications out of state. A native of my acquaintance, stopped for speeding in neighboring New York, flipped open the glove compartment to get his registration papers. This exposed a neat little Colt .45. He was hauled into court and fined, for New York has an unusually tough law forbidding the transportation of concealed weapons. Every time the issue of licensing comes up in the legislature it is killed, usually by somebody's indignant comment: "Nobody can tell me I can't carry a gun."

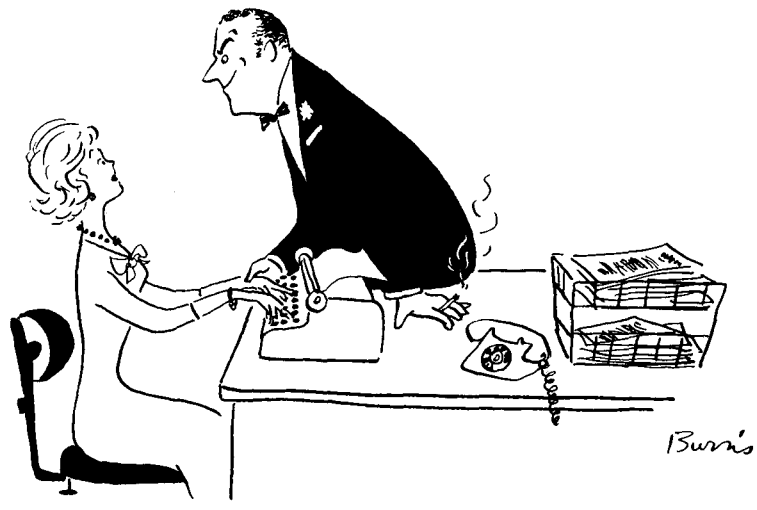
The judicial system has its own oddities. With every Superior (criminal and civil court) judge, there sit in each county two assistant, or "side judges," elderly citizens not trained in the law but well-informed about their constituents. These elected officeholders can outvote the Superior Judge, and on rare occasions do. Most of the time he relies upon them for homespun advice. The side judges have existed since 1777, when Vermont adopted its constitution, as evidence that undivided authority can't be trusted. Nowadays they perform a useful purpose in weighing out the motives of those before the court and in recommending the proper sentence or award of damages.

The principle of "make do with what you have" is intrinsic to Vermont government. In Grand Isle and Essex, two of the four northernmost counties, there are no practicing lawyers because there isn't enough business. The state's attorneys are laymen. They can't actually prosecute cases—Attorney-General Thomas M. Debevoise has to travel up from Montpelier to do that—but they can swear out complaints, fill out writs and do all the paperwork. Of twenty probate judges, half a dozen are women, former probate clerks, five of them without legal training but with plenty of shrewd legal knowledge.

When the state doesn't have a facility it needs, a swap can always be arranged with New England neighbors. New Hampshire has no women's prison, so it sends its female felons to Vermont, which does—at Rutland. Vermont in return is considering the dispatch of youthful offenders to better detention quarters in New Hampshire.

The state still comes out well ahead on this deal: Under a ruling of the United States Supreme Court, the Vermont boundary is not in the middle of the Connecticut River, as might be supposed. It is at low water mark on the Vermont side. New Hampshire has built and maintains all forty bridges that span the river. Would-be foresters often go to the University of Maine; would-be Maine doctors often come to the University of Vermont. The state helped to finance the airport at Lebanon, New Hampshire, across the Connecticut from White River Junction in order to insure that commercial service would not be cut off from Montpelier.

Such entertaining trivia helps to confirm in the minds of all non-Vermonters the notion that this is the state that time forgot—"solid," to quote the advertising of the National Life Insurance Company at Montpelier, biggest white-collar concern in Vermont, "as the granite hills of Vermont." The truth is that the seeds of change have already been planted and in many towns are sprouting. The sowers, with rare exceptions, are outsiders. Native Vermonters are good at prudently husbanding their home-grown industries—for instance, Rock of Ages (granite tombstones mostly) at Barre and Vermont Marble (public buildings) at West



The Perfect Squelch

The office Romeo, although old enough to know better, still regarded himself as irresistible to females half his age. He perched on the desk of an exceptionally attractive and busy young secretary, and "entertained" her with a long line of chatter about himself. Finally he led up to his objective—taking her out that night.

"Here you are without a man, and the years are going by," he declaimed. "You'd better hurry up, dear. Most of us good men are already taken, you know."

"Oh," said the girl with an innocent smile, "not in my generation."

—L. Drake

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Rutland. When it comes time to take a chance, the Vermont businessman generally bows out. A visiting economist, who pleads the Fifth Amendment where his name is concerned, gave me a frank picture of Vermont business:

"It isn't that these people are so prudent," he says. "It's simply that they are scared to bet on the future. They're out of key with the rest of the United States. I told one manufacturer, with fourteen employees in a family-run business, that he could double his income by expanding. 'I'm making enough now,' he answered. 'Why do I need more money?' If I heard once, I heard a dozen times the comment: 'If I got bigger the union would come in, and then I'd have to pay union wages.' I stopped in one good-sized country store that for generations had operated without debts and on a strictly cash-payment basis. Finally the owners borrowed $450 from the bank to buy a meat case. That had happened six months earlier, and they were still upset: 'We haven't got our money back yet.'

"Vermont businesses, by and large, have no ambition to be big, to grow. There's no social pressure for it. What the owners inherited they will pass on unchanged. The people as a whole are scared of debt, even if it is repaid by progress. They'll borrow for public buildings because public buildings are right there in front of your eyes; they're 'sound.' They'll bond themselves to build 137 miles of Federal Interstate Highway because the Federal Government puts up ninety per cent of the cost, and that's too good a bargain to miss. But they simply haven't the vision to borrow for industrial or mercantile expansion, even though the state has got to develop a bigger income to meet the needs of the people."

Thus with the exception of lively Burlington, in northwest Vermont, and progressive Brattleboro, in the southeasternmost corner, Vermont towns are languishing. Rutland, the second biggest, next to Burlington, looks to my eye today no different from what it did when I first visited there in 1935. Windsor and Springfield, seat of the American machine-tool industry, are dwindling in size as plants close or cut down to a skeleton staff. Maple sugar and syrup, once a big source of income, made Vermont famous but may not much longer. The hard labor, the small return, the high price paid for maple logs to be used for wood veneers have all conspired to shrink the industry.

The new sources of income in Vermont, much of the boldness that Vermont will need to catch up with the times, have come from outsiders—International Business Machines and General Electric at Burlington; the developers of six great ski centers stretching along the Green Mountain backbone from Mount Snow on the south to Stowe on the north. Undoubtedly the ski area with the most personality is at Bromley Mountain, above Manchester. Here Fred Pabst, of the brewing family, has since 1938 built one of the biggest crowd catchers. Pabst, a man with a memorably hot temper, is engaged in continuous warfare with the State of Vermont, which persists in reminding him of the Pecksniffian requirements surrounding everything from the plowing of roadsides for parking to the complexities involved in the sale of beer or liquor on the premises.

Vermont law specifies that drinks may be served only to those seated at tables. "You sell a skier a can of beer, he sees some friends, picks up the can, changes tables, and bang—right there he's violated six laws," snorts Pabst. "Now just how in hell are you going to ride herd on a mob of skiers?"

The phenomenal growth of skiing, which contributes to the state's revenue of $120,000,000 a year from tourism—agriculture and industry just about match these figures—has created some quiet anguish. This is true particularly among people who cherish the Long Trail, "a footpath in the wilderness" from Massachusetts to Canada. A beautiful walk completed in the 1920's, the Long Trail stretches down the backbone of the Green Mountains through fine forest, past secluded ponds, and over some of the wildest mountain peaks in the East—or used to. Now every twenty miles or so the tramper comes upon the top terminal tower of another ski lift, with as a crowning atrocity a television transmitting station on the summit ridge of Mount Mansfield, Vermont's highest mountain—4,393 feet.

Vermont, in the opinion of many who are fond of the state, has gone hog-wild on skiing development. It is a little ironic to remember that in 1936 Vermonters by referendum turned down President Franklin D. Roosevelt when he offered them a Green Mountain Parkway. They wanted to leave their hills unspoiled. It was this seclusive quality that caused

... ...

Nightfall in Suburbia

By Barbara A. Jones

After they're all in bed at night,
After the romp and din,
Daddy begins his nightly rounds,
Daddy starts bringing in.

Coaches and bikes and bats and balls,
Painting sets left on swings;
Having become a man, he now
Puts away childish things.

... ...

Sinclair Lewis and Dorothy Thompson to settle down at Barnard; Robert Frost at Shaftsbury, and Dorothy Canfield Fisher at Arlington.

Yet sports rather more than remoteness are bringing in a fair number of young couples who enjoy the thought of horseback riding on hundreds of miles of dirt roads, skiing from forty-five different lifts—if you count them all—or finding most any type of outdoor recreation at the door. The state civil service is filled with experts who came to Vermont because they liked it as a place to live. Perhaps the pioneer in this regard is Perry H. Merrill, since 1935 director of the Department of Forests and Parks. Merrill, who came to Vermont years earlier, recalls that newcomers used to be regarded with intense suspicion. On one occasion he was questioned about forestry matters by a legislative committee.

"Where were you born?" asked one combative questioner.

"I was born on the shores of Lake Champlain," Merrill warily replied.

"Which shore?"

"On the western shore," said Merrill, "at Westport, New York."

"Aha!" said his interrogator. "Then you're not a Vermonter at all."

"The difference," said Merrill, "is that I waited until I was grown to make up my mind. You didn't have any choice. You were born here."

Whether born in the state or visiting there, anybody who tours Vermont will

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find that geographic measurements mean nothing. It isn't the airline distance from point to point that counts; it's the road mileage you must travel. Vermont, excluding two short segments of interstate highway near Brattleboro and Montpelier, hasn't the money to tunnel through mountains or to level hills. The roads curve and wind with the rivers and the brooks. This is not country to make a turnpike traveler happy.

Last summer, crossing Lake Champlain from my home in the Adirondack Mountains of New York, I logged 3000 miles in two weeks of travel throughout the state, and that was too much. The figure is unimpressive compared to what candidates for state office have to do. One of them, seeking the nomination for governor last year, traveled 17,000 miles in a month. As an old Vermont buff, a visitor for most of twenty-five summers and winters, I have given up charting a touring route.

Hardly a corner of the state fails to turn up a gem—such as Craftsbury Common, with its church, academy and white houses clustering around an upland meadow above Montpelier. Manchester, down the state on its southwestern side, is a procession of stately mansions overarched by elms, not basically changed since Mrs. Abraham Lincoln and her son Robert vacationed there during the Civil War. Woodstock, across the way on the eastern side of the mountains, has the finest village green and perhaps the handsomest houses in the state. That is thanks in part to the Laurance Rockefellers and other wealthy preservationists who summer there.

Most of the cities are a bore, except Montpelier and Burlington. There is something agreeable about Montpelier, with its domed granite capitol, and, across the river, meadows stretching up to the high hills. It is one of the few capital cities left where a constituent can buttonhole the governor on a street corner or discuss the price of milk with the commissioner of agriculture while waiting for a table at the Pavilion Hotel. Burlington is neat and orderly, with a spectacular view across the lake. Nearby is the Shelburne Museum, founded by Electra Havemeyer Webb, the sugar heiress. Mrs. Webb, who died last year, assembled one of the finest collections of Vermont memorabilia in existence. She even had the old sidewheel steamer Ticonderoga hauled up from the lake and set in the middle of the museum grounds.

Speaking in a general way, there is "East State," "West State" and the "Northeast Kingdom," and the latter is my favorite, precisely because the eye finally sickens of New England order and longs for a reminder of the primitive past—the era when General Richard Montgomery's men were hauling their *bateaux* up the Nulhegan River from the Connecticut, on their way to defeat on the ramparts of Quebec City. This is a land that time forgot and the colonials shunned, with dense spruce forests, gleaming lakes like those of Minnesota, and tiny villages with no pretense at neatness and no money to make it possible. At Island Pond I talked to John Boylan, a state senator whose home is located only sixteen miles from the Canadian border.

"We're not out of the wilderness up here," he said. "Any spring I can look out my window and see a bear with her cubs or a deer browsing on the new birch shoots. Everybody thinks the last moose was killed in Vermont nearly a century ago, but we have a whole herd of them back in the unorganized townships"—meaning townships with too few people to support their own government.

Not too far away, and still in the Northeast Kingdom—an area stretching south from the Canadian border and west from the Connecticut River—is the paradoxical village of Derby Line. Derby Line and Rock Island, Quebec, are one long village street. The Canadian side is indistinguishable from the American. The customhouses sit back from the road, and many an innocent tourist has shot through, only to be whistled down. The Rotary Club for both towns is in Rock Island; the fire department in Derby Line. The international boundary runs through half a dozen houses and the barbershop, where customers wait on the American side and are shaven and shorn on the Canadian side.

Derby Line thrives on stories about itself. There is the man who slept regularly in a bedroom on the Canadian side, but always moved over to a bedroom on the American side in time to qualify himself for elections. There is a woman who kept a parrot in her bedroom in Canada, but decided that the bird needed sunlight, obtainable only in the American living room. Strictly for fun, she wrote Washington for permission—required because parrots transmit psittacosis, a virulent disease transmissible to humans. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare requires a period of quarantine. A long and ponderous correspondence ensued. Finally she tired of the exchange and simply moved the parrot into the living room.

This is a section of Vermont that not many people visit, but almost all Vermont is that way when you come down to it. There are so many places throughout the state to see—Weston, with its nineteenth-century-style Vermont Country Store; colonial Newfane, where until recently the jail and the hotel were in one building, and the town ne'er-do-wells managed to get themselves locked up periodically to dine on the same good food as the paying guests; Tunbridge, with its Little World's Fair that has gone on for 100 or more years, described by knowledgeable Vermonters as "the biggest bunch of country drunks ever collected at one time in one place"; Newbury, drowsing on the banks of the Connecticut, peaceful and lovely, where in 1957 the most horrifying murder Vermont has known took place. A farmer was trussed and thrown into the river on New Year's Eve to drown. Two trials led to the total acquittal of all suspects, and the crime is still unsolved. The Burlington *Free Press* still regularly offers a reward for the apprehension of the murderers.

I suppose that the best way to see Vermont is simply to wander. I like to avoid north-south Route U.S. 7, running up from Bennington through Manchester to Burlington, because it is becoming a "gasoline alley." It is a great deal more pleasant to turn off on the back roads, or to cross through the high notches, like Lincoln Gap, or simply to take any turning that comes along. On a warm summer's day, driving up Route 100 through Plymouth to look at the birthplace of Calvin Coolidge, a traveler finds Vermont pretty much like paradise on earth.

Vermonters themselves always manage to remind you that this isn't wholly so. One day, north of Manchester, I stopped for gasoline at a village filling station. I waited five minutes . . . eight minutes—and at ten minutes tapped the horn gently. The door of the filling station was flung open; a young man stuck his head out and bawled, "You in all that much of a hurry? I'm talkin' on the telephone!"

Ah, unspoiled Vermont, where even a gas-station attendant can still afford to be rude! THE END

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The Bone-Tipped Arrow

(Continued from Page 24)

around from the fireplace where he was wadding some paper. "How far do you think that will go? Why in the world didn't you ——" Then he stopped as he read the terror in the eyes of his fifteen-year-old son.

"Oh, I know," piped Cathy, Jeff's younger sister. "He got scared, I'll bet. And all the time he's trying to copy the Indians—paddle canoes and build fires like them. Some Indian!" She spoke with all the disdain a twelve-year-old girl might show toward the strange antics of an older brother trying to find his strength.

"Cathy!" exclaimed her mother, who was sitting in a corner fashioning a necklace of small hemlock cones for her daughter. "That's enough. Jeff has learned very well his Indian lore. Just remember, this is the first time either of you has been in the north woods. It takes a while to get used to it."

Jeff put the log down in front of the fireplace, unable to meet his father's gaze. Then he stood up. "The flashlight ——" He held it out, and now his eyes did meet those of his father, and his look begged his father not to meet the accusation. "It—it went out and ——" He could say no more, and he stood there, waiting for his father to resolve somehow the misery of his shame and confusion.

Mr. Dayton hesitated a moment and then reached out and touched his son's shoulder. "Come on," he said, "we don't need a light. Let's go out together. I'll help you carry in some wood. We'll put batteries in later."

Unspeakably grateful for the way his father had handled the matter, Jeff accompanied him outside into the murmuring, mysterious darkness. As they walked toward the woodpile, his father asked, "Jeff, don't you like it here in the north woods? Your mother and I thought it was a real opportunity for you when the Bradfords offered us their summer cabin for a few weeks. We thought if you liked it, perhaps we could buy or rent one next summer. But if you're afraid of the woods ——"

Jeff gave an anguished brush with his hand at the lock of straight black hair that slipped down over his high forehead, and his finely formed features were concentrated into a knot of bewilderment and pain. "But, dad," he blurted out, "I do like it here—I really do. It's—it's the most wonderful experience I've ever had. But ——"

"But you're afraid sometimes?" asked his father softly.

"Yes," whispered the boy. "I—I don't know why. I don't want to be. I don't want to be at all. It's just that ——" He gestured helplessly with his hands toward the darkly mysterious, massive forest. In the gesture—more nearly a supplication—was all the inarticulate yearning for the strength to face and to understand the spirit of the wilderness that breathed about them its fierce, ageless secret of a life, a world, from which man inexorably alienated himself.

The father sensed something of his son's torment. He was silent for a moment, and then he said, "I think I understand, Jeff. All I can say is, keep at it. You'll find a way to come to terms with this." He gestured toward the woods. "I'm sure you will."

Then, in the starlit darkness of the August night, the father and son bent to gather the wood. But the boy knew that in the end his father must not be at his side.

The next day at lunch Mr. Dayton proposed a trip across the lake in the motorboat to a trading post. He had learned that morning, when he drove into town ten miles away, that there was at the trading post a Chippewa squaw reported to be 107 years old. Apparently she was there as a tourist attraction, being paid by the owner and given room and board during the summer months.

Jeff stopped eating at his father's mention of the Indian squaw and sat bolt upright, feeling a strange thrill of excitement run through him. Up till now his experience with outdoor life had been restricted to a few weeks each summer at a Boy Scout camp located only twenty miles from the city where they lived. But at the camp his interest in Indian lore had been stirred, and recently he had been reading books on the Indian tribes of North America—particularly the Chippewas, who were native to northern Minnesota and Michigan. Yet it was not so much the material culture of these Indians that fascinated him, but more the wilderness in which they lived, and the spirit in which they lived in it, hunted in it, and fought in it against both enemies and the elements.

It was little wonder that he became excited—too excited to finish eating his lunch. Now he'd have a chance to talk with a real Indian squaw, one who was 107 years old! She would have tales to tell. And he would ask her about her life, about her sons, her brothers—where they lived and hunted, what adventures they'd had. He knew from his reading that the Chippewas lived in closer harmony with the forest than other Indian tribes, that a

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spiritual bond developed between them and the woods. He remembered reading how a Chippewa boy might be sent into the wilderness alone as part of the initiation rites into manhood to commune with spirits of the earth and air, obliged to fast or subsist on berries and bark and permitted no weapon for killing game. He would ask her about this. How old would the boy be? How long would he stay? Had her sons or brothers done this? He shivered with excitement, feeling vaguely that he would discover some truth from the old squaw that would somehow release him and leave him free to give himself to the woods as he wanted to.

"Well, Martha," said Mr. Dayton as he finished his lunch, "are you sure you don't want to go with us this afternoon to visit this north-woods Sybil? I don't know about her gift of prophecy, but the one hundred and seven years is supposed to be authentic."

Mrs. Dayton smiled and shook her head. "No, I haven't changed my mind. One hundred and seven years old doesn't have much attraction for me. I feel that old too often after Jeff and Cathy have had a houseful of friends to visit them."

"Well, I can hardly wait!" exclaimed Jeff. "Just think, she was alive at the time of the Civil War and the Sioux uprising. She was alive long before many Indians were settled on reservations. What a lot of things she must remember! Think what these woods were like when she was young!"

"Hear, hear!" laughed Mr. Dayton. "Our young professor has become something of an authority on Indian life." He paused a moment and then became serious, leaning forward toward his son. "Now, look, Jeff, I don't want you to be disappointed in this woman. After all, one hundred and seven is incredibly old and—well, you shouldn't expect too much."

Jeff pushed away from the table and stood up, so lost in his dreaming that he didn't seem to have heard his father. Nor did he appear to hear his mother as she reminded him of his unfinished lunch.

"Uh-huh," he replied and wandered out to sit on the front steps of the cabin, looking out over the lake.

About an hour later Mr. Dayton headed the motorboat diagonally across the big lake in the direction of the trading post. Cathy sat on the seat in front of him, and Jeff was perched on the small seat in the bow, gazing expectantly toward the far shore. A slight breeze had come up, and the ripples on the water flashed and gleamed beneath the bright sun like the scales of myriad fish playing on the surface. As the boat neared the middle, they could see back into the numerous bays that stretched on either side like separate little pine-bordered lakes. At the entrance to one bay a pair of loons chuckled uncertainly, their black heads swiveling from side to side, and then they dived almost simultaneously and came up several minutes later far inside the bay.

Now and then Jeff's gaze swept over the great pine forest encircling them, its dark-green massiveness unbroken except here and there a summer cabin emerging dimly from amidst the dark trunks that seemed about to overwhelm it. Jeff drew a deep breath. It was as if he were a stranger coming upon a land he had somehow known in his dreams and had grown to love; yet now, face to face with the unfamiliar reality of the land, he found it startling and frightening.

Before long what appeared to be the dock of the trading post came into view on the shore ahead. Several flat-bottomed rowboats were drawn up on the sand beach, apparently to rent to fishermen. Mr. Dayton slowed the motor down and finally shut if off altogether, easing the boat alongside the dock.

"All right, trappers," he laughed, "here's the trading post—tourist variety, that is. Take your skins out and see what you can trade for them."

"Daddy, don't be so silly," said Cathy. "What I want is one of those little carved totem poles for my room. They're so cute."

Jeff said nothing but, as they walked along the narrow path carpeted with pine needles, his large black eyes were wide with expectation, and he moved as if he were alone. They had nearly a quarter of a mile to walk up the path before they came to the trading post, a long building of peeled logs, deeply stained, that stood beside the highway.

Before they went in, Mr. Dayton stopped and whispered, "Now don't just stare at her. Speak to her politely and see how she responds. She may not hear well. But if it's hard to get any conversation started, just say good-by nicely and walk away." Then he opened the door.

Inside, the long, low, dimly lighted room appeared to be empty of people. But it was crowded with bric-a-brac—glass ash trays painted with north-woods scenes, small porcelain bears, brightly colored totem poles, tiny birchbark canoes, sets of coasters with pine-cone designs, and so on. Also there was a counter of fishing tackle and one of sport clothing. Among all the ordinary nondescript array of items there stood out a few pieces of honest handicraft from the nearby Indian reservation—namely some deerskin moccasins and woven baskets, for which the Chippewas were noted.

From a back room suddenly appeared the owner, a stout, ruddy-faced man in an open sport shirt. He came toward them expectantly.

"We'd like to buy a few souvenirs," said Mr. Dayton, "but we'll look around a bit first if we may."

"Sure, take your time," replied the man. "Things aren't busy in the middle of the week."

Mr. Dayton hesitated, looked around and then said, "I understand that—uh—that there's an old Indian woman ——"

The owner gave a laugh. "Oh, she's sitting over there." He pointed to the far end of the store to where they could just make out a dim figure in a dark shawl sitting in a rocker before a window overlooking the highway. "One hundred and seven," he said proudly. "She's from the reservation, but I let her live in a little room at the back during the summer. My wife takes good care of her. A real attraction she is. And she likes it here. Probably never had it so good. Go on back."

"Thank you," said Mr. Dayton, with a note of embarrassment in his voice. But instead of going directly back, he kept his two children with him and they moved slowly down the aisle, pretending to examine casually some of the items along the way.

At last they reached a point where they could turn and look directly at the old squaw, who rocked slowly and gazed without expression out the window. There was a moment of stunned silence. Then Cathy turned suddenly and hid her face against her father. "Oh, daddy," she whispered in a trembling voice, "how awful!"

Mr. Dayton put an arm about her shoulders and quickly led her away to the center of the store, leaving Jeff standing alone before the old woman. He swallowed several times and looked uneasily after his father. Then he clenched his hands and remained resolutely where he was.

It was not a pleasant sight for a child—even a fifteen-year-old boy struggling to find in himself the seed of manhood. The features of the squaw had disintegrated horribly, so that the face seemed no more than a wrinkled, sagging, shapeless mass of brown flesh. The worst of it was the nose, which had flattened and spread till it was hardly recognizable as a nose. The cheeks were like large withered potato skins, and for the lips there was only a thin, bitter line.

But after a moment, during which his knees weakened and his stomach felt nauseous, Jeff was suddenly able to look beyond the dreadful disfigurement of age. His gaze fastened on her eyes. Sunken though they were, they burned like two pits of dark-glowing amber. What life remained seemed to have left the weary shapeless features and body and was now concentrated in the eyes, the final outlet of the spirit. In them Jeff seemed to see reflected the image of a wilderness that was once fierce, free and untrammeled by the white man already alienated from that wilderness. In them was the knowledge of a way of life he sought earnestly, yet fearfully, to make his own that it might lead him to the strength he wanted.

He shuffled his feet uncertainly. "How do you do," he said. "My name's Jeff Dayton." There was no sign that the old squaw had heard. She continued her almost imperceptible rocking, and gazed steadfastly out the window. The shapeless brown dress she wore, which reached the floor, seemed to hang on her like a shroud. The braided hair was a dirty gray.

Jeff repeated what he had said, in a louder voice, remembering what his father had said about the possibility of her being hard of hearing. The rocking stopped. Slowly the old squaw turned her head and looked at the boy, who was dressed in khaki shorts, a faded short-sleeved scout shirt and low white sneakers. She gazed into the wide black eyes that burned with such intensity, with such a longing to speak with her, to make friends with her. For a moment she seemed to struggle upward out of the dark abyss of her great age, to struggle back into the light of the present. Her eyes brightened almost imperceptibly, her lips moved, and her hands clenched tightly the arms of the rocker.

Just then three tourists walked up to them, a large bald man and his wife and daughter. "Hello, granny!" said the man in a loud, hearty voice. "How are you today?"

Jeff felt the tears rush to his eyes. He wanted to fling himself against the intruders and push them away. The moment was lost. The old squaw's body seemed to loosen, and the terrible death-like slackness settled upon her again. She turned her head and gazed imperturbably out the window.

Jeff swung around and fled to the far end of the store, where his father and Cathy stood at the counter. He noted dully that his father had bought Cathy her totem pole, a woven basket for his mother and a fishing plug for himself.

"Do you want to pick out something for yourself, Jeff?" asked Mr. Dayton.

Jeff shook his head, a look of bewildered pain and disappointment on his face. He turned to the owner. "Is she—can she hear me?"

"Oh, yes," said the man. "She hears fairly well. But it's hard to get through to her. At that age I guess there's not much response left. She's just kind of sunk down into herself."

"I wish I hadn't seen her," said Cathy indignantly.

Jeff turned suddenly and went out the door. He was already at the boat landing when his father and Cathy appeared.

"What's the matter, Jeff?" asked his father. "Were you kind of disgusted by her too?"

"No," mumbled the boy, untying the bow painter and keeping his eyes averted, "that wasn't it. That wasn't it at all. I ——" He hesitated.

"Well, she certainly was disgusting to me!" exclaimed Cathy, shuddering. "She should be hidden somewhere and not set out for people to look at her."

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Jeff.

Mr. Dayton blinked in amazement. "Jeff! I've never heard you talk that way to your sister before. What in the world's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Jeff. "I'm sorry. Nothing's the matter. Come on, let's start back."

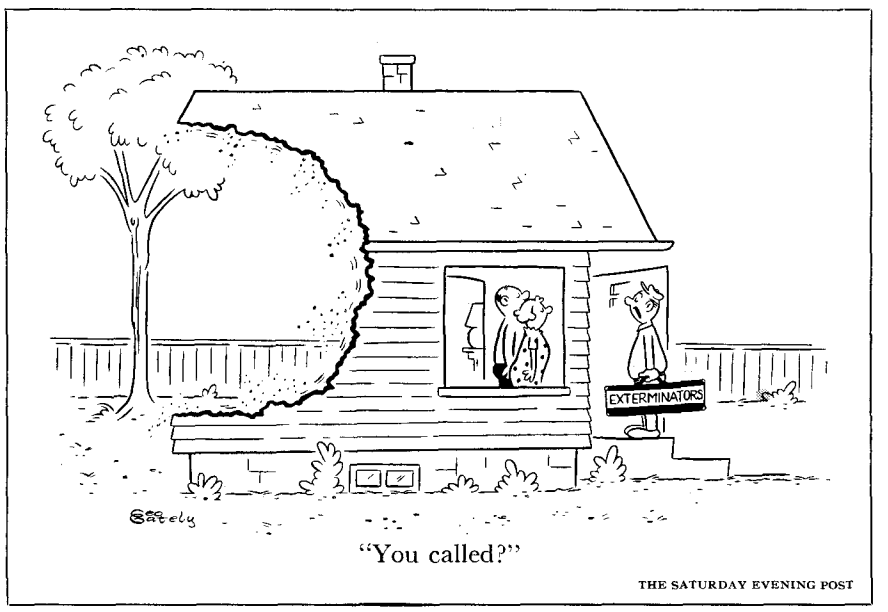
Later on at dinner Jeff was strangely silent.

"Well, Martha," said Mr. Dayton, "it's just as well you didn't come. The old Chippewa woman—her name is Mrs. Roe-Cloud, I was told—well, she wasn't very pleasant to look at."

"Oh, mother," began Cathy, "she was positively ——"

"Cathy!" Her father's voice stopped her. Mr. Dayton had begun to understand the depths of his son's disappointment over the meeting with the squaw. He turned to Jeff. "Maybe in a day or two we can drive to the Indian reservation. How would you like that?"

"Fine," said the boy, looking down at his plate. Then suddenly he raised his head and asked, "Does—did Mrs. Roe-Cloud have any children? Any boys?"



"You called?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"As a matter of fact," replied the father, "the owner did say something about a son of hers—Star Wolf, I believe. Was supposed to be a legendary hunter hereabouts."

"Did he say anything more about him?" asked the boy, his eyes brightening.

"No. That's all." Mr. Dayton looked curiously at his son. "Would you like to know more?" he asked softly. It was uncertain whether the boy heard him, for he said nothing; but his eyes continued to glow with a far-off look.

Two days later Jeff accompanied his father into town ten miles away. While his father was busy in the grocery store, Jeff slipped next door into a little general-merchandise shop. After much hesitation and indecision he bought a box of three finely made lace handkerchiefs, spending the several weeks' allowance he had saved. He tucked the box inside his shirt and managed to get back to the cabin without its being noticed.

After lunch he announced casually that he was going to explore the lake a little more in the canoe.

Mr. Dayton raised an eyebrow, but otherwise betrayed no suspicion. "I don't care how far you go," he said. "but be sure you stay within one hundred yards of the shore all the time. You've seen how fast a wind can whip up on this lake. Wouldn't you rather take the motorboat to go across—ah—to explore in?"

"No," said Jeff, not noticing the slip. "I like the canoe better."

His father smiled. "Glad to hear it. More Indianlike, eh?"

The boy was already on his way to the beach. It was a long paddle across the lake, particularly when Jeff had to follow fairly close to the shore. Toward the end of the journey his arms felt so tired and heavy that he had to rest several times. But the lake was calm, and at last he glided into the dock of the trading post.

When he went inside, the owner was busy waiting on an elderly couple, and Jeff walked directly back to where the old squaw sat rocking in her lonely, timeless dignity. He stood beside her for a moment, clutching the small white box of lace handkerchiefs and trying to muster courage to speak. What was he looking for? What did he hope to find? He could not have articulated it to himself. Yet he had returned to the old squaw as if by compulsion. Hidden in those sunken dark-glowing eyes that stared out of the wrinkled, shapeless face was something strange and fierce that made his legs tremble and his throat dry with excitement.

"Hello, Mrs. Roe-Cloud." His voice sounded embarrassingly loud, and he glanced toward the other end of the store to see if anyone was looking. But no one was. "I'm Jeff Dayton. I was here the other day. Look, I've brought you something." He held out the box. There was no acknowledgment. The old woman had not even turned her head to look at him. In desperation he stepped in front of her and placed the box on her lap.

Slowly she stopped the almost imperceptible rocking and brought her eyes to focus on the boy. After a moment she dropped her gaze to the box. Jeff held his breath. At last, like two brown birds with crumpled, broken wings, her hands fluttered downward from the arms of the rocker and rested on the box. Then, with difficulty, she opened it.

Jeff thought she would never get done with staring at the handkerchiefs. There was no expression on her face, and Jeff wondered if he should tell her what they were. Finally she began to finger them. Then she looked up at the boy.

When she spoke, her voice was strangely low and throaty. "You give me?" She tapped the box.

Jeff nodded vigorously. "Yes, I—I thought you might like them."

Again she looked down at the handkerchiefs, one of which she held in her fingers, a fragile, lacy thing against the dark, rough skin. "Nice," she murmured. "Like butterfly wings."

When she lifted her head again, Jeff was aware of a faint, almost imperceptible stirring of life deep within her, a blind struggling to the surface of a nearly forgotten force hidden in the dumb shadowy recess of the heart. He was aware of it at first through no more than a slightly faster breathing, through a twitching of a hand and a sudden quickening in the sunken eyes. Then at last there was the merest flicker of a smile. What had been struggling to the surface had broken through.

"Mrs. Roe-Cloud," began Jeff breathlessly, "did your son hunt in these woods? Was he—was he ever afraid when he was my age? Tell me about him, please. Tell me."

For the boy the features of the old squaw no longer seemed slack and misshapen, the eyes no longer sunken, but strong with life. Her lips quivered, and her withered hands clutched fiercely the arms of the rocker. "My son," she began in a trembling voice, "my son —— Wait." Suddenly and with surprising strength

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Any executive who finds himself busy should hire a more efficient secretary.

DAVE MURRAY

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she pushed herself slowly from the rocker and shuffled into a room at the back, clutching now and then at the wall for support. When she returned, she held a bow and three arrows. She let herself down heavily in the rocker and then laid the bow and arrows on her lap, gazing at Jeff with a now fierce, inquiring look.

The boy stared, his slim body taut and his black eyes wide and glistening as if they reflected a leaping fire. It was a weather-beaten bow about five feet long, somewhat rectangular and made of ash or willow. Its outer edge had a scalloped design, and it was reinforced by a now worn rawhide strip lashed and cemented to the back to increase its strength. There were still flecks of some painted decoration clinging to the bow.

The old woman began to speak in her low, throaty voice, like the secret sound of the wind in the pines coming out of the fierce mystery of an age when men moved strong in harmony with their earth. "Star Wolf my son. Star is beauty—shining. Wolf is strength and fierce spirit. Earth and sky together." She spoke faster, leaning forward. "He was great hunter. Follow moose, bear far into forest—swift, like flying arrow. Spirits of forest friendly to Star Wolf."

Her hands made feeble, abortive gestures to picture her words. Then the intensity of her expression softened a moment, and she focused her gaze on the boy. "When Star Wolf your age, he go deep into forest, make friends with spirits of earth and air. They give him courage. They give him"—she tapped her flat breast—"heart. Forest live in him—chief of hunters."

Her fingers clutched the bow fiercely, and her amber eyes glowed. "Star Wolf brave warrior. He touch enemy Sioux with fingertips in battle. Only bravest, most skillful warrior do this. Great honor." She was breathing heavily now. "Star Wolf light—strength. See his bow—arrows."

Jeff saw all right. He saw nothing else. His mouth opened and closed as he tried to find a voice to ask the questions that whirled through his mind. But he could not speak. He wanted to reach out and touch the bow and the arrows, but he did not dare.

The old Chippewa squaw sat back exhausted, her fingers relaxing the grip on the bow, her flat breast heaving. For a few moments her eyes saw nothing but what was etched in her memory. Then slowly she focused again on the boy in front of her.

Perhaps because of the light she saw in his eyes, perhaps because she saw that in a few years those limbs would fill out and gather strength, perhaps because she thought of the gift—perhaps all this and more and deeper reasons compelled her to do what she did. For suddenly she picked up an arrow—an arrow with two worn, frayed goose feathers and a bone tip stained with blood.

She held it out to the boy. "For you, my son. Honor it."

As if in a dream the boy reached for the arrow. When his fingers closed upon it, it seemed to burn in his hand. He felt the flame through his whole body, and he trembled. "Thank you!" he gasped finally. "Thank you."

The old squaw raised a hand. "Honor it," she repeated.

"Yes," whispered the boy. "I will."

Then, with lonely dignity, with that sad magnificence of age listening in its heart to the faint, still vibrant whispers of a time long past, she turned away. She gazed out the window, and the slow rocking began again.

"Amazing!"

Jeff looked around and saw the owner of the store standing nearby.

"What's your magic, son? I never saw her respond like that before."

"I—I don't know what you mean," mumbled the boy, hardly realizing what had been said to him. Then he drew a deep breath, grasped the arrow more tightly and threw back his head. "Good-by, Mrs. Roe-Cloud. I ——" He wanted to say more, but the presence of the store owner frustrated him. The old squaw did not turn her head. Then Jeff hurried away, knowing he would not see her again before they must leave for the city.

Outside a wind was rising and it would soon be dusk. But Jeff hardly noticed. Carefully he placed the arrow in the bottom of the canoe, just ahead of where he would be kneeling. For several minutes he stared at it in wonder. Then he lifted the canoe into the water and set out, his heart singing with joy. The arrow was his—his! He marveled at the gift, not knowing how much of a gift it really was. Lying there in the bottom of the canoe, it seemed almost to glow, so that he could hardly take his eyes from it.

So thrilled and preoccupied was he that he had paddled for nearly half an hour before he realized the wind had become so strong it was blowing him off his course. For the time being he was forced to put the old Chippewa squaw and the arrow out of his mind. With all his strength he continued to struggle against the wind for another ten minutes or more, his breath coming in gasps and his arms aching and heavy. But he made little headway, and now it was getting so dark he hardly knew what direction to maintain.

Finally he swung the bow around and paddled toward shore. He was just inside one of the bays, and there was not a cabin light to be seen. He pulled the canoe all the way up onto the beach and then hurried up into the shelter of the pines, for the wind now brought with it a chill mist. He gazed uneasily into the darkness around him, shivering. The voice of the wind murmured fitfully in the tops of the pines, filling the woods with that mournful, timeless sound that seems to come from the very heart of darkness. He stepped back against a tree, clutching at the bark and desperately searching the shore for some light.

Suddenly the air was shattered by a scream so wild, so unearthly that the boy froze against the tree trunk, his legs ready to give way beneath him and his eyes rolling in terror. Condensed into that cry was all the ferocity, the wild, dark strangeness of the forest that had sent him running in fright back from the woodpile to the safety of the cabin.

He sprang away from the tree and raced down to the canoe. He dragged it to the water's edge and groped in the bottom for the paddle, ready to take his chances on the lake rather than remain where he was. Instead of the paddle his hand closed on the arrow. He stopped and straightened up, grasping the arrow.

"Honor it." He heard the words of the old squaw above the wind and crashing waves. "For you, my son. Honor it." Then, holding the arrow as if it were a flaming brand, the boy started back. He knew what must be. She had called him her son, had given him this arrow as a bond between them. There could be no betrayal.

Half crouching and with the bone-tipped arrow held in readiness, Jeff moved resolutely into the woods, again seeking a place of shelter. As he passed under some low-hanging boughs of a great pine, he felt suddenly a weight drop onto his back. He gasped, and all the breath seemed to rush out of him. Then it was as if strands of barbed wire were being bound tight across his flesh, and he heard the fierce snarls. He staggered and fell backward onto the ground. In the terror-stricken frenzy of thoughts that whirled in his mind he knew suddenly what this creature must be and what had uttered the scream—though he had only read of the lynx or bobcat. Yet he could hardly believe what was happening.

As he hit the ground, landing against the cat and jarring it nearly loose, he thrust wildly beneath him with the point of the arrow. He felt the shaft push into the flesh of the creature. Instantly he wrenched it out, having such a death grip on the arrow that it seemed nothing could tear it from his hands. There was a screaming snarl, a swirl in the underbrush, and the cat was gone.

For a long time Jeff lay on the ground, his eyes closed, one hand outstretched and clutching the bone-tipped arrow. Now and then a shudder convulsed his slim body. The wind soughed in the pines above him, like the low, haunting voice of the old squaw, and gusts of mist blew down through gaps in the branches.

Jeff opened his eyes and got slowly to his feet. He felt the pain of the deep scratches on his back and the tightness of his skin beneath the drying blood. Yet he was strangely calm. For some minutes he marveled at this calmness. Then in the midst of that wild, lonely darkness he smiled. He felt the arrow clutched in his hand, and he knew he had pierced the mask of the wilderness, had reached backward in time to touch the strength and the passion of him whose arrow he held, and for whom this wilderness had been life.

A short time later the spotlight of his father's motorboat probed the shore. When Jeff strode down to the water's edge, he left the forest no longer as a fearful stranger—and the scars on his back seemed to sing in his flesh. THE END

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Telephones That "Think"

(Continued from Page 25)

he's there, he'll be glad to tell you whether the gravy stain came out of your blue serge.

The method used in transferring Nurse lloran's calls is "fixed transfer." An .ernate number is supplied in advance to the telephone company, which informs the electronic brain. To have calls transferred, Mrs. Halloran simply dials 5583, a code number. Transfers can be accomplished by two other methods. With "customer dial transfer," the householder dials 5585, then the last four digits of his own number and the final four digits of the number to which he wants the calls transferred. "Requested transfer" was the method County Clerk Nelson used. Rerouting of calls is ordered for a specified period of time—so a wife, for instance, can let the telephone business office know she'll be at the Beatrice Primp Shoppe on Liberty Street between one and four P.M. If her husband phones to ask what's for dinner, the call is automatically transferred to Beatrice's.

The new services are samples of acrobatics made possible by electronic switch-ng. Despite numerous improvements the ephone system previously remained yal to Alexander Graham Bell's method with two receivers connected by means of a mechanical switching arrangement. Whether the system is a live operator or a complex collection of electromagnets doesn't make much difference. Even the prospective use of space satellites to bounce voices between distant points will merely provide a different kind of microwave station, similar to the earthbound kind. Bell scientists consider satellites a less basic change than the device being tested at Morris.

"E.C.O. is capable of doing things we haven't even thought of yet," William B. Quirk, Bell switching-systems engineer, told me. "We'll be able to tailor-make service to individual customers' needs."

Quirk flew out from Bell laboratories at Whippany, New Jersey, to introduce me to the Morris Monster. He doesn't call it that. He calls it E.C.O. and describes it as a specialized digital computer, whose chief talent is an ability to 'c itself 2,250,000 questions and answer em almost instantaneously. It occupies one portion of the new Morris telephone building, opened in 1959, while a conventional exchange in the other wing handles calls for the 4394 customers not included in the field test.

Considering its capabilities, E.C.O. looks decidedly unspectacular. A visitor sees a glass-fronted, gray metal cabinet, seven feet tall and thirty-six feet wide. It is bathed in ultraviolet light, which improves performance of the tubes, each an inch and a half tall and the diameter of a pencil. In a conventional exchange there is a constant clicking as connections are made, but E.C.O. is completely silent. Only the flickering orange glow of those tubes which happen to be in use indicates that anything is going on.

Most Morris residents are enthusiastic about the test. "When we have people over for the evening," publisher West ld me, "we ask the fellows at the gas ation across the street to give us a call so the guests can hear our electronic telephone. People get a kick out of talking on it. Another thing—this test has sure put Morris on the map."

This feeling of being part of an important communications development buoys up the spirits of those who've had trouble with their new telephones, and quite a few have. As the Bell experts say, "Any new system has a few bugs in it. That's why we have field tests."

When the phone in Hornsby's variety store took to beeping when no one had dialed the number, owner Arthur Hornsby told a surveyor for the phone company, "There've been days when I could have put the ax to it. But I still want to remain part of the trial." Other users of the test phones, roused by midnight beeps only to find no one on the line, have learned to take the matter philosophically. When their sleepy wives ask who was calling, they say, "Just the Monster. I guess it got lonesome again."

Some people calling homes with electronic phones have mistaken the beeps for busy signals. Other problems have stemmed from the fact that E.C.O. is so quick on the draw. It can check sixty-eight items of information in three millionths of a second. It completes connections the instant the caller finishes dialing. If he changes his mind at the last minute, or realizes he has dialed wrong, it is too late. Being merely human, the caller can't react fast enough to hang up before the other phone sounds. Some of the false calls, where the phone beeps with no one on the line, can be blamed on this. Now the engineers are studying how to slow down E.C.O. to allow for human fallibilities.

Other manifestations are harder to explain. At the City Hall, City Clerk Arthur Stinchcomb told me he liked his new phone fine, but a few days earlier it had suddenly started ticking. "It sounded like a clock. Or maybe more like water dripping. It acted like it wanted to ring, but couldn't. When I told the phone company, the ticking stopped."

Sometimes conversations have faded out. One customer said he was only able to get a dial tone by banging the receiver on the side of a table—a method Delbert Noble, Morris exchange manager, hopes won't be widely imitated.

One Morris housewife reported she'd forgotten to tell her husband that the electronic phone had been installed. It started beeping behind him while he was setting the dinner table, causing him to shatter the family record for the standing broad jump.

Even when the system is working perfectly, it causes some confusion to those unfamiliar with its capabilities. Because of the automatic-transfer systems, people are never sure whom they'll be talking to next when they dial their phones. When Mrs. Jessie Hoenshell calls her daughter's home number, she sometimes finds herself connected with the gas station operated by her son-in-law, L. E. Gunnerson. Friends who call the home of Robert J. Ryder, assistant cashier of the Grundy County National Bank, may reach Mrs. Genevieve Davidson, Mrs. Ryder's mother. The Ryders have a screened porch on their detached garage, which is closer to Mrs. Davidson's house than to their own. So during porch picnics, they have their calls switched to Mrs. Davidson's phone.

Legends have grown up about the test. One of the most persistent involves a man who was watching TV when his electronic phone beeped. His set began to flip madly from channel to channel and kept it up until he lifted the receiver to stop the beeping.

I heard the tale of the berserk TV from several sources, none confirmed. Bernard Hemmindinger, Bell's resident engineer, said the story is probably a myth. It's possible, he admitted, that such a thing could happen—the beeps might affect a TV equipped with a remote-control sound-tuner. If they did, company technicians could change the telephone's tone to one of seven other available frequencies.

My own theory—that the Monster got tired of the program the man was watching and decided to see what else was on—was too unscientific to mention to Hemmindinger, who doesn't believe the brain has a mind of its own. Still, I noticed that even those who know E.C.O. best often speak in hushed tones in its presence, as it sits there blinking its 23,000 neon-filled tubes. And I caught even the experts referring to it in terms usually reserved for people.

"It's a regular hypochondriac," one confided. "It keeps checking its own circuits to make sure it's healthy. If something's wrong, it tells us where to locate the trouble."

The beeps, which have replaced the customary bells, sound so much like an oboe that Mrs. James McElvain told me of a day when her hi-fi was playing and the telephone beeped—or so she thought. No one was on the line. She decided it must have been an oboe passage in *Nutcracker Suite*.

Her husband, a road contractor, likes the transfer arrangement. One weekend when they were out of town, he would have missed an important business call if it hadn't been switched to Mrs. McElvain's parents, who told the caller how to reach their son-in-law.

James's father, Carl McElvain, on the other hand, is one of six original guinea pigs who bowed out of the test. He's a partner in McElvain Brothers, which drills and operates oil and gas wells in various states. He missed several long-distance calls, he said, because his newfangled phone didn't beep, and at that point he asked to be put back on conventional telephone service, like the majority of Morris residents.

Mrs. Earl McBride, wife of a bricklayer, said she resigned from the test because the phone not only beeped when no one was there, but sometimes didn't beep when someone was. The final straw came when her brother tried to call from Yorkville, Illinois, to tell her of his wife's illness. The long-distance operator couldn't get the McBride phone to work.

Mrs. Harvey R. Beatty said she was home alone one night when she decided she wasn't cut out to be a guinea pig. "I'm an old lady," she told me, "and I got to thinking what might happen if I wanted to reach the doctor and the phone was acting up."

All the cancellations came in January and February, when the test was new. Since then, difficulties have diminished. Most customers like the electronic phones and the musical sound of their beeps. Several said they no longer confuse their own phones with those on TV shows and no longer hurry out of the shower to answer a call meant for Danny Thomas. One man said his partially deaf wife, who couldn't hear the old-style ring, has no such trouble with the beeps.

As a pet owner, I wondered whether the beeps might annoy a dog. Mrs. Gunnerson assured me the sound doesn't bother even her nervous wire-haired terrier Chris, although he barks at his favorite television programs, the cowboy shows.

It was necessary to substitute beeps for bells, because the E.C.O. in Morris doesn't transmit enough power to cause a telephone to ring. When the system becomes nationwide, however, improved methods will make it possible to retain the present ringing telephones; Bell has no intention of replacing the 74,200,000 receivers now in use around the country. The beeps may become optional. Perhaps they will be a minor status symbol, as colored phones were when they first became available at extra cost.

No additional charges are made for the new services in Morris, and nothing definite has been decided on what they'll cost

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the rest of us. Additional charges, if any, will probably be based on the amount of the brain's electronic memory system that a customer uses. Some aspects of E.C.O.—including the fact that many changes can be programed into the device through coded messages—will tend to reduce costs. If the electronic exchanges were now in general use, for instance, the current gradual change-over to direct distance dialing could have been made much more rapidly, and at a saving of millions of dollars.

Meanwhile, most of the 430 guinea pigs now take electronics in stride and make daily use of the special services. At the trilevel home of Ben Bernstein, who runs a haberdashery, the family has worked out a way to take full advantage of code calling. There are extension phones on each floor. When one goes "beep (pause) beep," it's for Janet, twelve. "Beep-beep-beep" is for Cheri, fourteen. Ben's wife Dorothy is paged by four beeps. Bernstein himself answers to five. Six beeps is the signal reserved for overnight guests, and seven means dinner's ready. But when the phone goes "beep-beep-beep-beep-beep-beep-beep-beep!" things start jumping.

"Eight beeps is the emergency call," Mrs. Bernstein says, explaining that it might mean—"Turn down that TV this instant."

One customer, asked if she preferred the old system, said she certainly did—but she didn't mean the old dial system. What she really missed was the chance to chat with a real live operator who would track down the person she wanted.

Bill Quirk, explaining how E.C.O. works, compared it to the manual operator of cherished memory. She kept an eye on the switchboard to see when her services were needed. E.C.O. does the same by means of a "scanner" which checks each telephone in its network ten times a second. When a receiver is lifted, this rate steps up to a hundred times a second, and the customer hears a dial tone—E.C.O.'s way of saying, "number puh-lease."

As a number is dialed, each digit is jotted down in E.C.O.'s temporary memory by means of minute electrical charges on a cathode-ray tube, similar to a TV picture tube. Once the complete number has been dialed, E.C.O. consults its permanent memory, called a "flying-spot store."

This consists of coded dots on four photographic plates not much different from the ones Mathew B. Brady used in photographing Abraham Lincoln. Each dot represents an item of information which E.C.O. reads by directing a beam of light from another cathode-ray tube toward it. The 2,250,000 bits of information in the memory system can all be read in one twelfth of a second, Quirk told me.

The old-time operator worked pretty much the same way. If you asked her to get Matt Gamble on a sunny Saturday afternoon, she'd know he was in the park pitching horseshoes and couldn't be reached. But memory alone wasn't enough for the operator, and it's not enough for E.C.O. She had to make decisions, and so does the electronic brain.

I was assured the man-made brain has an I.Q. no higher than the average moron, which was comforting. Still, it can make up its mind with amazing rapidity. It uses what Quirk calls "programed logic." By asking itself a series of questions which can be answered "yes" or "no," it decides what's expected of it. "Is the phone off the hook?" "Yes." "Is the first number dialed one?" "No." "Is the first number dialed two?" "Yes." "Is the second number dialed one?" "No." And so on.

When a number is dialed, E.C.O. checks its memory for information about the specific customer. This is where the tailor-made service comes in. Mrs. Mary Feazell of Crowley, Texas, was trying to reach her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John T. O'Brien. When E.C.O. checked the listing for O'Brien, a Morris highway-paving contractor, it found he'd made use of the requested transfer service. The computer had been instructed to route calls for the O'Briens to a neighbor's phone from 4:30 to 6:45 P.M. and to the Morris country club from 6:45 to 9 P.M.

E.C.O. glanced at its "watch," noted it was 6:32 and switched the call to the neighbor's, so Mrs. Feazell could chat with her parents. As they talked, eight of E.C.O.'s tubes lighted up and provided the connection.

The idea of electronic-telephone switching goes back to the 1930's, but development of a working model had to wait for invention of the transistor—E.C.O. has 12,000 of them. Beginning in 1948, teams of Bell research scientists and engineers spent more than ten years creating the E.C.O. James B. Fisk, president of Bell laboratories, calls it "one of the most massive single research-and-development projects ever sponsored by private enterprise."

The $25,000,000 already spent may be doubled by the time electronic central offices start replacing present exchanges on a national scale. Frederick R. Kappel, president of Bell's parent company, American Telephone & Telegraph, said recently that the telephone system may spend a billion dollars on all research and development during the next ten years. E.C.O. is, of course, only a part of this, but electronic switching is more important even than most folks in Morris realize. It has a fundamental role to play in speeding up communications—not only between humans, but also between machines.

Data-processing machines now "talk" to each other across country at the rate of 3000 words a minute. Kappel said that soon such devices will be able to originate their own calls—and answer them automatically. A computer in San Francisco with information for its brother computer in Schenectady will be able to put through the call and complete its chore without the help of humans.

When chats between computers become routine, electromechanical switching methods will no longer be good enough. A brief delay may not bother most humans. But a device that can perform 2,250,000 operations in a twelfth of a second is apt to get rather impatient. So the Morris test is being eagerly watched, not only by communicators, but by business and Government as well.

Personally I prefer to think of progress in terms of something less complicated—say that vital call home while my son John is doing his geometry problems on the telephone.

I have, let us suppose, arrived at the airport. I want my wife to pick me up. I dial my home number. It's busy—John and his fellow mathematician Tom are only halfway through the first of twenty-seven problems. Today I could only sit in the sultry phone booth and fume. In the brave new world of E.C.O. I'll be able to dial a secret code number. This will superimpose a dial tone on John's conversation which will advise him, "Hang up fast, buddy, or old dad's going to chop your allowance in half."

Or take lovable Ralph Flapjaw, who gets overpowering urges to call Anchorage after his second Martini. The last time he came to a party at my house, it cost me $43.86 in toll charges, plus an argument with my wife. ("But he's your friend, dear." "He is? I thought he was your friend, dear.") When E.C.O. is fully perfected, I would pick up my telephone before he does, dial a few digits, then relax. No one could make a long-distance call from my house without first using a four-number code, known only to me.

"Camp on" is the name given another proposed service. If the number you call is busy, E.C.O. would keep checking and make the connection as soon as the line is free. Still another service that may be added when the system is in general use is the "conference call," in which three or more telephones can be connected merely by dialing the proper succession of numbers.

This has obvious uses in business, but it may also be seized on with glee by the suburban bridge clubs if the husbands don't take a firm stand. I was brooding about it the other night when I couldn't sleep. I could picture my wife and her friend Maxine, on the telephone debating a burning question: Did Elaine have three clubs to the ace, or four to the king-jack, when she was down four, doubled?

Obviously Elaine would be added to the conversation, making it three-way. Then Elaine's partner Barbara would have to be included. She would insist on an unbiased opinion from the chief kibitzer, Cora. By the time all of us husbands got home from a tough day in our swivel chairs, half the telephones in town would be tied up, and dinner would still be in the refrigerator.

Nothing quite like that has happened in Morris, but there have been other complications. Mrs. Ryder told me of the day she ordered her calls transferred to a woman friend's house beginning at 10:30 A.M.

The Monster obediently noted the request in its electronic memory. No one at Whippany had ever taken it aside and told it about women and, being the creation and servant of logic, E.C.O. doesn't understand them. It assumed that when Mrs. Ryder said 10:30, she meant 10:30. Any husband in the land could have told E.C.O. otherwise.

Mrs. Ryder assured me she'd had every intention of arriving at her friend's house at 10:30. But, what with one thing and another, she didn't actually get there until eleven. Meanwhile, the friend wondered where she was and dialed Mrs. Ryder's number.

The Monster started asking itself questions and giving itself logical answers. It switched the call back to the friend's phone, as instructed. Naturally that phone was busy—the friend was using it to try to reach Mrs. Ryder—and so E.C.O. gave the busy signal.

The friend tried again in a few minutes. She tried a third time. When she kept getting busy signals, she decided Mrs. Ryder's electronic phone must be out of order and reported the problem to the telephone company.

When Mrs. Ryder finally showed up at eleven, the matter was straightened out. But there's some question whether E.C.O. understands what happened even yet. Nothing programed into its network of tubes and transistors can explain why 10:30 means 10:30 to a male, but can mean something quite different to a woman.

And so let the scientists believe, if they wish, when City Clerk Stinchcomb's receiver ticks or Mayor Donald Caisley's telephone beeps without apparent cause, that only minor electronic adjustments are required. I have my own ideas. I think it's the Monster. I think it's brooding under its ultraviolet light, trying to understand the female mind. And it can go on asking those 2,250,000 logical questions forever without coming any closer than the rest of us. THE END

NEXT WEEK

A Post editor reports on KENNEDY'S MAIL:

"DEAR MR. PRESIDENT..."

By Robert Cahn

A Traffic Safety Commissioner Tells Why

ALL DRIVERS SHOULD BE RE-EXAMINED REGULARLY

A COMPLETE NOVELETTE
BY C. S. FORESTER

THE HARMLESS AMERICAN:
WHY HE IS RESENTED ABROAD

By John Masters

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND:

HOW TO READ A PAINTING

By E. H. Gombrich

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One Woman's Ordeal (Continued from Page 30)

immediately. I must go back to Washington soon anyway, and will take you directly to the Secretary of War for authorization to join your husband."

Hurriedly assembling what few clothes I found suitable, I clambered into father's low-swung carriage. There were two horses, quite necessary in that spring of 1863, with the yellow-clay mud sticking almost solidly to the high wheels. The going was slow, but we finally boarded the smoky old railway coach and patiently slept in our seats through the night trip to the capital. The next morning found us in the office of the Secretary of War.

The voice of Secretary Edwin M. Stanton seemed to come from the depths of his iron-gray beard. "Congressman Bundy, I'll grant this pass for your daughter, but if she were my daughter, I'd send her home. Too many officers' wives are going to the battle front. A girl of nineteen should be far from the scenes of war!"

Vividly the words of that telegram came to me, and my face must have changed expression. "No, no! I cannot turn back now. John needs me. I must go!" My voice evidently held a pleading note, for the Secretary of War grimly signed his name to a paper which he handed me. "May God be with you," he said gently. Then, turning away hastily, he seemed to dismiss me to a foolhardy venture.

I was wholly unprepared for what I was to find in Winchester. This little town in the heart of the Shenandoah Valley changed hands between the North and the South many times during the war. This morning, however, it lay calmly in the sun under the old Star Fort whose earthworks frowned down on the cluster of little white cottages where the Union Army had its headquarters.

No one received me at the small dwelling where I dismounted from the stage and struggled with my heavy carpetbag. And my knock received no reply. The front room was evidently an office, so I ventured timidly into the house. From the rear I heard a sound which filled me with misgiving. Dropping my bag, I hastened in the direction of that feverish moan.

"John, John!" I cried, only to receive a vacant stare as he tossed about in bed in a tangle of sheets. My heavily bearded young husband had lost many pounds. I was startled by his changed appearance. I seized his weak, thin shoulders, pressing him back gently onto the none-too-clean pillow. He yielded to my ministrations without giving a sign of recognition. However, the touch of my palm to his forehead seemed to quiet him instantly, and he fell into a half-sleep.

My realization of the problem before me seemed to steady me. From that moment I knew I would meet every issue. Instinct was guiding me, and I had lost my timidity and fears. Used to primitive living, I seized a pail that was handy and was soon drawing water with a crude rope and windlass from the community well. While bending over the crank winding up the bucket, I caught sight of a beautiful sorrel horse approaching. From its saddle, an erect young lieutenant stared at me brazenly. I hurried into the house to place cooling cloths on my husband's head.

Soon the straight, slim young officer stood beside me, as I knew he would. He introduced himself as Lieutenant Elwood, the hospital officer, and added, "I've held small hopes for your husband's recovery. But now, with such a fine nurse, I am sure he will pull through." He followed my movements with a rapt look. Finally he went off to report my arrival to the doctor.

Anxious days followed. John lay feeble and helpless, feverishly trying to lead his men against imaginary breastworks manned by "Johnny Rebs" blazing away. Gradually during the long nights, John, although perceptibly weaker, would nevertheless turn his head to me for a cooling caress. Often Lieutenant Elwood and other new friends tiptoed into the room and stood silently beside me. But I could watch only for that spark of recognition which must come into John's feverish gray eyes.

It was a lengthy vigil. But when John's eyes opened with awareness and he murmured, "Lu!" the weak smile with which he greeted me left me breathless. The tension was broken. Tears came to my eyes for the first time, and I sank down on the bed in relief.

John was soon sitting up, but I kept close to my convalescent husband. There was only one diversion which I permitted myself. Back home I owned a fine saddle mare and spent hours in the awkward sidesaddle then used. Polly had carried me roving over many a hill and field. No wonder I fell in love with the sleek young sorrel gelding so often tied at the hitching rack near our cottage door. I maneuvered to avoid the sorrel's owner, for the eyes of young Lieutenant Elwood held a much too plain look of interest when directed at me, but his gelding Clipper quickly learned my step, my whistle and the sweet taste of the sugar I saved for his daily ration.

Soon the rumblings of war drew nearer. We heard of troop movements, the drive of Gen. Jubal Early's Confederates toward Winchester. John could barely stand on his feet, so we were uneasy. More wounded constantly arrived at the hospital. The rumble of artillery became plainer, and the restless pawing of the sorrel gelding added to my growing apprehension.

The Confederate Army, if not blocked, would soon engage Star Fort. Our entire regiment was thrown into action. I bade adieu to Lieutenant Elwood as the sorrel gelding nervously swung into his lengthy stride headed for the battle front. For hours the din of battle kept coming across the brow of a nearby hill. Soon noncombatants and stragglers entered town in increasing numbers, bringing to me a glimpse of the meaning of war. Our soldiers were patriots fighting for the preservation of the Union. It had not occurred to me that dumb animals also suffered the fortunes of war. Suddenly I was shocked as I recognized a moving object.

"John, John!" I cried in alarm, grasping the window sill. "Isn't that Clipper limping up the street?" It was Clipper! Stopping at the hitching rack, he neighed piteously. I soon saw that not only was he sorely wounded but down the side of his vacant saddle and over the stirrup was unmistakably a crimson stain. Not only had Lieutenant Elwood received a fatal wound but the young sorrel, limping painfully along, would soon be led away to be shot!

John unsteadily managed to find his way to my side. I might have fallen had he not supported me against a pillar of the porch. Finally I took his arm firmly, knowing the full meaning of war at last. As evening approached, I became prepared for most any eventuality. There came an order to all noncombatants. "We must go up to the fort," John announced.

I looked at him swiftly. "The fort! You don't mean ——" John only nodded, looking straight ahead. I realized we were right in the thick of the battle. I had saved my husband's life perhaps, but our future was as black as ever!

There was quite a group of us, invalids, officers' wives and nurses, and the siege guns behind the earthworks were silenced as we began our journey under their menacing muzzles to the protection of the fort. We were delayed, however, by columns of retreating troops. Our group of Northern women was right under the frowning guns when an order was issued to fire at the enemy, now approaching over the next hillside. Over our heads the guns blazed! And my ears have never survived the shock of the overwhelming broadside. Numb and cold in the gathering dusk, we at last gained the safety of the fort.

Star Fort was nothing more than a hollowed-out earthworks on the brow of a hill overlooking Winchester. Noncombatants huddled in one corner. Gunners and swarms of infantrymen milled about in confusion. We watched apathetically while the Union flag was lowered from the main staff. I experienced a feeling of helplessness as a white cloth was run up in its stead. The firing ceased. Columns of troops marched out in surrender. Then, after a wait, there appeared the first gray uniforms I had ever seen. Where Old Glory had waved but half an hour before, we watched the Stars and Bars rise! I looked from the flag to John's face for reassurance. There was none. Instead, with compressed lips, he handed me his watch. "Here, Lu," he said tonelessly, "hide this among your petticoats. No rebel shall wear it. Smuggle it through the lines when you are exchanged."

"John! We are not to be separated," I cried, clinging to his sleeve. "I'll not leave you here." Then several other facts became clear to me. "I see now why you hid your sword in that feather bed. You knew all the time we would be put in prison." The word "prison" made me tremble, and another thought flashed into my mind. "Is there danger of you being sent to Libby Prison?"

My husband did not answer me, seeming paler in the twilight. Another officer's wife, seeing rebels approaching, said quickly, "Get the watch and go behind the other women while you hide it! There is a slim chance we can cajole these Johnny Rebs into not searching us." Her tone was sarcastic, but she foretold the truth as far as Southern men were concerned. It was not so of some of the Southern women, as we were to learn all too plainly.

Very soon several Confederate officers came up. One, a scholarly gentleman, spoke up in that soft accent I was to hear many times in the next weeks. "I am sorry, ladies, but the fortunes of war compel us to take you away from your husbands. Northern women should not travel so far into enemy country." He paused as if to steady his voice, but it trembled slightly as he raised it in a stern command, "All the women be ready in half an hour to join the transport leaving for Richmond!"

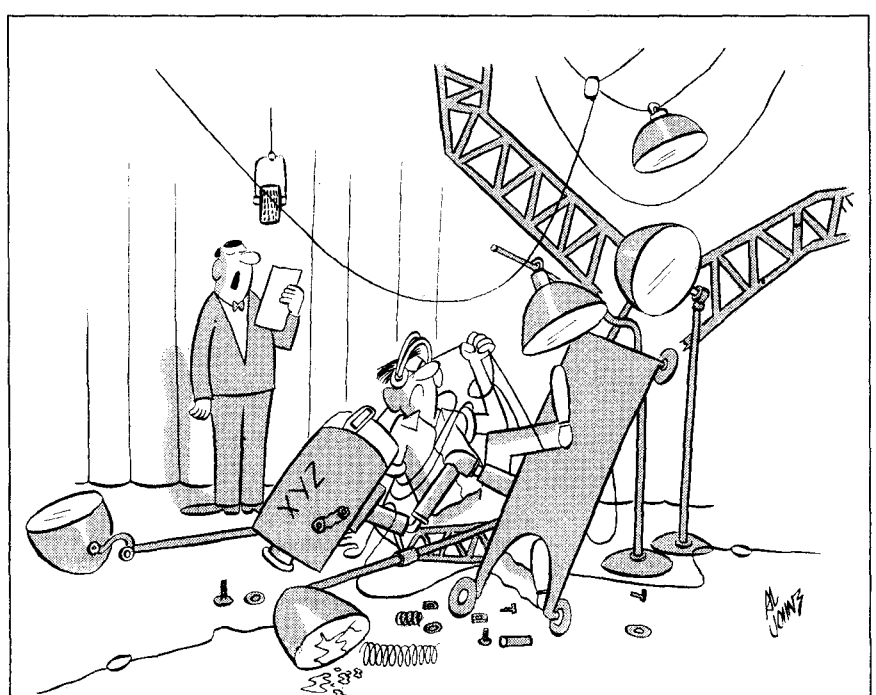
I rushed back to John, bursting into tears. That awful name "Richmond" filled me with such fright that I closed my eyes and hid my head on his shoulder. I was still clinging desperately to him when a rebel private soldier forcibly but gently released my grasp, saying, "Sorry, lady, but it is the captain's orders. You need have no fear of us Southerners. We never hurt a lady." John, weak and pale, let his arms fall to his sides. He swayed and nearly fell.

Common transport wagons, pulled by four horses, two abreast, were ready for us. Sitting on straw on the wagon floors, we journeyed for long, weary days into the South. So difficult was the going for the three wagons carrying a score of Northern women that we made a sorry group of prisoners, with bonnets askew, hair frowzy and clothing spattered with mud. No wonder we drew derisive sneers from Southern women along the route. These women were the rabble, loafers along the highway. The guards had a hard time protecting us from physical violence by them.

Once when the transport had stopped in its tracks, a heavy-set Southern woman stuck out her tongue at us and called to her next-door neighbor, "Liz! Come out and see the Yankee women. Now they know what war is!"

The other woman, with a child in her arms, came out and yelled, "Look at this hussy!" She pointed directly at me and reached out an angry claw as if to drag me from my seat. Luckily the guard forced her back. But she spat savagely at me, calling out her contempt in language which caused us to cringe and put our hands over our ears. We Northern females, demoralized and dirty, were branded as women of the streets.

The wagons moved on of necessity to protect us from the mob's fury. We stopped, all together, very little for rest. Hotels were out of the question. Our greatest concern was for food. As it was



"However, we will continue with the audio portion of our program."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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next to impossible to obtain fresh food, offerings from charitable Southerners along the way were welcomed. At one village where the women appeared particularly desirous of giving us food, however, they did it in a surly manner with many an ugly curl marring the symmetry of a pretty lip. The sandwiches looked good and fresh. The bread was clean and handed us in clean paper. But intuition filled us with suspicion. We noticed the younger women and children, particularly, gazing at us as if expecting some demonstration. There were facial demonstrations very soon. For when we half-famished women bit into the sandwiches, we discovered the bread had been spread with soap! The Southern women screeched and howled with amusement as we threw the bread away, violently wiping out dry and soapy mouths. The guards, however, were more than apologetic for the shameless womenfolk.

Finally arriving in Richmond, we were taken directly to an old tobacco warehouse across from historic Libby Prison. From the barred windows of our jail, nicknamed "Castle Thunder," we could see Union soldiers pacing back and forth in old Libby, where I was fearful John would eventually be imprisoned. Days of idleness followed. I had ample time to dwell upon the ultimate fate of the man whose life I had saved and who now was in graver danger than ever.

Only one incident marred our stay in Castle Thunder prison. Our quarters were crowded, with six women sleeping in each room. Our luggage we piled in a corner. Our guards, knowing we possessed valuables, tried to keep constant watch. One warm night, however, I awoke inhaling a peculiar odor. Believing it to be chloroform, I aroused my companions. Our movements caused a figure to scurry through our opened door and down the corridor. We spent the balance of the night in sleepless vigil, startled by every echo in the hollow old jail.

On the fourteenth day word came that our exchange had been effected. No group of prisoners was more grateful for freedom than we Northern women. But our feverish preparations were marred by wistful glances across at grim old Libby. Perhaps our husbands languished behind those ugly walls.

Aroused at two A.M. on a June day in 1863, forty-two women prisoners were marched down the three flights of rickety warehouse stairs, out into the dim light of Richmond streets, to the bank of the James River. A makeshift bridge of two planks led over the murky water to the boats taking us to the opposite shore. It was a dizzy crossing, with the women clinging fearfully to each other. Once safe on the opposite shore, we boarded a flag-of-truce vessel and steamed by way of the James River, Chesapeake Bay and Potomac to Washington. There we were delayed ten days. The line of communication had been cut by General Lee's invasion of the North, ending in the decisive struggle at Gettysburg. Finally I was allowed to go to Pittsburgh and then home.

I arrived at my destination with mixed feelings. For a moment I was glad. Then it came to me with a rush that I had failed! I had gone to bring back my sick husband with me. And here I was on the threshold, empty-handed. Aunt Sarah in greeting me said nothing about John, and I was grateful. Soon I went out to the pasture where the farm horses grazed contentedly. I whistled a familiar call to my mare Polly. Her slender head went up. She whinnied and loped over to me, thrusting her nose in welcome. I felt comforted. I tried to shut out the memory of war and was thankful that my Polly never would sniff burnt powder or hear the whiz of a Minié bullet. My relief would have been complete if I were to see the name of my husband on the list of exchange officers, but that was not to be.

On my third day at home, a disturbing conversation took place. Aunt Sarah, after talking with someone who paused outside her window, asked me, "Had you heard? Morgan's Confederate raiders are coming up the river valley."

My heart sank. "You don't mean that his horsemen may overrun this farm! War does things to peaceful homes in the South. Surely we in Ohio are not faced with that kind of devastation. You can't mean it!" I rushed over to where I could see Aunt Sarah's face. The grapevine had spread wild rumors of outrages by the gray cavalrymen. Now I recognized that Aunt Sarah was worried.

Soon a crowd of women gathered in the yard, evidently to see me. Many were wives of soldiers whom John had enlisted in his company. In the vanguard was Sally Saxe, whose husband I had last seen in the dim twilight of the Star Fort at Winchester, supporting my swaying John.

"Lucy," Sally said anxiously, "you know about war. What air we goin' to do? Morgan's men may be jist over the hill. I'm scairt to death!"

I put a reassuring hand on her shoulder and spoke to the crowd.

"Neighbors, the Confederate soldiers are not bad. I spent two months among them and know what I am talking about. They do not make war on women and children. They may take our feed and even our livestock, but they will not hurt you."

Sally and some others were not convinced. "They may burn our houses or carry us off!" she wailed. Others joined in the cry.

By the next dawn, gray horsemen appeared from all directions as if they had dropped from the skies. Gen. John Hunt Morgan, a dashing cavalryman with a full mustache and pointed beard, rode up to the farm majestically. He quartered a detachment of men overnight in our barn. Soon I heard a firm knock at my kitchen door. It proved to be one of Morgan's officers.

"Madam, have you flour in your house? You have some hungry visitors. We'll have to ask you for food."

The Southern soldier spoke in the same drawl that I had learned to know and trust. Therefore I answered him calmly, in a tone as neutral as possible.

"Yes, sir, I have flour. How much of it do you want?"

Removing his hat, he appeared embarrassed. Then he explained. "You see, lady, actually we can't use flour. We are asking you to bake us a batch of bread—a big batch, all the flour you have in the house. We are hungry and we are living off the country as we go. General Morgan plans to go far North and let you Yanks know what war is."

"Very well," I answered, "but it must be made from biscuit dough. There is no time for yeast bread."

"Thanks, lady, any kind of bread will do," the soldier smiled appreciatively and backed away. However, I saw him eying our speckled hens, and broods of fryers, and surmised correctly that they would disappear before morning. Garden produce, barnyard fowls and several lambs were among the missing. Meanwhile, we baked bread until our backs felt broken and the larder was almost empty—all but what Aunt Sarah had grimly secreted in the attic. She planned not to starve.

Yet it was a relief to be left some property. I began to feel safer, when a commotion in the barnyard brought back all my dread. Three burly soldiers closed in on Polly and slipped a rope over her silky neck. I grabbed the rude halter and turned wrathfully on the three men. "You can't have Polly!" I stormed. "Let go that rope. Let go, I say!" As I jerked the rope away from them, a sergeant came up.

"But, lady," the sergeant began apologetically, "General Morgan gave orders we were to take all sound horses we needed, and no mere woman can interfere with us. We are not taking your farm team. We want only the mare and are leaving this Thoroughbred in exchange. He has a sore back and needs a long rest."

I looked where he pointed. There, standing dejectedly, was a handsome Kentucky gelding, a standard-bred horse whose coal-black coat glistened in the morning sun. I had to think swiftly. I reasoned that there was little I could do against these marauders. I must either accept their terms or lose out entirely. Sadly and slowly I released my hold on Polly and suffered her to be led away.

I turned slightly to find a black head on a slender curved neck nuzzling me in a demonstration of affection. It was enough. I led the black gelding into our pasture. In remembrance of that other gelding, at Winchester, I christened the new horse Clipper and began to doctor his sore back.

One morning when I was leading Clipper from his stall, Ronald Saxe, Sally's son, came up with an unusual look on his face. "Out with it—what's the news?" I demanded.

"Pa's home!" he burst out, turning away nervously.

As his father had been captured with my John, I grabbed his shoulders. "Why didn't my husband come with him?" He hesitated. I shook him. "Did your father leave him down there, sick and helpless?"

The boy finally broke into a stream of words. "Pa said he and Captain John slipped out of the prison stockade at Winchester the night after you left for Richmond. They got clean away and struck out north as fast as the captain could travel, hiding daytime and walking nights. They forded or swam rivers until they got into Ohio. They rested some and foraged for food too. Then they heard about Morgan's raid. The captain insisted on going to head off the rebels. They crept up close to one of the rebs' advance camps below Pomeroy at night. And what do you think? There was Polly, tied to a tree with some other horses. When Captain John whistled her call, she neighed so loud that the rebel guards come arunnin'. Pa says your husband raged up and down until pa had to hold him. He was for fightin' the rebs singlehanded. Pa persuaded him to wait until they could muster a home guard of stragglers and old men. But that next morning, the home guard turned tail and run!"

"Yes, and what happened then?" I was still in the dark as to the outcome and my husband's fate.

"The captain still vowed he'd get Polly away from the rebs. Pa couldn't stop him. That night, the two of them tried to steal Polly and another horse. But Polly gave them away. She neighed again when she smelled familiar folks, and the guards pounced on them. They soon found out that your husband was a captain in the Union Army. So they held him. General Morgan, they said, isn't letting Yankee officers go, because they are valuable for exchange. They let pa go."

I burst into tears. The boy stole silently away as if he had been guilty of some crime. The slow, creeping paralysis of war was enfolding us. My sister-in-law had but recently moved back to our neighborhood from Missouri, where her husband was killed in battle. A war to free the slaves was enslaving us. Numbly I prepared to do a man's work in the fields.

However, I had not reached the depths to which I was destined to travel. No sooner had I driven to the field and loaded two shocks of hay, with young Ronald Saxe's help, than I was aware of visitors in the yard. Two Federal officers walked around to Clipper. One placed his hand on the brand on his flank. "Where did you get this horse, madam?" he asked coldly without the least preliminary.

"Morgan's men left him in exchange for my riding mare," I said confidently, for to me it was a fair exchange. The officer cleared his throat.

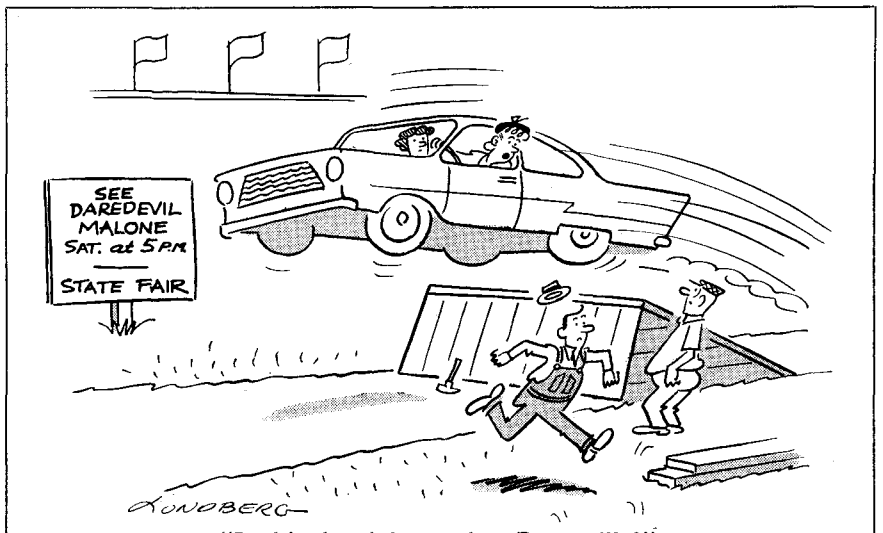
"I'm sorry, madam, but this brand proves that the horse is Federal property, and we are instructed to return all such, wherever found, to our cavalry regiments."

"Very well," I acquiesced in a low voice, leaning weakly against the hay wagon. The two officers in blue led away the sleek black gelding guiltily, not looking back. I left old Rob, the wagon horse, hitched and standing in his tracks. Hours seemed to pass. Suddenly Private Saxe and wife Sally rushed up to the door.

"Morgan was captured not twenty hours after he turned me loose," Saxe shouted. I did not comprehend. "There is a chance that his prisoner detail never got back across the Ohio River," Saxe explained. I sat silently, too tired to think. My gaze wandered out over the field and down the valley road. Suddenly my eyes became riveted to a familiar moving object. I got to my feet and advanced instinctively to the gate.

In a lather of foam, panting with her nostrils aquiver, Polly came to a stop. Her rider flung himself from the saddle. The mare stood motionless while my soldier husband gathered me into his arms.

"Lu!" he cried brokenly, while I could only reply, "John!" THE END



"Is this the right road to Bronxville?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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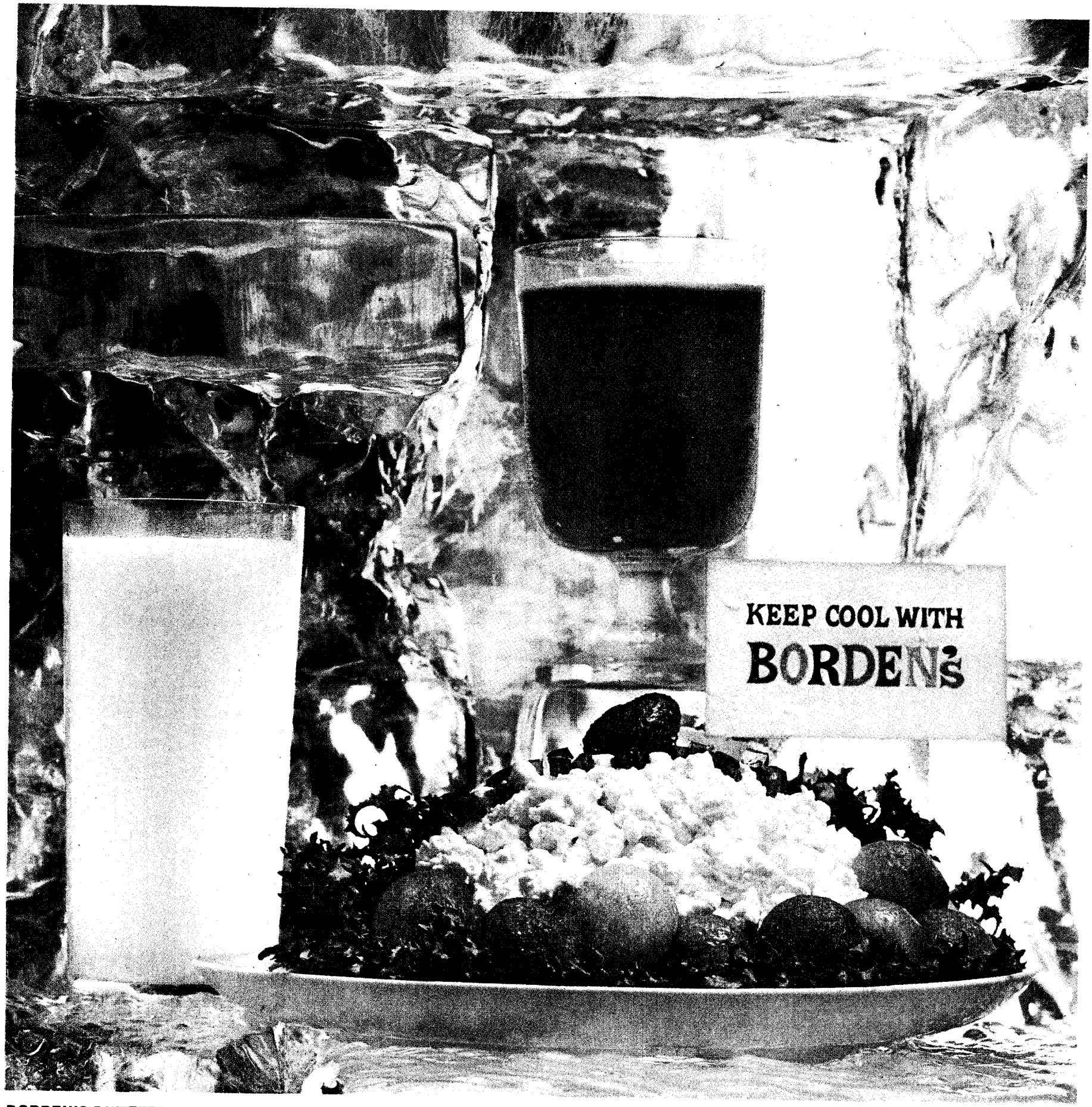

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Reluctant Hero (Continued from Page 31)

"Where's the company C.P.?" I asked when I got my breath. Things had quieted down except for sporadic firing off to the left. It still rained. "I'm looking for Captain McNamara."

"He ought to be back down the road a ways," the first speaker said. "How's for helping Jake tie his leg up, colonel? Wiley, you keep an eye on things. I'm going to have a look out front."

"You're crazy, kid!" a hoarse voice protested. "Go out there and you're dead. Them boondocks are crawlin' with Japs!"

"I'll be back," the other said easily.

He checked his Tommy gun and went, the jungle and the rain swallowing him. I didn't know it then, but he was also carrying a Filipino bolo—a wicked, razor-edged chopper he'd salvaged from somewhere. I located Jake by his swearing; he was propped up in the bottom of the hole. An enemy grenade had hashed up his knee. We bandaged it the best we could, working by feel in the dark.

"It's too damn quiet," Wiley said uneasily. "I don't like it. I wish to hell Tom would get back."

Tom was the one who'd left, I guessed. I wondered if maybe Tom had decided that things were no good up here and had taken a powder while he had the chance. I didn't like the idea.

"Who's Tom?" I asked.

"Him?" Jake grunted. "Tom Minor."

"Is he a noncom? In command here?"

"Naw," Wiley said on my right. "He ain't a noncom. He ain't nothing but a dogface like us. Hell, he's just a kid."

I didn't inquire further because that banzai scream was beginning to fill the night again. It's a sound that lifts the hair up along your spine, and it was coming right at us. I thought, *Well, this is it.* Jake grunted as he pulled the pin from a grenade; Wiley's BAR began its methodical whump-whump-whump beside me, and I opened up with my carbine. *I'd do about as well throwing rocks,* I decided, as squat figures began to take shape through the rain.

Japanese—you could smell them! Their screams were in our ears, and their bayonets were darned near in our bellies when a wicked burst of Tommy-gun fire ripped in from the flank, and the leading Japanese went down. More of them kept coming. They went down too.

"Tom!" Wiley yelled. "Good boy! Pour it into 'em!"

I didn't have time to be ashamed of what I'd thought about Tom earlier; I did decide that if we got out of this I'd see to it that Tom started wearing chevrons. I hadn't even seen his face, but he looked like a lot of soldier to me. Then I stopped thinking, because my carbine jammed, and a Japanese was coming for me with his bayonet. He'd have skewered me like a pig if Tom Minor hadn't suddenly showed up. He split the Jap's head with a swing of that bolo.

Well, we did get out of it. As the night began to gray, a grimy-faced sergeant brought up a couple of squads to reinforce us. After it got light we counted thirty-one dead Japanese on the Capoocan Road. I looked around for Minor, but he was gone again.

"He's up ahead scoutin' for Japs," Wiley explained to me. "That guy's a regular one-man army."

I didn't have a chance to do anything about Tom's promotion right away, because it was right after that when we went into the fight for Breakneck Ridge. That was a bad one, and we took it on the chin good. Finally it was over, and they pulled us back into the Leyte Valley to rest and refit. I remembered Tom Minor and sent for Pat McNamara, who was Tom's company commander.

"Have you a soldier named Minor in the company, Pat?" I asked, almost afraid to hear the answer for fear I'd find the kid was dead. His kind usually doesn't last long. "Private Tom Minor?"

"Tom?" Pat said. "Sure, I got him, Colonel. Why?"

I told Pat about that night on the Capoocan Road. "He's a born leader, Pat," I said. "I don't mean to interfere with your business, but I think that man should be a sergeant."

"So do I," Pat grunted. "I've sent his name in a dozen times. Regiment's turned thumbs down on it each time."

"For Pete's sake, why?"

"You ought to see his record, sir," Pat said. "It's a real doozy. A dozen A.W.O.L.'s back in the States. Insubordination, losing Government property, goldbricking, shirking important duty—just about every crime in the book except high treason."

"That's screwy," I said. "I'll have a look for myself."

I got the record from the personnel people. Pat had been right—it was a doozy. I noticed one thing, though. Tom Minor had joined the regiment as a replacement at Hollandia in New Guinea, where we'd staged for the Leyte show. During the time he'd been with us, no new entries had been added to his crime sheet.

I had Tom report to me that afternoon and got my first good look at him. I liked what I saw. His fatigues were scrubbed and his boots were clean. He had the alert, confident air of a man who took pride in himself and in his outfit. The only nonregulation thing about him was the bolo slung at his hip, and that was an item I could darned well afford to overlook, considering everything.

The record in my hand said that Pvt. Thomas P. Minor was twenty-four years old, stood five-feet-eleven, weighed one hundred and sixty pounds and had sandy hair and gray eyes. The age was the only part of the description that didn't fit, I thought as I looked at Tom. There was a certain maturity in his face and a sort of wariness behind his eyes, but I would have bet a month's pay that he hadn't yet seen his twentieth birthday—let alone his twenty-fourth.

Another thing bothered me. I could find nothing in his appearance or manner that bore out that impressive delinquency sheet in his record. Actually I had the feeling that I had known this boy somewhere before, but couldn't put my finger on the where and when.

"Hello, Tom," I said. "Sit down."

He said, "Yes, sir," and sat, looking back at me composedly, though I saw his eyes flick to that record in front of me.

"I've been going over your record," I said. "You managed to get into a good bit of trouble during your first nine months in the Army, it seems. Want to tell me about it?"

He thought that over for a moment. "No, sir," he said then. "I guess the record's true. I did some pretty stupid things back in the States. I think I've sort of settled down now."

I wasn't satisfied, but I knew that was all I was going to get—for the time being, at least. "All right," I said. "We'll forget the record. You've demonstrated that you're a fine combat soldier and that you've got outstanding leadership qualities. I'm going to see to it that you're promoted to sergeant, Tom."

I saw that I'd really got through to him then, because his face lighted up, the boyishness showing through. "Thanks, colonel," he said. "My fa—I mean, I'd sure be proud of that."

"Also," I went on, "I'm recommending you for the Silver Star for what you did that night on the Capoocan Road, Tom."

I thought that would please him even more, but I was wrong. There was a change in his voice as he said, "Sir, I hope the colonel won't do that. It—well, it'd be a favor to me if he didn't."

"Why not?" I asked. "You earned it, for Pete's sake!"

"I'd just rather the colonel didn't, sir."

I dismissed him and sat there trying to figure that one out, but I had no luck. I thought of how he'd addressed me in the third person when he'd been upset. That was an old-army custom pretty much neglected in the new army we'd put together with the draft. I felt that ought to mean something to me, but it didn't. Finally I decided that the whole thing was screwy and forgot about it.

Tom was promoted to sergeant, and I sent the Silver Star recommendation in just the same. I heard nothing further on that, but I knew that those things take time. We finished up on Leyte, and the division got a short rest as 1944 ended. Then the island-hopping began—Mindoro, Lubang, Luzon, Corregidor. Early in April the rumor spread that we were going south to Mindanao. I was promoted to bird colonel, going to another regiment, and I lost track of Tom. I'd think of the boy occasionally.

When I finally did run into him again, he'd been promoted to second lieutenant. It had been a battlefield promotion, and you can bet that it tickled me mightily. It had happened at a place called Pangar, during the fight across Mindanao, I learned.

Tom's platoon leader got killed in a nasty little fight for a stream crossing, and Tom took over. He worked a couple of squads through the abacá—that's Manila hemp and pure, unadulterated hell to fight through—and he came down on the Japanese flank. His detachment was outnumbered two or three to one, but it had the advantage of surprise. It had a bigger advantage, and that was Tom Minor.

He took them in hard—savagely hard. He was in the lead swinging that wicked bolo. Tom's platoon had a high esteem for that weapon. When the thing was done some forty-odd Nips had died for the emperor, and the platoon had the stream crossing. It happened that the division commander saw the last part of the fight.

"Who's that baby-faced soldier swinging that chopper?" the general growled—the Old Man was a rough egg.

"Sergeant Minor," somebody said.

"Sergeant hell!" the Old Man snorted. "As of now he's Lieutenant Minor, and the regulations and the War Department can stew in their own corruption if they don't like it!"

Well, we crossed the island from Parang on the Moro Gulf—going by way of the National Highway—and, by Harry, we went at a gallop! We came into Davao on the island's far side, by the back door. I won't bore you with the details of that fight—it was the same old deal we'd known since Hollandia in New Guinea. You dug the Japanese out, one by one, and you killed them, because there was no other way.

I got a bullet through my hip that immobilized me temporarily, so the Old Man attached me to the division staff as a sort of higher-numbered cannoneer. I got the odd jobs that nobody else wanted. That was how I ran into J. Wesley Ormund.

The Old Man called me in. "Hobey," he said, "the high brass in Manila have wished off a VIP on us. His name is Ormund, and he's a hot-shot war correspondent with very important connections. We're to show him every courtesy, it says here. I'm turning him over to you as of when he arrives at the airstrip this afternoon."

I stuck my neck out. "Sir," I asked, "would he be the same Ormund who wrote that Lugan story about the brutal American soldiery?"

"He would," the Old Man growled. "What about it?"

"A friend of mine was crucified because of the half-truths in that story," I said. "I might as well tell you—I'm liable to drown this Ormund in the first deep creek we come to."

"Don't bother me with details," the Old Man said—he hadn't liked that story either. "Ormund's your baby. By the way, you're the one who recommended Minor for the Silver Star, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"The recommendation's been approved. I'll present the medal here this evening. Thought you might want to come."

I was pleased. "I'll be there, sir," I said.

"What's this? Ego booster, forty dollars!"

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That afternoon I picked J. Wesley Ormund up at the division airstrip, brought him to the C.P. and got him all cozy in a native shack we used for visiting firemen. As a person, he didn't seem to be quite the skunk I'd expected him to be. He was about my own age, slightly built, and he had a sharp, intelligent face that went with brown eyes and graying hair.

"I can buy you a drink," I told him, "if you don't mind native hooch and grapefruit juice and no ice."

He took a bottle of Kentucky bourbon out of his musette bag. "Forget the native hooch," he said, and if he was trying to butter me up, he'd picked a sneaky way, because even the chlorinated water couldn't kill the taste of that bourbon. It was heavenly.

But even the bourbon didn't keep me from asking the question I meant to ask. "What kind of a story are you after, Ormund? Another spectacular like you wrote at Lugan?"

Ormund's face didn't change its aloof, faintly sardonic expression. "What about the Lugan story?" he asked.

"It was full of distortions and half-truths," I said, hanging onto my temper. "It ruined the career of a fine officer who was guilty of nothing except doing the things that had to be done."

"The careers of officers don't interest me, Dunn," Ormund told me, his voice indifferent. "When I find a story, I write it. If somebody gets hurt in the process, it's just too bad."

"Thanks for the drink," I said. "We may as well understand each other. You're in my charge while you're with this outfit, and I'll tell you now that there will be no Lugan stories written here."

"Manila might have some ideas on that," he said.

I didn't have any good answer, so I let it go. However, I took him with me that evening to see Tom Minor get his Silver Star. That was a story I'd be glad to have him write, and I filled him in on the details of what had happened on the Capoocan Road. If any of the story interested him, he managed not to show it.

The staff was gathered in the map room when we reached the C.P. Tom was standing with Pete Johns, one of the Old Man's aides, and his face had a strained and worried look, I thought. Somebody called, "Attention!" and the Old Man came in. Pete and Tom Minor stepped forward, and Pete began to read the citation.

" . . . for conspicuous gallantry in action at Capoocan. . . ."

He finished and opened a flat box and held it out to the general. The Old Man lifted out the decoration—a silver star superimposed on a bronze one and hung from a striped ribbon. I glanced at Tom again and was shocked at the misery I saw in his eyes.

Good Lord, I thought, *he's going to refuse it.*

I was right. The Old Man was turning to him when Tom said, "I'm sorry, sir. I can't accept that decoration."

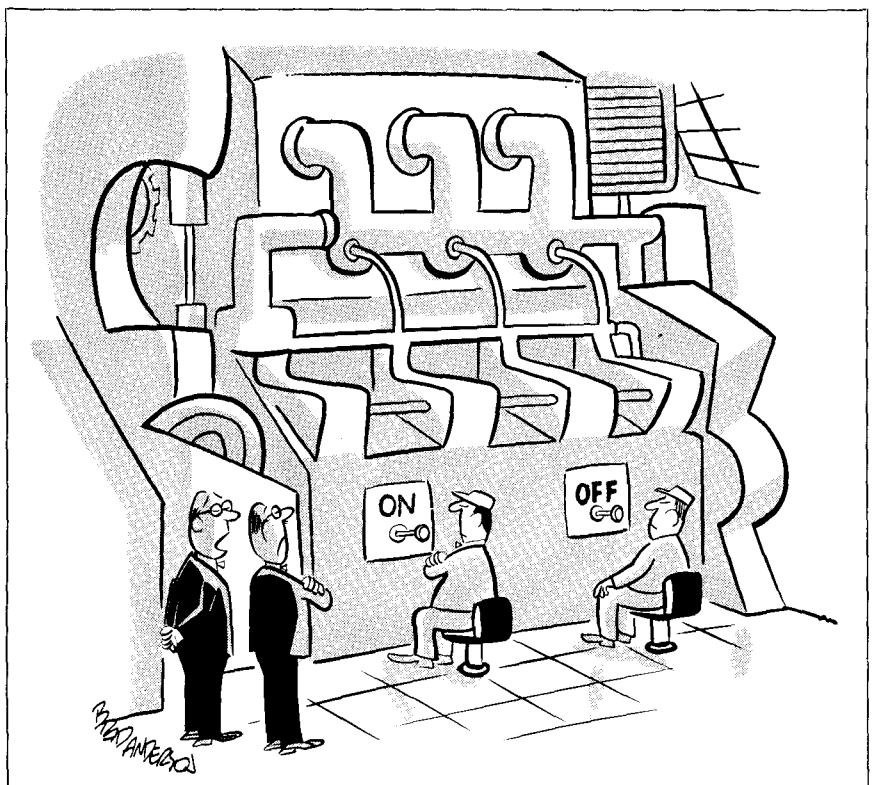
It was one of the few times I ever saw the Old Man surprised. He's got a temper like a bull walrus, and his neck began getting red so that I expected him to explode. He didn't.

"Why not, lieutenant?" he asked quietly instead.

"I can't explain, sir," Tom said. He stood ramrod-straight, and he didn't look like a kid now. "But I just can't take the medal."

The Old Man looked at him from beneath his bushy eyebrows for a moment longer. Then he said, "Very well. That's all."

Ormund had lost some of his detached aloofness as I took him back to the guest shack. "A man accepting a medal is no



"I've been thinking, maybe we've carried specialization too far."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

story," he said, clipping his words. "There's a story when a man turns down a medal, Dunn. I want to talk to that lieutenant—now!"

"You can talk to him tomorrow," I said, making my words as blunt as I knew how. "He's got other things on his mind tonight."

I left him and found Tom where I expected he would be—about to shove off up the Dalogan valley to where Love Company was fighting to clean the last of the Japanese off Baker mountain. The moon had come up as I beckoned Tom to one side.

"Tom," I said, "you'd better tell me about it now."

I thought that he was going to refuse, because his face turned hard for a moment. It eased again, and some of the kid showed through. Suddenly I knew why I thought I'd seen him somewhere before.

"I guess I better had, sir," he said quietly.

It was a mixed-up story. Tom's family had always been army—Regular Army—and he'd grown up with the certain knowledge that one day he would be army too. It was something that had to be—something made up of the clean notes of *Retreat* rising in the sunset, or the cadenced thud of boots as the lines passed in review, or the sound of *Taps* singing a soldier's lullaby as the barracks lights went out.

He was seventeen when Pearl Harbor came. He couldn't wait to go. His father had understood; finally he had given Tom permission to enlist. Tom's mother had violently disapproved.

"I got along swell at the training center, sir," Tom told me. "But then they transferred me to the artillery and sent me to a Coast-defense fort in Virginia—I might as well have stayed a civilian for all the good I was doing. Cutting grass and stuff like that. I took it as long as I could, and then I guess I sort of blew my top. I beat up a couple of guys and smashed some furniture and threw a chair out of a barracks window. They sent me to the hospital for observation. I was emotionally unstable, the doctors said."

Tom's father was in North Africa by then, and his mother took over. She flew out to where Tom was, got hold of a medico who was an old family friend and, when the smoke cleared away, Tom was out of the Army with a medical discharge and a "psycho" tag hung on him. He didn't blame his mother. She probably hadn't meant it to happen that way, but she'd sure ended any army career for Tom.

He tried desperately to get back in, but the Army would have none of him. The regulations of the Medical Department are as immutable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians. To the Army, Tom was a "psycho," and nothing was going to change it.

"I wrote dad finally," Tom said. "He had friends in the War Department, and they tried to help me get back in, but it was no good."

I guess the kid was going through pure hell. He'd disgraced his father and let his country down, in his book. He thought of trying to enlist under another name, but knew it wouldn't work. He'd be put through all of the regular processing again and, sooner or later, they'd find out who he really was. Then he'd be out of the Army again; he might even be in jail for fraudulent enlistment.

"I figured there was just one way, sir," Tom said. "That was to find somebody in the Army who wanted to get out. If he and I were to trade places it might work, because that way I wouldn't have to go through that processing at the reception center, you see."

"So you found Tom Minor," I said.

Tom nodded. "I ran into him outside a bar. He was a bum—it stuck out all over him—but I couldn't be too choosy. We were about the same build and all. Also he was at a replacement depot waiting to ship overseas, and that meant none of the noncoms or officers knew him. I gave him fifty bucks and took his uniform and checked in at the depot with his pass that night. Nobody paid any attention to me."

"All replacements are orphans," I said.

"I wrote mom that I'd signed up with the merchant marine," Tom said. "I told her I was going to sea and didn't know when I'd be back. I'd been through basic, so I didn't have any trouble when I joined the regiment. I figured even my bad record wouldn't hurt me if I soldiered hard. I guess you know the rest, sir."

"Yes," I said, "I know the rest, Tom. You're General Luke January's son, aren't you? I should have seen that before—I used to know your father at Fort Benning."

I saw pride flash into Tom's face—even out in the Pacific we knew of the fighting record that Luke January had hung up in Italy and Europe. Worry came back into Tom's eyes, however.

"About that newspaper fellow tonight, sir," he said. "He won't find out about me, will he? I sure wouldn't want him to write some sort of a story that might hurt dad."

"There'll be no story, Tom," I said.

But, after he was gone, I wasn't so sure. Also, I'd forgotten to ask him why he'd refused the medal. The next morning Ormund was in my hair. He demanded that I take him to Baker mountain where Love Company was fighting. I tried to stall.

"There's no story on the mountain," I said.

"I'll be the judge of that." Ormund's sharp face told me he'd found out that Tom was up there. "Either I go, or I radio Manila that you people refuse to co-operate with the press."

He had me, and he knew it. So I got a jeep, and we headed up the valley. There was a passable track as far as the forward artillery positions; after that we'd go the rest of the way on foot. It was about 1530 when we reached the last firing battery.

"We walk from here," I said. The battery exec came up as we unloaded. "Anything doing on the mountain?" I asked him.

"The boys are pushing," he said. "They've got as far as the big saddle. Still plenty of Japs in front of them, though."

We started out. The day was hot and the air muggy—as though you were breathing warm tea. Japanese dead were unburied along the trail, and they stank of decomposition. Presently we crossed a stream, the water milky as it rushed out of the hills, and we rested there. Ormund sat in the water and splashed the lukewarm stuff over his chest and head.

"I want a promise from you," I said.

"You can ask it," he told me heavily.

I'd been mulling the thing over all the way up the valley and decided this was my best bet. So I repeated what Tom had said last night. Even Ormund should be able to see that he must lay off the boy. My gamble lost, because Ormund's face got sharper.

"So that's the way it is," I ended. "No story."

"There'll be a story when I get through with it," Ormund said. My words had meant nothing. "Luke January's kid hiding in the Army under a phony name? You're damned right there'll be a story!"

I came close to shooting him where he sat. I shouldn't have taken him any farther, but I did. Maybe I was hoping that a Japanese sniper would get him—it had happened before. It was late afternoon when we heard an irregular spatter of firing ahead and came to Love Company's C.P. Tom Minor had the third platoon, Pat McNamara told me. They were working along the ridge toward the peak of Baker.

"Many Japs still up there?" I asked.

"Enough." Pat shrugged. "Three-four hundred, maybe."

"If they're treed, they're liable to pull a banzai on you."

"I wouldn't bet against it," McNamara agreed.

We went on. The ridge was thorny with scrub and broken by steep outcrops, but presently it began to flatten into a shallow saddle. The third platoon was there, going into a perimeter for the night while there was still a little daylight left. Tom, dirt and sweat streaking his face,

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was checking in with McNamara over the radio.

"Metthaus and Oliver bought it this afternoon," he was saying. "Four others wounded. Otherwise we're in fair shape. We'll tie in with the second platoon for the night, skipper."

He checked out, put the handset down, looked at me absently and then looked past me to Ormund. I was about to speak when Ormund took the play out of my hands.

"Hello, January," he said, pushing past me. "I'm Ormund," and he named the syndicate he worked for. "I want to know why you refused that decoration last night—the decoration for Tom Minor."

God knows what could have happened, because I saw murder jump into Tom's eyes. He was fingering the bolo at his hip when a burst of fire came from the far side of the saddle fifty yards away. A man's voice carried hoarsely to where we were.

"Look out! Here they come, Toomey! Get that damn BAR goin'—it's another lousy banzai!"

Small need for that last. The evening was already hideous with the screams of crazed Japanese. The familiar prickle ran along my spine as I grabbed my carbine and followed Tom, racing through the scrub. Ahead of us the saddle exploded with fire; the Japanese had picked their time well, for the perimeter foxholes were not yet dug. The platoon fought in the open. I knelt to fire. In the fading light, squat men ran at us, mouths open as they screeched.

I thought, *Hell must be like this.*

There's no way to describe a banzai charge. It's as wicked as a Doré picture of the Inferno. It is confusion and shouting and garments dipped in blood. Around me a dozen fights went on, men stabbing and gouging and swinging gun butts. A soldier hammered an enemy's brains out with a rock only an instant before his own head was split by a samurai sword. And through it all I was aware of Tom.

He was where it was thickest, his bolo chopping a red swath as his voice lifted above the howl of the fight. "Cut 'em down! Let's go! Come on, let's go!"

It was a terrible battle cry that rang through the gloom as Tom seemed to stand ten feet tall.

"Ah," Ormund said beside me. He was fighting—fighting well. "I wouldn't have missed this. That kid—my Lord, he's wonderful! Magnificent! What a story! *What* a story!"

Then suddenly it was over, and the Japanese were pulling back onto the mountain, our bullets following them. Tom was still on his feet, face bleeding and shirt in rags. *Thank God,* I thought, *he's still O.K.*, but my thanksgiving was too soon. A Japanese rifle cracked sharply from the slope ahead, and Tom stumbled backward and fell.

The platoon, what was left of it, saw that and went crazy. Not yelling crazy as the Japanese had been—killing crazy, tight-lipped, silent and grim. As one man it went onto the mountain; when it returned, it had left nothing alive in its wake. I called for an aid man, and he came, bringing litter bearers with him. Vaguely I knew that Ormund was at my shoulder once more.

"Well, you got your story," I said savagely.

Tom had been shot through the body, but he was still conscious. The aid man straightened up, and I saw relief in his face. "His chance ain't too bad, colonel," he said to me. "We'll get him back to the aid station. All right, you guys."

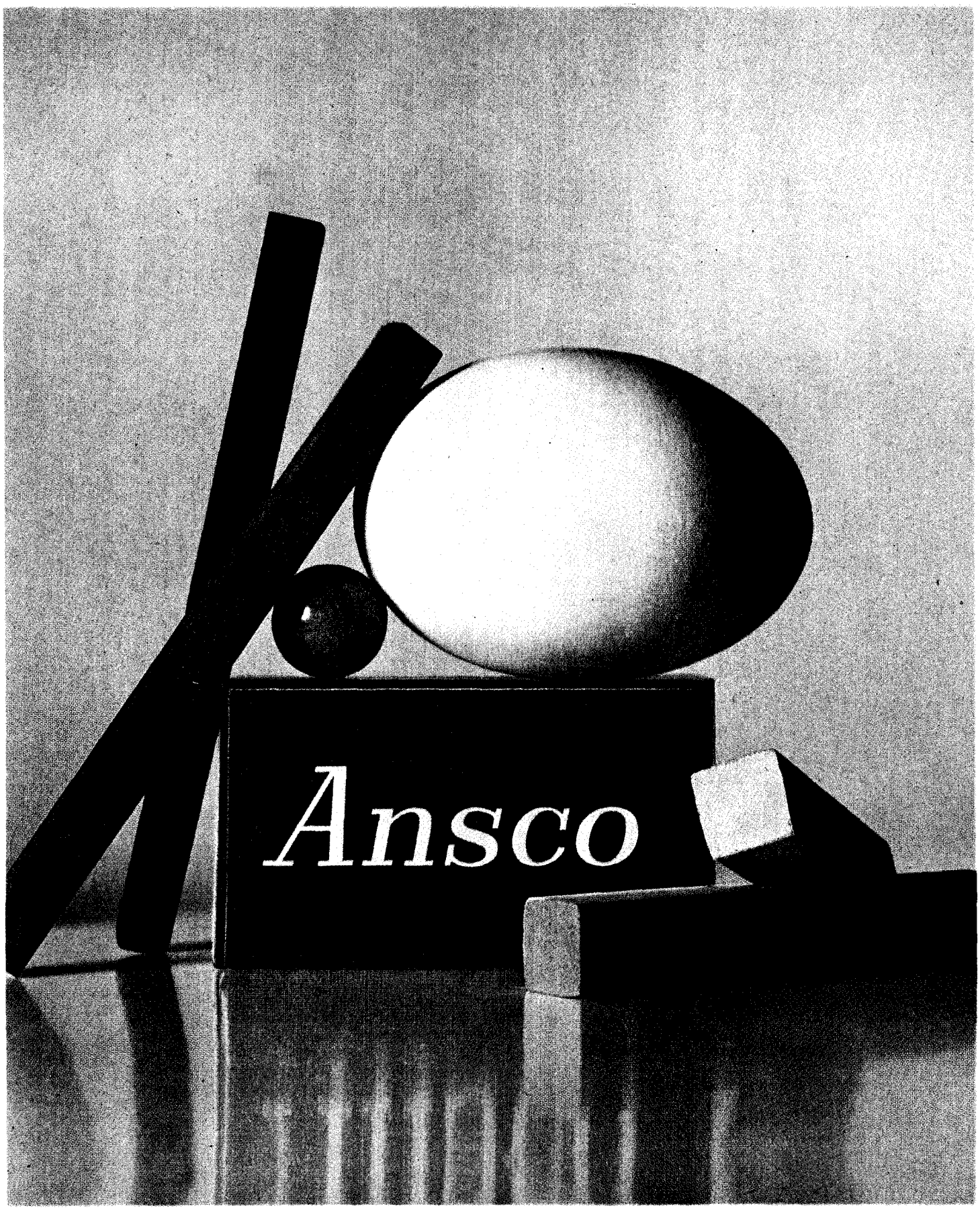
Now Ormund dropped on one knee to put a hand on Tom's shoulder. "Get back soon, son," he said, and for a hard-boiled newsman his voice was pretty husky. "People like you can't be spared. Why did you refuse that decoration—will you tell me?"

Pain—not from the bullet—showed in Tom's face. "Minor was a bum, sir," he whispered. "It would have dirtied the decoration—I just couldn't take it in his name."

"I understand," Ormund said very softly. "Sometimes the press has the power to do things that others can't. It will do one thing, I promise you. It will see that Luke January's son has the right to wear his own name from now on—and the medal that goes with it. Keep remembering that, Tom."

Tom's smile came briefly, the boyishness showing through. "Thanks, sir," he said. "Dad and I would sure like that."

We watched the litter bearers go down the ridge. Then Ormund turned back to me. "You were wrong, Dunn," he said soberly. "There *was* a story on the mountain. You will like it when you read it." THE END



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YOU CAN HAVE BETTER PICTURES BUT FIRST THERE MUST BE ANSCO

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Doctors in the Desert (Continued from Page 15)

ancient wall, I saw tattered kids daily climb eighty-seven stone steps, carrying small patients astride their shoulders.

Many of these children had never had ;atment of any kind. For centuries Jordan has been a land of malnutrition and plague. Where once only the hardy survived, there was traditionally little effort to succor the juvenile halt and maimed. They were already doomed to lose the struggle. Nothing could be done. A deformed child represented the Will of Allah or was the result of a curse laid upon the family. The parents were ashamed. Nevertheless, when the news of our mission spread among the peasants, a new light of hope was kindled, and armies of the ailing collected wherever we went.

These were heartbreaking sights to which my colleagues and I never became hardened. Humble, uncomplaining people expected miracles we could not provide. I remember a touching story told me by Dr. Samuel Moore of Oklahoma City. Doctor Moore's car was stopped by traffic in a Jerusalem street; a tall Bedouin in desert robes approached, held up his young son. The child was blind. "Tell 'm," said Moore to his Arab driver, nat I'm not an eye specialist. He should go to a hospital."

"All he wants you to do," said the driver, "is to hold the boy a moment. He thinks it might do some good." Doctor Moore held the child gently until the traffic jam dissolved. The Bedouin bowed his thanks.

It quickly became obvious to me that no matter how long any of us stood at the operating table we could make only a small chink in the tremendous backlog of surgical work. We would do all the surgery we could, but our main job must be to teach our orthopedics to Jordanian physicians so they might increasingly take over the load. On the advice of Dr. Jamil Tutunji, minister of health and social welfare, I set up a program of day-to-day visits to hospitals all over the country. Here was the weekly schedule: Monday, Augusta Victoria hospital in Jerusalem; Tuesday, Es Salt; Wednesday, Jericho; Thursday, Amman, Jordan's capital, here there are three hospitals; Friday, afford Memorial Hospital in Jerusa- em. After my time, Bethlehem and Nablus, near the Israeli border, became additional points of call for doctors who took my place.

My days upcountry usually started at six A.M., so my UN driver could get us through the oppressiveness and bake-oven heat of the Dead Sea valley before the sun was high. Noontime temperatures there often reach 120 degrees. The sleek sixty-mile highway between Jerusalem and Amman is a motorist's delight, an American Point Four project. But most of Jordan's back roads are not like that at all. They are dusty, rocky, full of hairpin turns and notional drivers.

My experiences with Jordanian doctors—once we had our program under way—were amiable and satisfactory. All were educated in other countries—Jor- an has no medical school—and most of em came from the nation's upper class. hey were graduates of Cairo University, the excellent American University of Beirut and several European universities; a considerable number had taken postgraduate work—although not in the orthopedic field—in Baltimore, Boston and New York. I arranged for local physicians to screen and select all patients to be examined by OLCOP doctors, and on regular schedules.

Our practice was by no means limited to the residents of the refugee camps. My diary tells me that on a September morning at Amman I operated on two cabinet ministers' children. One was Hashein Jayyousi, daughter of the minister of finance; the other was Hazza Majali, twelve-year-old son of the prime minister. Both were postpolio victims, and I did bone drillings and tendon transplants to correct crippled feet. I did not meet prime minister Majali, who was then attending an Arab League Council in North Africa. When I returned to Amman next day to examine my patients I discovered they had been moved to another hospital where they were guarded by soldiers of the crack Arab Legion. At the time this seemed to me excessive caution. A year later, when the prime minister was killed in his office by a bomb, I changed my mind.

There are three types of hospitals in Jordan: government hospitals, UNRWA hospitals and those supported by missionary church groups or charitable organizations. They have problems almost unknown in the United States: chronic shortages of supplies of all sorts, shortages of trained nurses and attendants, and—because of the scarcity of water in a desert land—difficulties with asepsis. I remember my surprise the first time I went to Augusta Victoria, a 200-bed hospital and Jerusalem's largest. I had planned to begin surgery just after noon, but there was no water whatever. It was not until three P.M. that water arrived by truck and I could begin. Sometime later OLCOP had to abandon its visits to an outlying hospital for several weeks because wells there had gone dry. The operating room couldn't be kept clean.

Yet these institutions do exceedingly well with what they have. In subsequent months some $50,000 worth of orthopedic equipment, generously contributed by American medical firms and transported to Jerusalem by MEDICO and UNRWA, began to come in. But at the start our doctors had to use the tools at hand and improvise. Any surgeon worth his salt can improvise. Dr. John R. Walker of Waterloo, Iowa, needing a mallet during bone excision, commandeered one from a furnace room. It had been used to break coal, but it did the trick. When Dr. Francis Costello of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, could find no "walking heels" for use in foot casts, he made his own out of old automobile tires.

Plaster casts, crutches, steel and leather braces are often postoperative necessities in correcting deformities. Perhaps my greatest surprise was to discover that crutches for children were literally not to be found in Jordan. When I stopped in London on my way to the Middle East, a kindly elderly lady had given me twenty pounds to aid refugees in any way I saw fit. She thereby made possible the first dozen pairs of decent crutches ever made in old Jerusalem. With the help of friends I found a refugee carpenter who earned a living by making crucifixes out of olive wood—olive trees still grow on The Mount of Olives—and selling them to tourists.

He had a lathe in his little shop. I drew a design of a pair of adjustable crutches and asked him whether he could turn them out. He thought he could—and he did. His workmanship was superb. He continued to make crutches for us for many months, but wood is both scarce and precious in Jordan and a price of five dollars or six dollars a pair was more than most of our patients could pay. And one-man production was, of course, limited. Recently through MEDICO 1000 pairs of adjustable crutches have arrived in Jordan and our problem is practically solved.

Additional detective work by loyal allies turned up the only brace maker in the nation. He was a refugee from Jaffa who had learned his artisan's trade in Cairo. He was, if memory serves, not an Arab at all, but a Coptic or Egyptian Christian. UNRWA set him up, at my request, in his own workroom at the Augusta Victoria. But his hand workmanship could produce only five or six sets of braces a week. With the financial assistance of the Lutheran World Relief, Inc., secondhand braces are now being shipped to Jordan in adequate supply.

When OLCOP alumni get together nowadays, there is always one point of agreement—the scourge of the Middle East is "The Bonesetter." Apparently his profession goes back into the mists of history and sometimes is handed down from father to son. In cities he is often a butcher by trade. After business hours his patients come to the stable yard to have their ailments treated. Barbers and undertakers also ply this medicine-man trade.

The bonesetter frequently treats general illness with searing irons. Many of the patients we examined had "therapeutic burns" all over their bodies. What appalled us most was the treatment of fractures. I invite anyone enthusiastic about the virtues of folk medicine to look at the X rays we took. Volkman's contracture is rarely seen in the United States; it results in a hand stiffened like a claw, the useless end of a useless arm. We saw dozens of cases in Jordan. The bonesetters are responsible.

Here is their method of treatment. Strips of cloth are soaked in egg yolk and olive oil and wrapped around a fractured or dislocated elbow. Then hot oil is poured over the bandage which assumes, as it chills, the consistency of concrete. What happens? (1) The constrictive bandage cuts down the blood supply needed for the healing process. (2) The heat causes harmful edema. (3) This causes contraction. The immobilized arm and hand eventually emerge from the impromptu cast permanently crooked and crippled. The X-ray pictures we took revealed jigsaw puzzles of anatomy never seen in a textbook and surgical problems almost impossible to solve.

This public and traditional mayhem continues to be tolerated in Jordan, although officially frowned upon—and bonesetters, like quacks everywhere, achieve redoubtable word-of-mouth reputations. Ahmed, a waiter at our hotel, repeatedly boasted to OLCOP doctors about the magic of his own medicine man, to whom he had gone, he said, with a broken foot. Shortly after, Ahmed was advised to consult a medical doctor, and the foot was X-rayed. "The bonesetter," said the waiter excitedly, "cured the foot in two days. The X ray didn't even show a sign of a fracture." The answer, of course, was simple. The foot was sprained; there never had been a fracture. But if Ahmed, certainly a man of the West in spirit, could be so gullible—what could we expect of the untutored *fellahin?*

About 140,000 refugees are quartered in the Nablus area. (There, also, live 300 red-hatted Samaritans, last survivors of an ancient sect.) One hot afternoon in a camp near Nablus I stopped in the shade and watched an artisan fashion an unglazed water jug over an old treadwheel. When I admired his handiwork, the potter, smiling, presented the jug to me. My daughter Jill inscribed on it, ORDER OF THE OLCOP COOL CUP, and it continues to occupy a place of honor in the Jerusalem headquarters. Eunice Hauser, wife of Dr. Charles U. Hauser of Hamilton, Ohio, later saw the Cool Cup as symbolic of our mission in Jordan, drew a design and called in silversmiths. The result was the little badge all of us now wear in our lapels.

The insignia soon came to be recognized in Jerusalem and Jericho, and my successors rarely entered the smallest shop without being asked to drink coffee and eat sweetmeats. And through the Arabic newspapers, word of our work spread to far places. Dr. Paul E. Dee of Rockford, Illinois, had one patient whose family had brought him 800 miles out of Egypt, much of the way by camel caravan. The man had been bedridden for years and was suffering from a severely ruptured spinal disc. Doctor Dee performed an operation known as a laminectomy, and ten days later the patient, with much kissing of hands and grateful tugging at garments, left the hospital. It was a remarkable recovery; he was completely without pain and walking under his own steam.

Orthopedics, however, is rarely short-term medicine. Correction of multiple deformities may require a series of operations performed over a long period of time. A stay of a month in Jordan did not permit any of us to follow up his own cases. Yet because of group understanding and co-operation OLCOP was able to achieve a remarkable continuity of effort. To illustrate I cite the quite ordinary story of Salweh Khalidi, a thirteen-year-old girl who had suffered from tuberculosis of the bone for four years; she could not walk because one knee was bent at a 90-degree angle. In February last year Dr. Paul Weygandt of Akron, Ohio, excised part of the bone and straightened the knee. Three weeks later Dr. Charles M. Swindler of Ogden, Utah, changed the cast and dressing. He also operated again, inserted two crisscrossed pins to strengthen and stiffen the knee against the pressure of walking. A month later Dr. William E. Knight of Fort Smith, Arkansas, did a third operation and removed the pins. Salweh had been our patient for ten weeks when Dr. William N. Harsha of Oklahoma City took her out of the cast and encouraged her to take her first steps.

A solid part of our contribution, my colleagues agree, has been the keeping of accurate records and case histories. No studies of crippling diseases had ever been made in Jordan. (*Continued on Page 59*)

Cistern Water

By Elizabeth Landeweer

When Grandma turns the
cistern crank
The pump chain gives a busy
clank
And, from the cavern of the
spout,
A gush of water tumbles out—
Rain water from her sloping
eaves
That smells of sunny maple
leaves,
And has a sparkling cider tint
And, sneaking sips, you catch a
hint,
Behind the taste of dipper tin,
Of autumn woods and
chinquapin,
Of melting snows, and April
showers,
And fragrance of last summer's
flowers.

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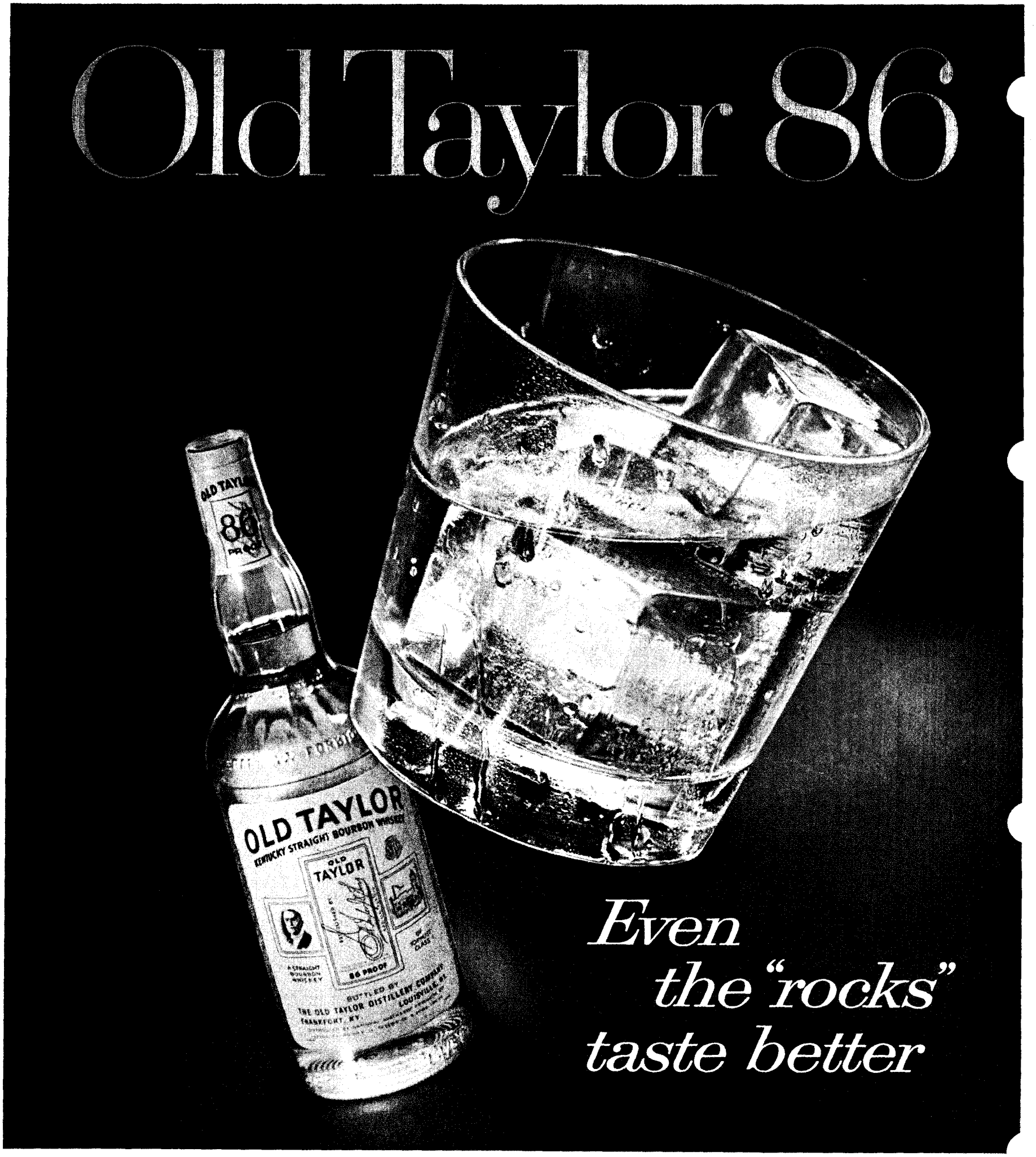
Old Taylor 86



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(*Continued from Page 57*) The files presented an onerous job because they had to be checked and rechecked. Consider the fact that identification in Jordan's hospital is by first name rather than surname—and that the first name of half of Jordan's males seems to be Muhammed! Long-suffering OLCOP wives took over most of the work.

Our record keeping was most important in the field of poliomyelitis. When we first came to the Near East we were assured by UNRWA and local health officials that there was virtually no polio in Jordan. There were various theories about this supposed immunity. Actually there was no immunity; existent polio simply had not been recognized or reported. This became evident when, at the end of our first year of service, Dr. Arthur A. Michele of Brooklyn and Dr. L. Stanley Sell of Idaho Falls, Idaho, converted our precious files into statistics.

Shortly afterward Doctor Michele made a formal address before the Jordan Medical Society. Here was his jolting news: Over one third of the orthopedic patients examined in twelve months' time were suffering from polio or the residuals of polio!

Polio now became a problem of state, and Doctor Michele sought an interview with young handsome King Hussein. The protocol route to the king was through Prime Minister Majali, and Doctor Michele made an appointment to see the prime minister in his Amman office at eleven A.M. Monday, August 29. Then he discovered that a heavy load of surgery in Jerusalem—surgery that could not wait—would prevent him from going to Amman. The appointment was canceled. Precisely at eleven A.M. on August twenty-ninth the prime minister was assassinated in his office. Eleven others died with him and eighty-five were injured.

But Doctor Michele subsequently had had an audience with the king. They spent an hour and a half together while Doctor Michele went over our statistics and the king asked questions. The type of polio we had seen was severe, resulting often in paralysis of the spine, legs and arms. If sufficient quantities of vaccine could be sent into Jordan, the king and Minister of Health Tutunji were willing to promise compulsory inoculation of all children under two years of age—an exciting experiment in public medicine.

That was months ago and, unhappily, only limited progress has been made. There are many calls upon world philanthropy, and funds to get vaccine to Jordan in great quantities have never become available. In recent months about 6000 units of Salk vaccine have been sent in—some the gift of OLCOP doctors. But 6000 units, says Dr. John B. Jarrott of Hutchinson, Kansas, chairman of the polio phase of our program, "is at best a drop in the bucket." Probably it would take 600,000 units to do the job.

The records of more than 3500 cases examined and diagnosed by the doctors of our group, and brought up to date by Dr. Frederick Gaenslen of Milwaukee, are now collected in the OLCOP files. As the months march by, the eager and adept Jordanian physicians who work with us take on more and more of the surgery. A frequent teaching performance is to do a standard operation and then to watch and advise an Arab colleague while he does a similar operation on his own responsibility. Results have been impressive, and the continuing enthusiasm for mastering orthopedic skills is truly gratifying. Most of us who have been in Jordan still write to our former associates there.

Dr. Yasir Amr is one of them. Doctor Amr is big, crew-cut, thirty-five years old, and supervisor of surgery at the government hospital at Amman. Like most educated Jordanians he speaks English. In 1957 he did postgraduate work at Harvard Medical School. Interviewed by an American reporter, along with our Dr. Martin E. Anderson Jr. of Denver, Amr said this of our mission: "The people in Jordan had never known what orthopedic surgery could do—so feared and mistrusted it. I remember once, before the Americans came, prescribing braces for a crippled boy. His mother refused. The first American doctor suggested the same thing but again she refused. Then the second doctor came and made the same recommendation. At last she agreed—and the treatment put the boy on his feet."

What was the average work load of an OLCOP doctor? That's difficult to answer. There was always plenty to do. Jordan is about the size of Indiana, and regular visits to its clinical outposts required a lot of driving. Dr. Robert P. Holt of Oklahoma City and Dr. Paul Spray of Oak Ridge, Tennessee, who succeeded me, worked about fourteen hours a day on the medical circuit, and I doubt there were many doctors who worked less.

A physician's daybook may provide enlightening detail. Dr. Port Johnson of Muskogee, Oklahoma, was in Jordan from October 6 to November 12, 1960. He performed sixty-nine operations—and on almost every type of ailment known to orthopedics, from congenital hip displacement (very widespread in the Middle East) to spinal fusion. He examined 635 patients, of whom 201 were seen for the first time. Slightly more than a third of these were refugees.

Co-operation between Jordanian and American doctors is exemplified by a case which Doctor Weygandt recalls. At Nablus he saw for several weeks in succession an eighteen-year-old girl who had been stricken with a bone malady at the age of five. As a result her jaw was fused; she had been unable to open her mouth for thirteen years and existed entirely on a liquid diet. Says Weygandt, "I explained to her father through interpreters that remedial surgery was difficult and might be followed by serious complications. At his insistence I had her transferred to a Jerusalem hospital. There I discovered that Dr. Sami Khoury, the king's own surgeon, had successfully done this type of operation, and he graciously took the case. Not too long after, I saw the girl at her Nablus clinic. Doctor Khoury had done a masterly job; her face was almost healed and she could open her mouth about an inch. For the first time since childhood she was able to chew her food."

No story about Jordan would be complete without mention of Mrs. Bertha Spafford Vester, who, at the age of eighty-two, operates in Jerusalem the Spafford Memorial Hospital for Children—named for her father, an American businessman and philanthropist—an Infant Welfare Center and an Out-Patient Clinic. This great lady has lived in Jerusalem for seventy-nine years, and her charitable activities are supported by many prominent Americans through the American Colony Aid Association. Mrs. Vester, though physically fragile, was a tower of strength to OLCOP.

Mrs. Vester also brought us one of our favorite patients, a fourteen-year-old boy named Khalil Hussein Abdallah. She found him at the Damascus gate, a professional beggar so badly deformed by polio that he pulled himself around on his heels and his callused and leathery bottom. His dislocated knees were permanently flexed in front of his chest, and his heels were only four inches from his buttocks. Khalil was bright-eyed, alert and willing to undergo any torture to be able to stand upright. A first operation proved of no avail, but Khalil was still game and hopeful. Dr. T. C. Harper of Reno, Nevada, and Dr. John Jarrott rose to the challenge. They found that the muscles of Khalil's thighs and legs were strong and both feet basically sound. They did two operations, working on one leg at a time. Here is Doctor Harper's own report of complicated and successful surgery:

> Muscles to the pelvis from the left thigh were first lengthened to their maximum length to permit as great a movement of the hip joint as possible. Then the left knee joint was completely excised and the leg bone and the thigh bone joined together so they were straight. Following this, the upper thigh bone at the hip joint was cut across and repositioned so the thigh and knee would be straight under the pelvis. Both of these procedures proved to be successful, and pictures taken since show the boy is now able to stand and walk. This reconstruction of a courageous crippled youngster gave Jarrott and me much pleasure.

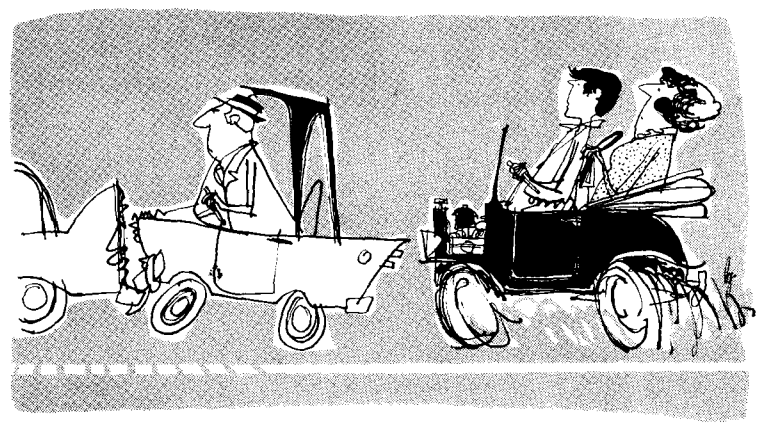
It has been almost two years since our independent venture began overseas. In addition to assisting the local physicians in diagnosis and operative technique, we hoped to encourage their further training in the United States. One Jordanian, Dr. Sami Sfeir, is now taking his training as an orthopedic fellow at the University of Oklahoma. OLCOP brought him over. We are hopeful that in the future fledgling orthopedists from American medical schools will be sent to Jordan to take part of their residency there.

OLCOP's close association with the American University in Beirut has been a satisfaction to us all along. Dr. Afif Nsouli, who trained at Presbyterian Hospital in New York, is head of orthopedics there. At his invitation our American doctors, on their way to Jordan and on their way home, have regularly stopped in Lebanon to lecture before Doctor Nsouli's eager medical students. We all agree it's been stimulating and worth while.

And most of us came home believing wholeheartedly in what Dwight Eisenhower once called the "people-to-people approach" in diplomacy. What had succeeded in Jordan can succeed in many places. We decided to tell our story in detail to the members of our own profession. Early last January we set up an exhibit of text and pictures at the convention of the American Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons, in Miami, Florida, and saw to it there was always some member of our loyal expeditionary force around to answer questions. One question was to be expected: How much would it cost to be a volunteer? We answered that we had spent from $2000 to $4000 each, depending upon side trips and whether we had taken wife and children along, and that we felt amply repaid in personal satisfaction and widened medical experience.

The results were heartening and astonishing. In a printed blank we asked interested doctors to specify a year and a month when they might be available for a foreign assignment and their areas of interest—Jordan, Saigon, South America, Afghanistan or Africa. Already sixty-four doctors have made firm commitments for service abroad. The Jordan mission will be maintained and our first new venture will be in Southeast Asia. Dr. Richard Dodge will open up shop in Saigon in October and we already have enough volunteers to staff that outpost until October, 1962. Latin America will probably come next.

We call our spreading enterprise Orthopedics Overseas. Most of us recall an adage of the East: "Better to light a candle than to curse the darkness." If OLCOP lighted the candle, we are modestly content. THE END



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Teen-age Sonny, driving mamma to work in his own car, got into a pile-up collision involving four cars ahead. Although he had ample warning, he failed to halt in time and banged into the fourth car. Mamma later sued the owners of all four vehicles.

"Sonny was under his mother's orders and control in driving his car," counsel for the other motorists argued. "Therefore she cannot collect damages, as she must share the blame for his accident with him."

"Ridiculous!" mamma snapped back through her lawyer. "My son was driving his own car. How could I, who don't even know how to drive, tell him how to run his car?"

If you were the judge, would you award damages to mamma?

• •

Mamma lost. The court stated, "Certainly a mother controls the driving of her minor son even in his own car." It said that fact allowed "his negligence to be imputed to her."

Based upon a 1960 Georgia decision

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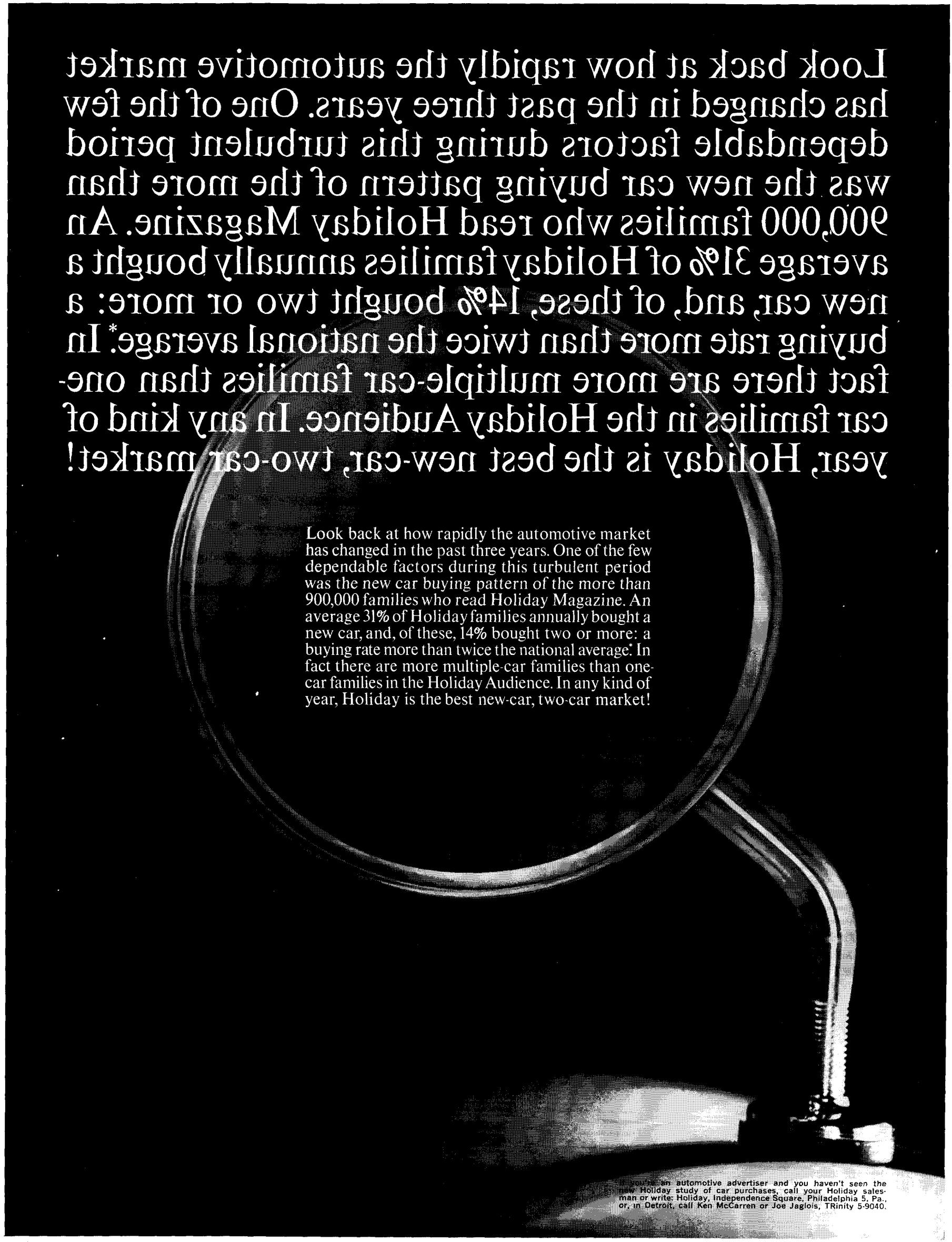
Look back at how rapidly the automotive market has changed in the past three years. One of the few dependable factors during this turbulent period was the new car buying pattern of the more than 900,000 families who read Holiday Magazine. An average 31% of Holiday families annually bought a new car, and, of these, 14% bought two or more: a buying rate more than twice the national average.* In fact there are more multiple-car families than one-car families in the Holiday Audience. In any kind of year, Holiday is the best new-car, two-car market!
If you're an automotive advertiser and you haven't seen the new Holiday study of car purchases, call your Holiday salesman or write: Holiday, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa., or, in Detroit, call Ken McCarren or Joe Jaglois, TRinity 5-9040.

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Passage to Danger (Continued from Page 36)

Scott, and he backed away two steps and dropped into a wicker chair. He felt dazed and shocked, knowing now that Pip had lived through two days of mute fear in the shadow of this impassive monster, that Pip had narrowly escaped drowning in the salt-water pool, only a playful shout away, while Scott had been absorbed in other problems. He said bitterly, "The kid trusted you, Bahama."

Bahama shook his head. "You got it wrong, Mr. Chapman. I swear I pulled Pip out as soon as I seen he lost his mouthpiece."

"You pulled him out when you saw me coming," Barbara said accusingly. She had one arm around Pip as the boy perched on the edge of the seat beside her, his face pale and set, his mouth open.

"Pip, you tell your daddy," Bahama said. "Didn't I pull you out and shake the water out of you? Wasn't that before the young lady come along? You tell him, Pip."

Pip drew away from Barbara, with an instinct to face this situation on his own that made Scott feel proud, and said, "But you said you'd throw me to the barracuda if I told about that money."

"I did for a fact," Bahama said in a singularly agreeable tone. "Yep, I tried to give you one big scare so you wouldn't tell nobody. You make me very sorry you broke your promise, Pip."

"Don't talk to Pip about broken promises," Scott said scathingly. "You bullied that promise out of him." His voice rose indignantly, "You stole fifty thousand pesos, you betrayed Pérez, you knifed Bart Leroy and you have the face to stand there and scold my kid for breaking a promise!"

"It wasn't me killed Mr. Leroy," Bahama said.

"Then why are you standing there with a gun in your hand?"

"Because I know I got no chance," Bahama said. "I got to get away. Who would believe old Bahama, that fat Conch? Not you, huh? Not the sheriff if I let you talk to him. You see, I got no choice." He lifted one hand suddenly and spun around, saying in a warning whisper, "Quiet, everybody. Somebody comes."

A voice called from the dock. "Anybody aboard?"

Bahama put one finger to his lips, and they all sat in silence. Scott glanced across at Barbara. She did not look frightened, but alert and composed, with color in her cheeks and her eyes wide and still showing anger. Pip had sat down again close beside her, in the protection of her arm, and he saw how firmly she held the boy, how she gave him a quick glance of reassurance. He managed a smile.

There was a thumping noise as someone came aboard, then the sound of footsteps moving aft. Bahama made a warning gesture with the gun, went noiselessly down the companionway and padded along the passage aft. A clattering noise was heard, and another thump, then Bahama's voice came back, clear and menacing, "What do you want here, Sam?"

The other voice said, "Nobody answered my hail, so I just stepped aboard to get some gear that belongs to me." There was a startled silence, then the voice said in a changed tone, "What the hell is this?"

"Quick now," Bahama said. "Come below."

Scott saw khaki-clad legs in the companion aft, then the bewildered face of Capt. Sam Edwards of the *Crown & Anchor* as he came forward to the deckhouse. Bahama followed, carrying a coil of half-inch line in one hand, the gun in the other. He motioned with the gun and said, "Sit down there, Sam."

Sam Edwards sat down heavily next to Carl Norwood and looked questioningly at Scott. "What goes on?"

"You tell me," Bahama said. "Why did you come spying?"

"I just came aboard to get a lifebelt out of the lazaret," Edwards said. "It belongs to the *Crown and Anchor*. Is that any reason to pull a gun on me? You gone crazy at last, fat boy?"

"Pip, you do something for me," Bahama said. "Go down to the galley and bring me up one of them kitchen knives."

The boy hesitated, and Scott asked sharply, "What do you want with a knife?"

"Just to cut some line, Mr. Chapman," Bahama said. "I won't hurt nobody."

"Better get it for him, son," Scott said.

Sam Edwards asked, "What the hell goes on?"

"Did you happen to know that Bart Leroy sent fifty thousand pesos into Cuba?" Scott said. "It was supposed to be on that plane that was shot down yesterday morning."

The captain's eyes narrowed. "Yeah? What about it?"

"It ended up in Bahama's hands," Scott said.

"O.K., I let you tell him," Bahama said in a tone of injury. "I killed a couple of guys, huh? How about your brother? Who got him home safe? Me—Bahama."

"I give you credit for that, at least," Scott said.

"Give him nothing," Sam Edwards said. "I know this fellow, Mr. Chapman. He's one mean citizen. I know him from way back."

The captain showed a sneering hostility even under the muzzle of Bahama's gun, his lip curling, his eyes dark and contemptuous. His big torso leaned foward a little, and his hands lay on his knees; his attitude reminded Scott of a cat about to spring.

"Get the knife, Pip," Bahama said and, as the boy went to the galley, he turned to Scott. "Now, Mr. Chapman, I'm gonna cut some pieces off this line and I want you to tie up the cap'n and Mr. Norwood—their hands behind their backs. O.K.?"

"What are you planning to do with us?" Scott asked. "Tie us up and leave us here?"

"Nope," Bahama said. "I take you with me. We all go for a boat ride."

He took the knife from Pip and backed away to the companionway leading to the bridge. He sat down, putting the gun on the step at his side, and began cutting a length of line from the coil.

"A boat ride where?" Carl Norwood asked.

Bahama did not answer, and Scott said, "Someplace he can spend that fifty thousand pesos. . . . Where, Bahama? Cuba?"

"Maybe Cuba," Bahama said.

"You'll be welcome over there," Scott said. "I guess they've got you marked down as a star spy and informer. They'll overlook a little matter of murder and give you the key to Havana, no doubt."

Bahama gave him a quick, scornful glance and said, "Maybe you better not talk so much, Mr. Chapman."

Scott gazed out at the driving rain, and a small, tight smile settled on his lips. There would not be enough gas for a run to Cuba, he was sure, after the trip to North Elbow Cay and back, and Bahama could not ease the boat down to the gas dock and take on fuel without inviting the suspicion of the dockmaster.

Bahama tossed a length of line to Scott and said, "The cap'n first. Tie his hands behind his back good and strong. I'll look it over when you're done."

Captain Edwards rose to his feet and, as he faced Bahama, he put his hands behind his back, but he held his wrists several inches apart and one hand wiggled a signal. Scott's reaction was slow; he did not understand. Bahama would examine the knots, he was thinking, and it would be useless to fake the bonds, but suddenly Edwards shot away from him and dived toward Bahama.

It was a brave and desperate act, but he had no chance. Bahama had been watching from the corners of his eyes as he cut the line, and the captain's rush was met by a big foot that caught him hard in the abdomen. At the same time, Bahama snatched up the gun and, as Edwards gasped and staggered back, Bahama was on his feet. He took a quick step forward and swung viciously with the barrel of the pistol at the head of the stooping captain. Edwards went down, and blood flowed from a gash on his scalp; he lay still.

"He's lucky I don't kill him," Bahama said and swept the deckhouse with fierce eyes. "If I have to shoot somebody, O.K., I shoot. . . . You hear me, Mr. Chapman?"

"I hear you," Scott said.

"O.K., tie Mr. Norwood up."

Carl got to his feet. He put his hands behind his back and glanced over his shoulder at Scott. His dark eyes had a shining intensity as he whispered, "Is he going to kill us all?"

Scott said sharply in his ear, "Lay off," and glanced at Pip and Barbara, but neither had heard. He finished tying Carl's hands and Bahama said, "Now you better take the cap'n to the forward cabin and lay him down on the bunk."

Scott knelt beside Sam Edwards. His eyes were open now, but looked dazed. Scott examined his scalp, spreading back the hair. Blood oozed from a cut less than half an inch across. A stitch or so and he would be all right, barring concussion. His eyes seemed to be clearing, and Scott patted his shoulder and said, "That took a lot of guts, captain."

"Take him forward," Bahama said.

Scott helped the captain to his feet. He was able to walk, but needed Scott's support as they went through the galley to the double stateroom forward. The captain sank down on the bunk and whispered, "I ain't hurt, Mr. Chapman. I faked it a little so he wouldn't tie me up too."

"I let you down," Scott said. "I didn't catch on what you were planning. If we had rushed him together, we might have made it."

"We'll get another chance—and we got to take it," Edwards said. "I know that character. He's mean clear through. I tell you, Mr. Chapman, if we don't kill him, he'll kill us all. He won't bat an eye. Once in rumrunning days him and another guy highjacked a rumrunner and killed the crew—three men. Shot 'em and dumped 'em overside."

"He claims he didn't kill Mr. Leroy," Scott said.

Edwards snorted. "He claimed he didn't highjack that rumrunner too."

A biting voice said behind Scott, "So you tried to fool me, Sam?" Bahama stood at the door of the stateroom. He tossed a length of line on the bunk. "O.K., tie him up, Mr. Chapman, and I mean tight."

Sam Edwards lay back on the bunk with a groan and turned on his side. Scott bound his hands and returned to the galley, obeying a nudge of the gun. He said quietly, "This is kidnaping, too, Bahama. This will mean the FBI."

"Maybe so, Mr. Chapman, but I got plenty troubles already. A little bit more makes no difference to me. By the time the FBI comes along, I'll be long gone from here."

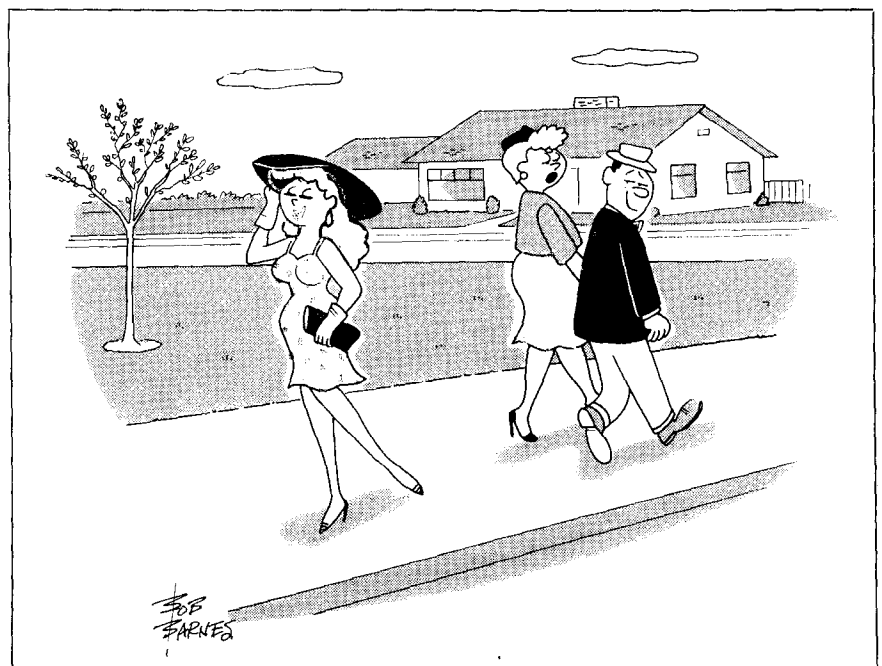
"Where are you taking us—to Cuba?"

"Pretty soon you'll find out," Bahama said.

As Scott went up to the deckhouse he saw that Carl Norwood was gone; Bahama had put him in one of the singles aft apparently. Barbara's anxious eyes met his, and he smiled, not to let her know how desperate this situation was. Bahama could not take them all into a Cuban port; there would be too many repercussions. He would have to sail in alone—scuttle the *Cormorant*, probably, and take to the dinghy—and return to his old haunts in Havana. He was cornered and dangerous and he had shown his way with witnesses—shooting down the crew of the rumrunner he had boarded back in prohibition days. He would have been only a kid then—a tough, mean kid.

"Up to the bridge, please, and we get under way," Bahama said. "I want you to take her out of here, Mr. Chapman. . . . Topside with you and Pip, too, Miss Barbara. I want you to sit there like little mice and don't make no sound."

On the bridge deck a rain flurry was beating on the canopy top, but the wind had slackened. Bahama said, "Start them engines, Mr. Chapman." He swung down to the cockpit and released the sternline, casting it free (*Continued on Page 65*)



"Well, did she pass her physical?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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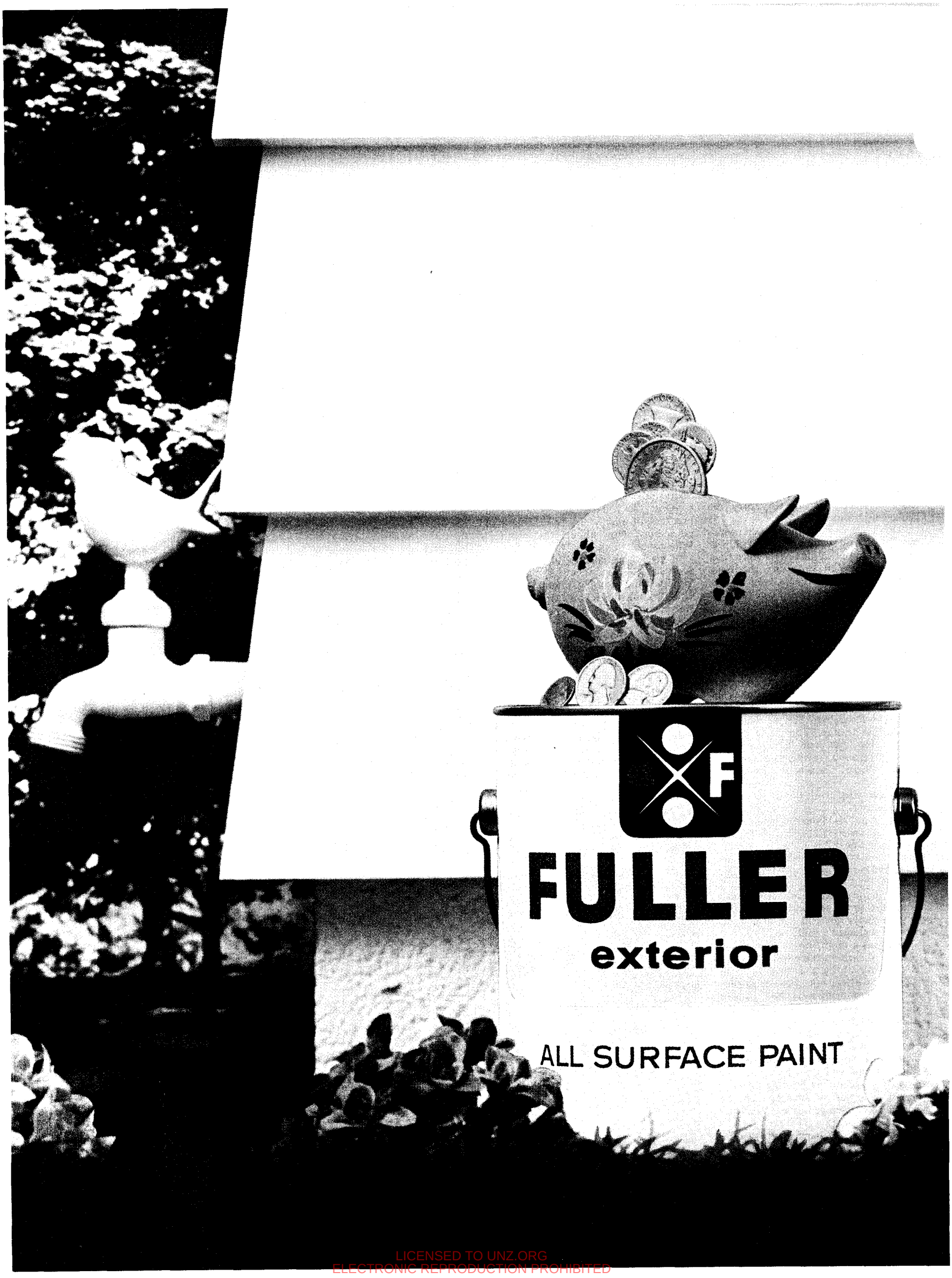

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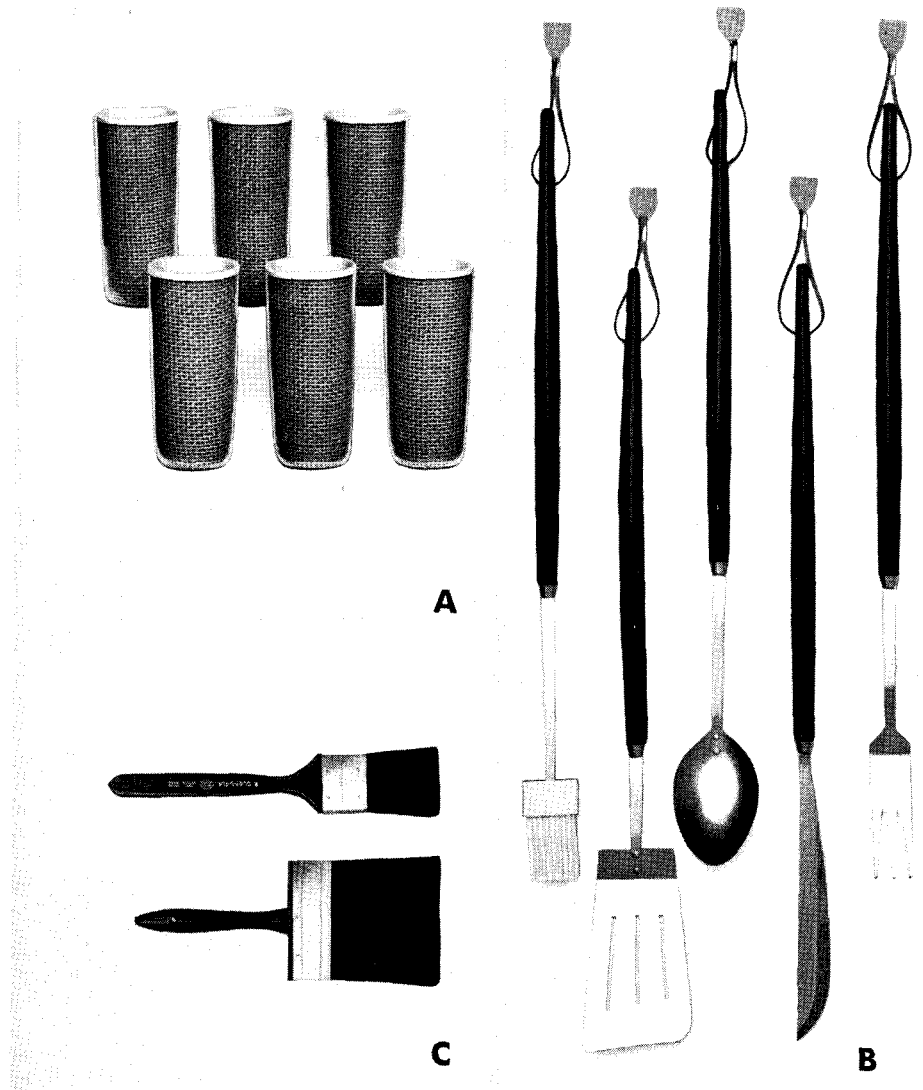

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BORON — Shelton Variety & Hdwe., 27167 Highway 466

BRODERICK — *George Beale Hardware*, 309 D Street

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BURLINGAME — Remus Paint & Wallpaper, 244 Primrose Road

BURNEY — *Long Valley Bldg. Mtrls.*

BUTTONWILLOW — Kemp's, First & Main

CALISTOGA — Whitney's Calistoga Hdwe., 1336 Lincoln Ave.

CAMARILLO — Maxwell's, 72 Palm Drive

CAMBRIA — Poston's Hardware

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CARLSBAD — Bauer Lumber Company, 2787 State Street

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CASTRO VALLEY — Pete's Hardware Co., 2569 Castro Valley Blvd.

CASTROVILLE — McCarthy Hardware, 887 Merritt St.

CEDARVILLE — Grover Motor Supply

CERES — *Ceres Hardware*, 3036 4th Street

CHICO — Fuller Paint Store, 185 Humboldt; 116 W. 15th St.; Park Village Hdwe.

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LA CANADA — Gray's Paint & Wallpaper, 1019 Foothill Blvd.

LAFAYETTE — *Lafayette Paint & Hdwe.*, 985 Moraga Road

LAGUNA BEACH — Laguna Beach Lumber Co., 384 Forest Avenue; Moore Hardware, 30842 Coast Highway

LA HABRA — La Habra Paint & Supply, 1925 W. Central

LAKEWOOD — Fuller Paint Store, 5233 Hazelbrook Ave.

LA MESA — La Mesa Hardware, 8285 La Mesa Blvd.

LANCASTER — Fuller Paint Store, 45031 Yucca Ave.; *Griffin & Sons Hardware*, 519 West Lancaster Blvd.; Quartz Hill Hardware, 41933 N. 50th St. W.

LA PUENTE — Ide & Al's Fuller Paint, 15831 E. *Gale Ave.*

LA JOLLA — Fuller Paint Store, 7547 Girard St.

LA SIERRA — Stones Hardware, 11079 Hole Ave.

LEMON GROVE — Lemon Grove Hardware, 3340 Main St.

LINCOLN — Wyatt Hardware Company

LINDEN — Stuarts Hardware

LINDSAY — *Race & Landers Hdwe. Co.*

LOS ANGELES — Anzen Hotel Supply, 220 E. First St.; Park Hardware, 6002 *Whittier Blvd.*; Fuller Paint Stores, Warehouse Store, 218 San Fernando Rd., Crenshaw, 4055 Marlton Ave., East Los Angeles, 4772 Whittier Blvd., Figueroa, 1400 S. Figueroa, Vermont Avenue, 5852 S. Vermont Ave.; Keller Paint & Lacquer, 2515 W. Olympic Blvd.; *Linoleum & Shade Mart*, 8501 So. Vermont Ave.; Model Paint Co., 2101 So. Central Ave.; Paintcraft Supply Co., *2620 Crenshaw Blvd.*; Raff's Paint & Hardware, 1701 Sunset Blvd.; Sawtell Lumber Co., 11111 Santa Monica Blvd.

LOS ALTOS — *Goodsell & Vocke*, 5100 El Camino Real

LOS BANOS — Main Hardware, 231 Main St.; Builders Lumber Company, *4th & N Streets*

LONG BEACH — A. H. Palmer Hardwood, 5437 Cherry Ave.; Davis Paint Co., 2650 E. Broadway; *Frank Duvall Paints*, 4640 Los Coyotes Blvd.; Fuller Paint Stores, 1545 W. Anaheim, 125 E. Third St.; Norwalk Hardware, 6500 E. Spring Street; Wardlow Hardware, 1150 E. Wardlow Rd.

LODI — Henderson Bros. Company, 21-25 South Sacramento; O'Brien's Hardware Co., 1317 W. Lockeford Street

LOMA LINDA — Loma Linda Hardware, 11151 Anderson St.

LOMITA — Kellogg Lumber Co., 2156 W. Pac. Coast Hwy.

LOMPOC — Perozzi Hardware, 201 W. Ocean

LOOMIS — Loomis Lumber Company

LYNWOOD — Pearson's Paint, 11416 Long Beach Blvd.

McARTHUR — Carrol's General Mdse.

MADERA — Gibbs Hardware, 230 E. Yosemite

MARYSVILLE — Robinson Paint & Glass

MARICOPA — Bradley Hardware, 324-328 California St.

MANHATTAN BEACH — Manhattan Hardware, 1117 Manhattan Ave.

MANTECA — Hardware Mart, *155 East Yosemite St.*

MAYWOOD — Larsen's Paint Store, 5903 Atlantic Blvd.

MARTINEZ — E. Morgan Hardware Co., 535 Ferry St.

MENLO PARK — Chaney's Paint Store, 846 Santa Cruz

MERCED — Fuller Paint Store, 237 W. 17th St.; *McNamara's*, 1737 L Street; Merced Hardware, 520 W. 17th Street

MILLBRAE — Millbrae Hardware Co., 350 Broadway

MILL VALLEY — Varneys Hardware, 57 Throckmorton Ave.

MODESTO — Dayton Hardware Co., 1310 Yosemite Blvd.; Fuller Paint Stores, 1312 "J" St., 626 Kearney; Processors Equip. & Hdwe., 2021 Yosemite Blvd.; Valley Builders Supply, Ulrich Shopping Center; Vic's Hardware, 1328 Crows Landing Road

MOJAVE — *Hammer & Nail Hdwe.*, 2314 Inyo Street

MONTEBELLO — Bella Vista Hardware, 3412 W. Beverly Blvd.; Skid's Fuller Paint, 821 *W. Whittier Blvd.*

MONROVIA — Del Kirk-Fuller Paints, 308 So. Myrtle Ave.

MONTAGUE — C. L. Churchill & Son

MONTEREY PARK — Garvey Hardware, Inc., 122 West Garvey Avenue

MORGAN HILL — Squeri Bros. Hardware, 201 So. Monterey

MOORPARK — Whitaker's Hardware

MOUNTAIN VIEW — Kalor King Stores, 787 Castro Street

MOUNT SHASTA — Hennessy Lumber Company

MYERS FLAT — Myers Plumbing & Electric

NAPA — Talley Paint, 1720 Jefferson; Zeller's Hardware Center, 1122 Second St.

NATIONAL CITY — Fuller Paint Store, 915 National Ave.; Peters Home Garden Ctr., 221 Highland Ave.

NEEDLES — Foxworth-Galbraith Lbr. Co.

NEVADA CITY — Alpha Hardware Co.

NILES — J. P. Dolan Lumber Co., 725 Peralta

NORTH HIGHLANDS — Watt Ave. Drug and Hdwe.

NORTHRIDGE — Fuller Paint Store, 8825 Reseda Blvd.

N. HOLLYWOOD — Ed Blaes Pt. & Equipt., 10867 Magnolia Blvd.; North Hollywood Lumber, 11000 Burbank Blvd.

NORWALK — Norwalk Hardware, 13412 San Antonio Dr.

OAKHURST — Ray's Electric, Bass Lake Rd., Bass Lake

OAKLAND — Blanford's Paint Store, 4247 MacArthur Blvd.; *Conleys Color Studio*, 8727 E. 14th Street; Fuller Paint Stores, 281 Tenth St., 2958 E. 14th St.; *Grand Lake Hardware*, 3316 Grand Ave.; Hackman's Hardware, 3326 Foothill Blvd.; Lawson Bros. Hardware, 5318 Foothill Blvd.; R & N Paints, 2969 Broadway; Walker Warren Hardware, 2011 Mountain Blvd.; Williams Hardware, 2129 MacArthur Blvd.

OAKVIEW — Grove Hardware, 490 Ventura Ave.

OCEANSIDE — Boe's Hardware, 516 Mission; St. Malo Lumber Co., 1702 So. Hill St.

OILDALE — Fuller Paint Store, 1716 N. Chester Ave.

ONTARIO — *Raymond's Fuller Paints*, 118 W. Holt Ave.

ORANGE — Johnson's Paint & Toys, 101 So. Glassell Street; Brimhall & Bauer Hardware, 464 So. *Main Street*

ORANGE COVE — Humason's Farm Supply

ORLAND — Booth Corp.

OROVILLE — Dyer Wilce Appliance, Gray Nurse Hardware

OTAY — Adobe Rick's Material, 3141 Main Street

OXNARD — Plaza Fuller Paint, 334 S. Fifth St.

PACIFICA — Pacific Manor Hardware, 451 Coast Hwy.

PALMDALE — Palmdale Hardware, 826 E. Palmdale E. Blvd.

PALM SPRINGS — *Builders Supply*, 490 Sunny Dunes Road; Fuller Paint Store, 255 S. Indian Blvd.

PALO ALTO — Fuller Paint Store, *475 University Ave.*; Postler's Midtown Paints, 2685 Middlefield Rd.

PARADISE — Paradise Hardware

PASADENA — Fuller Paint Store, 54 W. Colorado St., 3751 E. Colorado Blvd.; Lincoln Avenue Lumber, 1464 Lincoln Avenue

PASO ROBLES — Paso Robles Mercantile, 839 12th St.

PARAMOUNT — Fred W. Ehrmann Hardware, 16251 Paramount Blvd.

PETALUMA — Otto Kruse's Paint Store, 16 Petaluma Blvd. So.

PITTSBURG — McFaul's, 619 Railroad Ave.

PLACENTIA — McDonald Hardware, 115 Santa Fe Street

PLACERVILLE — *Placerville Hardware*

POMONA — Fuller Paint Store, 1090 E. Holt; K & M Lumber Co., 1316 E. 5th Ave.

PORT HUENEME — Port Hueneme Hardware, 233 Market St.

PORTOLA — Portola Hardware

PORTERVILLE — Porterville Hardware Co.

POWAY — *Poway Plaza Hardware*, 13337 Poway Road

QUINCY — Quincy Hardware Company

RAMONA — Valley Hardware Co., 754 Main Street

RED BLUFF — O'Connor Hardware Co.

REDDING — LeFebvres Valley Equipment Co.

REDLANDS — Fuller Paint Store, 215 W. Central Ave.

REEDLEY — Reedley Hardware Co.

RESEDA — Fuller Paint Store, 7252 Reseda Blvd.; Harwood Brothers, 7015 Reseda Blvd.

REDONDO BEACH — Griffin's Hardware, 312 Avenue I

REDWOOD CITY — *Holmquist Hardware Co.*, 875 Main Street; Jordan's Paint, 837 Jefferson

RICHMOND — Fuller Paint Store, 12250 San Pablo Ave.; Mayfield Paint & Glass, 342 11th St.

RIDGECREST — Rizzardini Furn. & App., 206 Ridgecrest Blvd.

RIO DELL — Adams Hardware, 108 Wildwood Avenue

RIO LINDA — Archway Auto Supply, 6800 Rio Linda Blvd.

RIPON — Davis Bros.-Jorgensen Hdwe., 128 West Main Street

ROSAMOND — Kelm's Lumber Yard, 2960 Rosamond Blvd.

ROSEMEAD — Mike's Hardware, 8960 E. Valley Blvd.

ROSEVILLE — Wolf & Royer Hardware

RIVERDALE — Brown Hardware Co.

RIVERSIDE — Center Lumber Co., 6222 Magnolia Ave.; *Fuller Paint Store*, 3576 Eighth St., 3739 Central Ave.

SACRAMENTO — Fuller Paint Stores, 1725 Tenth St., 1011 12th St., 2624 Fulton Ave.; Keaton's Hardware, 6441 Folsom Blvd.; Loverde's Hardware, *6800 Fruitridge Road*; Lyon Darwin Hardware, Corner of 35th St. & 4th Ave.; Nies Hardware Co., 5623 H St.; *Newbert Hdwe. & Imp. Co.*, 1700 J Street; Sacramento Wlpr. & Paint, 2324 16th Street; Southgate Bldg. Supply, 6852 Franklin Blvd.

SAN ANSELMO — San Anselmo Hardware Co.

SAN BERNARDINO — Action Floor Co., 1700 W. Highland Avenue; Fuller Paint Stores, 348 S. "E" St., 172 W. Highland Ave.; Patioland Paint & Furn., 1367 E. Highland Avenue; Tom Fergen Hardware, *25003 Baseline*

SAN BRUNO — Frost's Paint & Glass, 668 San Mateo Ave.

SAN CARLOS — Jordans Paint & Wlpr., 909 Laurel

SAN DIEGO — A & A Hardware Co., 1220 Garnet Avenue; Adams Avenue Hardware, 3377 Adams Avenue; College Hardware, 6107 *El Cajon Blvd.*; Fuller Paint Stores, 1154 Garnet, Clairemont Quad, 3083½ Clairemont Drive, *512 Front St.*, 2852 University Ave., 3832 Fifth Ave., 647 "E" St.; University Ave. Hardware, 4353 University Avenue

SAN DIEGO (OCEAN BEACH) — Sheckler's Family Hdwe., 5017 Newport Ave.

SAN FRANCISCO — C. A. Bowman Hdwe. Co., 2415 Sutter Street; *Dimmer Hardware Company*, 1715 Polk St.; E. M. Hundley Hardware Co., 666 Mission St.; Ferrera & Sons Hardware, 4540 *Mission St.*; Fuller Paint Stores, 301 Mission St., 1760 Market St., 1430-36 Van Ness Ave., 538 Clement St., 899 Bryant St., 1696 Valencia St., 311 West Portal, 2533 Noriega St.; G. Mazzei & Sons Hdwe., 5166 Third St.; Jeffress Hdwe. & Paints, 2351 Market St.; Lakeside Hdwe. & Lbr. Co., 3401 Taraval St.; Market Hardware Co., 147 Jackson Street; Progress Hardware, 724 Irving Street; Pioneer Paint Store, 1213 Stockton St.; Ratto Housewares, 2132 Chestnut Street; Scott Hdwe. & Paint, 2501 Irving St.; *Ted Cooper's Hardware*, 5221 Geary Blvd.; Union Hardware Co., 2154 Union Street; Victoria Bldg. Supply, 301 Randolph St.; White Lumber Co., 1500 Noriega Street

SAN FERNANDO — Harvey Paint & Wallpaper, 213 No. Maclay Avenue; *Porter Hardware*, 1040 San Fernando Road

SANGER — Edgar Furniture Co.

SAN JOAQUIN — Ben Rusconi and Son

SAN JOSE — Fuller Paint Stores, 334 Race St., 1284 Lincoln Ave., 367 East Santa Clara, 2035 Woodard Ave.; Melody Nason Paint Co., 1020 The Alameda

SAN JUAN BAUTISTA — Mission Hardware, 35 Washington St.

SAN LEANDRO — Branch Hardware, 14341 E. 14th St.; Farnsworth Hardware, 15049 Farnsworth St.; Jacobson Hardware, 1377 MacArthur Blvd.; San Leandro Color, 985 E. 14th St.

SAN LORENZO — Manor Hardware, 18400 Hesperian Blvd.

SAN LUIS OBISPO — *Fuller Paint Store*, 698 Higuera St.

SAN MATEO — Atlas Hardware Co., 151 W. 25th Ave.; Fuller Paint Store, 421 S. "B" St.

SAN PABLO — San Pablo Paint Store, 2650 Road 20

SAN PEDRO — Fuller Paint Store, 607 S. Gaffey; Weymouth Corners Hdwe., 1409 W. 8th Street

SAN RAFAEL — San Rafael Gl. & Paint, 1115 Third Street; Scott Hardware, *1320 Fourth St.*

SANTA ANA — Fuller Paint Store, 520 W. Fourth; Town & Country Bldr. Sup., 1506 *W. Edinger St.*

SANTA BARBARA — Fuller Paint Stores, 501 E. Gutierrez; *1209 State St.*; Learned Hardware, 3122 State St.; Tomark Paint & Art, 1998 *Cliff Drive*

SANTA CLARA — Grandview Hardware Co., 3024 El Camino Real; Jinx's Paint 'N Party, 8 Villa Shopping Center; *Wagner Hardware*, 59 Washington St.

SANTA CRUZ — Quality Paint Store, 939 Pacific Ave.; Thomsens Color Corner, 1704 Soquel Ave.

SANTA MARIA — Fuller Paint Store, 216 W. Main St.; Santa Maria Electric, 408 No. Broadway

SANTA ROSA — Fuller Paint Store, 1420 Mendocino Ave.; H. Levin Hardware, 304 Fourth Street; Village Hardware, 2400 Sonoma Avenue

SANTA SUSANA — Santa Susana Hardware

SANTA MONICA — Fuller Paint Store, 1217 Wilshire Blvd.; S & J Hardware, 1626 Ocean Park Blvd.

SALINAS — Bounds Lumber Co., 303 Sanborn Rd.; Fuller Paint Store, 414 So. *Main Street*; Sherwood Hardware, 929 N. Main St.

ST. HELENA — Croma Co., Main Street

SAUGUS — Ranchers Supply Co., Corner Hwy. 99 & 26; Mint Canyon Hardware, 16555 Sierra Highway

SAUSALITO — Sausalito Hardware Plbg., 34 Princess

SEASIDE — Mel-O-Dee Hardware, 1649 Fremont Blvd.

SEAL BEACH — Bay Hardware, 215 Main Street

SEBASTOPOL — Hansons Paint Store, 238 So. Main St.

SELMA — Nelson Hardware Co.

SEIAD VALLEY — Malloy's Seiad Store

SHAFTER — Central Hardware, 242 Central Ave.

SOLANA BEACH — Lumber & Builders Supply, 112 E. Plaza

SOLVANG — *Solvang Mill & Lbr. Co.*

SONOMA — Mission Hardware

SOUTH GATE — Parks Durable Supply Co., 4086 Tweedy Blvd.; Thrifty Paint Co., 8255 Long Beach Blvd.

SO. SAN FRANCISCO — Reed's Paint & Wallpaper, 444 Grand Ave.

SO. PASADENA — Batk's Hardware, 1518 Mission St.

STOCKTON — Avenue Hardware, 2024 Pacific Avenu; Cervos Hardware, 319 South Wilson Way; *El Camino Hardware & Supply*, 7829 Thornton Road; Fremont Hardware, 2529 East Fremont; Fuller Paint Stores, 711 S. San Joaquin, 620 E. Weber Ave., 2230 Pacific Ave.; Stockton Hardware, 2726 Waterloo Road; Stowell Equipment Co., 2024 East Charter Way

STUDIO CITY — Charm House Inc., 11826 Ventura Blvd.

SUNNYVALE — Cherry Chase Hdwe., *629 Cherry Chase Center*; The Red Barn, 20295 El Camino Real

SUN VALLEY — Sun Valley Hardware, 8224 Sunland Blvd.

SUNLAND — Foothill Hardware, 8256 Foothill Blvd.

SUSANVILLE — T & M Construction Co.

SUTTER CREEK — C. Soracco Co.

TAFT — *Pioneer Mercantile Co.*, 430 Main St.; Werner's Paint & Glass, 701 Center

TAHOE CITY — Truckee-Tahoe Lumber Co.

TAHOE VALLEY — Dick's Fuller Paint

TARZANA — Tarzana Paint Stores, 18440 Ventura Blvd., 18616 Ventura Blvd.

TEHACHAPI — Tehachapi Supply Co., 410 East "G" Street

TEMPLE CITY — Fuller Paint Store, 9720 Las Tunas Dr.

TEMPLETON — Hewitt Hdwe. & Pumps

THOUSAND OAKS — Dester & Riedinger

TIBURON — Tiburon Hdwe. & Marine

TOPANGA — Topanga Lumber Co., 506 So. Topanga Blvd.

TORRANCE — Las Palmas Hardware, 21814 S. Avalon Blvd.; Santa Anita Growers, 3910 Redondo Beach Blvd.

TRACY — Carl's Feed & Paint Store, 58 West Eleventh Stree; San Joaquin Lumber Co., 455 E. Eleventh Street

TRINIDAD — Harbor Lite Bldg. Supply, Hiway 101

TRUCKEE — Truckee-Tahoe Lumber Co., 9 Main St.

TUJUNGA — Lee Paint & Wallpaper, 7132 Foothill

TULARE — Nelsons'

TULELAKE — *Tulelake Hardware*, 359 Main

TURLOCK — Paul's Paint Store, 243 West Main Street

UKIAH — Portlock Hardware, *205 South State St.*

VACAVILLE — Vacaville Lumber Co.

VALLEY SPRINGS — Pfiler and Lillie

VALLEJO — Kings Paint Co., 521 Marin St.; Lavezzo Hardware, 830 Broadway

VAN NUYS — Fuller Paint Store, 14530 Victory Blvd.; *Ray's Hardware*, 9507 Van Nuys Blvd.; Valley Paint Store, 5951 Van Nuys Blvd.; Village Hardware, 16927 *Saticoy Street*

VENTURA — Avenue Hardware, 481 Ventura Ave.; Fuller Paint Store, 133 S. California

VICTOR — Victor Hardware

VISALIA — Sequoia Lumber Company, Visalia Planing Mill

VISTA — Geib Lumber Co., 437 So. Santa Fe Ave.

WALNUT CREEK — Fuller Paint Store, 1639 Bonanza St.; Herbs Hardware Co., 1539 North Main St.

WASCO — *Maple Leaf Enterprises*, Sixth & G Sts.

WATSONVILLE — Harrison's Color Corner, 143 E. Lake St.

WEED — Weed Mercantile Co.

WEAVERVILLE — Morris Hardware

WEST COVINA — West Covina Paint, 427 So. California St

WEST SACRAMENTO — *Homer's Garden Shop*, 921 Jefferson Blvd.

WESTCHESTER — Westchester Paint Co., 6239 West 87th Street

WESTMINSTER — Roncho Lumber Co., 14951 Beach Blvd.

WESTWOOD — Fuller Paint Store, 1073 Broxton Ave.

WHEATLAND — Wheatland Hardware

WHITTIER — Fuller Paint Store, 14056 E. Whittier, 156 So. Greenleaf Ave.; Ian's Hardware, 11117 S. Santa Gertrudes; Sunshine Paint and Hdwe., 10146 So. Carmenita Rd.

WILLIAMS — H & D Grocery

WILMINGTON — Wilmington Hardware, 911 N. Avalon Blvd.

WILLOWS — Willows Hardware

WOODLAKE — Woodlake Growers Supply

WOODLAND — Woodland Lumber Company, Woodland Plb. & Hdwe. Co.

WOODLAND HILLS — Van Nuys Plywood Co., 23067 Ventura Blvd.

YORBA LINDA — Yorba Linda Bldg. Matls., 18282 Imperial

YREKA — Yreka Hardware Company

YUBA CITY — Bremer's Hardware Inc.

YUCCA VALLEY — Obarr's Art & Paint Shop, 55823 29 Palms Highway

HAWAII

HILO — Pell Co., Inc., Silva St.; *Von Hamm-Young Co.*, 188 Waianue Ave.

HONOLULU — Mori's Paint Store, 2230 So. King St.; Sheridan Building Supply, 927 Sheridan St.; Ala Wai Hardware, 441 Kapahulu Ave.; Fuller Paint Store, 770 Ala Moana Blvd.

KAHULUI, MAUI — Maui Paper Company

KAILUA, OAHU — Fuller Paint Store, 322 Kuulei Rd.

KAILUA, KONA — Sids Hawaii Ltd.

LIHUE, KAUAI — Kauai Sales Co.

WAHIAWA, OAHU — Pioneer Home Supply, 235 Kellogg St.; Wahiawa Paint Supply, 97 S. Kamehameha Hwy.

WAIPAHU, OAHU — Waipahu Hdwe. & Lumber, 94-672 Farrington Hwy.

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(*Continued from Page 61*) into the water, then moved forward to cast off the bow and spring lines.

Scott started the engines, and the noise of the exhaust was flat and without depth in the rain. Under cover of the sound he said, "Pip, slip below and get that knife off the steps. Tuck it inside your shirt. Now hurry."

As the boy ducked down the companion, Barbara said, "Please don't take any chances. You saw what happened to the captain."

"I'll take no chances," Scott said. "I can't afford to fail; and before I act I'll be very sure."

Pip was back on the bridge a moment before Bahama came up from the cockpit. He slid onto the cushioned bench beside Barbara, and the excitement in his eyes showed that he had the knife.

"Turn her around and head her out of here, Mr. Chapman," Bahama said. "Don't make no signals if we meet another boat. Just steer your course and do like I say."

Scott backed into the channel and turned the bow toward the open water of Florida Bay. As he steered past the *Crown & Anchor*, he saw no one on deck, and no one on the pier of the rain-swept marina. They left unnoticed in the storm.

"She's gonna be rough," Bahama said. "But this is one husky little boat. We take a ducking, maybe, but no trouble." He motioned to Pip. "Kid, you got no foul-weather gear. You get down there and sit on the companionway. . . . You, too, Miss Barbara. Close there where I can see you. O.K.?"

"Come on, Pip," Barbara said and took the boy's hand. He moved hunched over, hiding the knife inside his shirt, and they sat together on the companionway steps, in sight of Bahama.

Bahama braced himself against a stanchion. He was given to sweating and now, in the rain and enclosed by the yellow slicker, sweat and raindrops were blended on his forehead under the soggy Panama hat. Seeing the set of his thick red lips and the darting glances of his eyes, hearing him fetch a quick, gasping sigh, Scott knew that Bahama was under a great strain, that he felt panic. The man was not nearly so impassive as he seemed.

"What are you planning, Bahama?" he asked.

"I plan to get away safe, that's all," Bahama said. "O.K., bear east a little, in the lee of Vaca Key."

"Cuba lies the other way," Scott said.

"Yep," Bahama said.

The *Cormorant* was rolling roughly. Although she was in the lee of the keys, the water was tumultuous, with steep, pointed waves that slapped the hull like a monstrous tide rip. Spray lashed in on the weather side.

"Bahama, you're making a big mistake," Scott said. "If you didn't kill Bart Leroy, why take this chance? If you're innocent, stay here and clear yourself."

"Oh, no," Bahama said. "You think I done it, don't you?"

"I know you saw Bart Leroy last night and I know he had talked to that detective," Scott said. "I expect he asked you some questions."

"Yep," Bahama said.

"And then you came aboard this boat," Scott said. "Did you take that knife?"

"You see," Bahama said. "You won't listen. Nobody won't listen. If that sheriff finds out about that money, he'll pin it on me for sure."

"Where is the money, though? You haven't got it aboard. You took your gear off."

"Never mind the money," Bahama said.

Scott looked at the broad, dark face under the drooping brim of the Panama hat. "Never mind the money, like hell," he said and grinned tightly. "That money is everything to you. Where did you take your gear—to your cousin's house in Key West?"

Bahama shrugged.

"And you switched satchels?" Scott asked. "You bought one just like the one Carl Norwood had and made the switch right under our noses. Right?"

"O.K., you got it right," Bahama said. "When I come aboard at Bahia-Mar, you people was ashore, and I done it then, easy pie."

"And nobody caught on, not even Pérez," Scott said. He met Bahama's dark eyes. "How about Pérez? He was your good friend, you said, your pal."

"Pérez and me was partners," Bahama said. "I knew him a long time, and we cooked this up together, him and me."

"And you never planned to get Leroy's ranch manager out of prison in Cuba?"

Bahama shrugged. "Not much chance of that. We cooked up a good story for Mr. Leroy, that's all. We fixed it up so Pérez flies into Cuba, but first I take the money. He can't hide it in Cuba, can't walk into a bank and make a deposit, can't bring it back with him, so we figure if he flies over there without no money, he can fly back and say he gave it to a prison captain and the fellow got caught, then we split."

"But you made sure there wouldn't be any split," Scott said. "You got Pérez ambushed and shot."

"No use talking to you, Mr. Chapman," Bahama said. "But it wasn't me tipped them off."

"The hell you didn't! Who else would?"

"I think maybe José. That fellow's got kin working for the government in Cuba."

Scott gave his head a shake and said, "You're as innocent as a babe, are you? You didn't tip them off, you didn't kill Leroy. All you did was help yourself to fifty thousand pesos. Come off it, Bahama. One step led to the next. The logic of it is irrefutable. You took the money, you betrayed Pérez, Leroy found out about that empty satchel, and you killed him."

Bahama showed his tomato-red grin. "Pretty bad, huh?"

"And kidnaping too," Scott said.

"Pretty bad, all right," Bahama said. "What did you call it, Mr. Chapman—logic? I guess I got some of that logic too. I know when to get out. That sheriff knows me and he knows I done time, and that's his logic. And Mrs. Leroy, she's got all that money now, and that's powerful logic. You think Mr. Adams will go to jail when she's got all Mr. Leroy's dough, and old Bahama is handy with his thick neck stuck out? Nope, you know better. That ain't logic at all."

Scott gazed ahead into the rain. Captain Edwards had said that Bahama had highjacked a boat and killed three men, and Scott saw no reason to doubt it. The man was a scoundrel, but he had an oily, persuasive manner, and whether or not Bart Leroy had suspected him, the fact remained that there had been no proof that Bahama had taken the fifty thousand pesos—not until Pip had spoken up. Remembering Pip, he said savagely, "You expect me to believe anything you say after the way you tried to drown my son?"

Bahama pursed his lips and scowled at the racing whitecaps. After a long pause, he said, "Whatever I say, you don't believe it, Mr. Chapman. Still, I'll tell you the truth. Yes, I pushed Pip under water and I held him there and maybe I thought about it for just as long as a mullet jumps, but then I yanked him up again quick. I just couldn't do that little Pip no harm."

Scott looked at the dark face and thought that he was indeed persuasive, this crafty old pirate whose eyes now looked strangely gentle. Scott almost believed him.

Bahama called, "Pip, come up here. You, too, Miss Barbara. Bring that piece of line off the steps."

They came topside, bracing against the rolling of the boat. Barbara was carrying a piece of rope, and Bahama said, "Now you tie Mr. Chapman's hands like them other two—good and tight."

Scott felt the rope on his wrists, felt a quick, sympathetic squeeze of her hand before she went on tying the bonds. Bahama said, "Remember I got Pip up here, Mr. Chapman, so don't you try nothing. . . . Miss Barbara, I leave you free, but you got to sit there on the companionway steps where I can see you all the time. O.K., you can both go below."

"Will you order now, or wait until you're half stewed?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Scott went down the companionway a step at a time, on the seat of his pants. He sat on the deck, with his legs stretched out and his back braced against the bulkhead, and Barbara perched on a step a yard away, with her knees drawn up and her chin resting on her crossed wrists. Scott wanted to say something reassuring, but it would have sounded false. Bahama was unpredictable; there was no telling what he would do. They were at his mercy, this group of plain, defenseless people who had been snatched away from the protection of the everyday world and now were faced with fear for their lives.

A wave broke over the starboard bow, and water rushed aft along the narrow deck. The glass of the deckhouse was obscured by spray and rain, and the boat heaved and creaked. Barbara said in a low voice, "I have the knife now."

Scott turned his head quickly. "Where?"

She smiled. "Hidden safely."

It did not show. Scott nodded and said, "We'll have to figure out what to do and arrange a signal for when you pass me the knife."

She shook her head. "I don't want you to try to use that knife, Scott. What use is a knife against a gun? And the man is a murderer. You know he won't hesitate to use it."

"I've been giving this some thought," Scott said. "I'm not entirely convinced that he's a murderer."

She gave him a level glance. "Don't try to hide the truth, Scott. Thank you, but I can face facts."

"I mean it," Scott said. "I'm really doubtful that he killed Bart Leroy. Let's look at the facts. Leroy was sending fifty thousand pesos into Cuba in an alligator-skin satchel. Bahama acquired a duplicate satchel and switched it; and when Pérez and Mike flew into Cuba with the empty satchel, the soldiers were waiting. Probably Bahama tipped them off, although he denies it. At any rate, the news reached Leroy, through that detective, that the satchel was empty, that someone had stolen the money. He questioned Bahama about it. Bahama admits that. But he had no proof and he would hardly have called in the police, you know, in an affair he wanted to keep secret. So why would Bahama have killed him?"

"But there's the knife," she said. "And he came aboard last night."

"It strikes me that a knife from the galley of this boat would be the last weapon he'd use," Scott said. "After he'd cruised aboard her for two days, I mean."

"I see," she said and nodded. "Of course, that applies to Jack too."

"That knife clears Jack," Scott said. "Pip washed the dishes last night, and all three knives were there; but Jack never left the cockpit and then he went ashore with you people to listen to some jazz. He simply had no chance to get that knife."

"But Bahama did," she said. "He slipped aboard while you were off the boat and wouldn't he know, if he used a knife from the *Cormorant*, that Jack would probably be blamed."

"Yes, I agree," he said. "Jack was framed."

"I want to tell you something," she said. "Flora wasn't having an affair with Jack. She didn't cheat. She gave me her solemn word, and I believe her."

"I don't doubt it," Scott said. "I know Jack."

She looked at him with a frown. "You puzzle me, Scott. I don't understand why you're making a brief for Bahama. It has to be Bahama. If not, and if not Jack—it leaves only you."

He nodded. "On the face of it, yes."

She considered a moment before she

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asked, "Then what else? You have an idea, don't you?"

"Yes, I have an idea on it."

"What?"

"Think about it," he said.

"No, tell me."

"I'd rather you thought of it yourself," he said.

"Why?"

"I have a reason."

She frowned in thought. "But it has to be Bahama. Look how he's acted since. Look at us now. If this isn't evidence of guilt, what is it?"

"I don't say it wasn't Bahama," he said.

"Then what are you saying?"

"I don't want to mix in your life," he said. "I don't want to offend you in any way, but may I ask you something personal?"

"This is no time for personal problems," she said.

"I think it is."

She hesitated. "All right, what's the question?"

"The situation has changed now," he said. "Bart Leroy is dead, so there's no obstacle. Carl is a free man now."

"Yes," she said.

"So the road is open."

"It is," she said in a tight, aloof tone.

"I told you I didn't want to offend you," he said. "I see I have."

"No, it isn't that. It's just that—well, is this sort of thing necessary?"

"I just want to find out what happens now," he said.

"Why should you? What's the point of it now, at this time?"

"It's important," he said.

"You asked me before, and I told you," she said. "I don't know."

"Are you in love with him?"

She flushed, avoided his eyes. "I don't think that concerns you, Scott, really."

"It does concern me," he said. "In many, many ways. I had a particular reason for asking."

She sat silent, hugging her knees and looking down at a worn spot on the carpeting at her feet. Scott waited until she looked up again, met his eyes. "I'd rather not talk about it," she said. "This is no time for personal matters. They seem so trivial. I mean, I think all we should talk about is what we can possibly do. I mean, here we are and what are we going to do about it?"

He dropped the subject and said, "If we only knew what Bahama was planning."

"He didn't give you any clue at all?"

"No clue."

"We're not headed toward Cuba, at least," she said.

"He's going to need gas," Scott said. "He'll have to stop at a gas dock somewhere, and that will be our chance."

"To do what?"

"I don't know yet."

"I can't believe he really means us harm," she said. "We're five people, and one of us a little boy."

He shook his head warningly as Bahama's face appeared in the companion. Bahama called, "Miss Barbara, come topside, please."

Barbara stood up, looked an anxious question and went up the steps. A moment later Bahama came below; apparently he had turned the wheel over to Barbara. He gave Scott a quick glance, then padded forward and opened the door of the forward stateroom. When he came out again, he said, "Sam is O.K. He sleeps now."

He busied himself in the galley. He had taken a duffel bag from a locker, and Scott saw him drop some cans into it, a meshed sack of oranges, a box of crackers, a can opener, a vacuum bottle he had filled with water from the tap. He returned to the deckhouse and took a bottle of insect repellent from a rack, dropped it also into the bag. As he zipped it shut, Scott asked, "What's that for?"

"Just take it easy, Mr. Chapman," Bahama said.

He went up the companionway, and the *Cormorant* drove on, rolling deeply. Below the deck where Scott sat, the engines roared, and he felt the vibration. Barbara remained topside, and although Scott looked frequently toward the companion, she did not appear, nor did Pip.

A long time passed. With his hands tied behind his back, Scott's wrist watch was hidden, and it was difficult to estimate the passage of time; there was no sun to cast a revealing angle of light. But definitely the storm had abated, and the sky was lighter; less spray washed the starboard ports. The *Cormorant* had throttled down only once—for Channel Key Pass, probably—and Scott closed his eyes and tried to recall the chart. Coming down from Key Largo he had been in a state of high emotion and he had only a dim recollection of the cuts through which the boat had passed—Bowlegs Cut, Steamboat Channel, Cowpens Cut, Baker Cut, Grouper Creek—he remembered these names, but he was not sure of their order. He did not know

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You've reached middle age when you fall asleep resisting temptation.

A. W. STINSON

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where they were, but they had been traveling at least two hours from Vaca Key, and now Bahama had throttled down again.

Scott got to his knees, steadying himself against the rolling of the boat, and looked through the streaky glass on the lee side. He saw no land in the grayness, no mangroves. It was a cut through a sandbank, not a key. He saw a dark purple sand bar.

He lost his balance and fell over sideways as the boat rolled. Bahama was making a wide turn to port, heading west of north, away from the waterway, heading off into the vast area of shoals and banks and coral heads.

The *Cormorant* drove on again, under full cruising power, and Scott felt a sense of destination. He looked at the duffel bag in the center of the deckhouse and frowned; he thought he knew what to expect and he waited tensely, watching the companionway. At last the roar of the motors was stilled below, and he saw the bleached sneakers on the steps as Bahama came down.

"O.K.," he said. "Everything is set."

"For what?" Scott asked.

"You like a little island all your own, you people?" Bahama said. "You can housekeep, have a fine time." He nudged the duffel bag with his toe. "You got food here for one, two days."

"You're going to maroon us, is that it?"

"Sorry, but that's what I got to do," Bahama said. "Not for long—just until I get away safe."

"And then what?"

"I'll send word to my cousin in Key West," Bahama said. "A boat will come to pick you up."

He went quickly through the galley to the forward stateroom and returned with Sam Edwards, steadying him as he climbed the steps to the deckhouse. Without steerageway, the boat was rolling deeply; the propellers were turning only enough to hold her off the key.

"On your feet, Mr. Chapman," Bahama said. "You lead the way."

Scott walked aft along the passage, and Bahama followed with the captain. He opened the door of the starboard single and said, "O.K., Mr. Norwood, come out," then he slid the hatch open and hooked back the companion doors. Close by, Scott saw a tangle of mangroves, dark green under the low gray sky.

"What goes on?" Carl asked.

"He's putting us ashore on that key," Scott said.

"I don't dare go no closer," Bahama said. "That wind made the water too cloudy to see bottom. You're gonna have to swim maybe fifteen or twenty yards, then you can walk ashore easy. . . . O.K., Mr. Norwood, you first."

"Where are we?" Scott asked. "What key is this?"

"You name her," Bahama said. "She's your key." He untied Carl's hands and stepped back, holding the gun ready. "Over you go," he said.

Carl stared at the white-capped waves racing aft and said, "It's damned rough."

"You swim good," Bahama said. "Take a good jump and clear them wheels."

Scott glanced up and saw Barbara at the controls, looking white-faced and tense. The stern of the boat was rising high with each wave and coming down hard with a ducklike squat that made a booming noise. Carl moved to the transom, waited his chance and jumped. Bahama stood watching him as he struggled in the waves, until he found a stumbling footing and stood erect in water waist-deep, with the waves breaking over his shoulders.

"Somebody got to take this bag of provisions," Bahama said. "Sam, you're one big, tough fellow. Maybe you better carry it."

Edwards gave him a hard, squinted glance. "How about lashing it to that lifebelt of mine, then I can tow it in?"

Bahama nodded and said, "O.K." He fished the life jacket out of the lazaret and lashed the duffel bag to it with the line he had taken from Carl's wrists, then he went up to the bridge and took over the controls.

"O.K., Miss Barbara," he said. "You go down there and untie the cap'n."

She came down to the cockpit, her face tense, and went to work on the captain's bonds. Scott never saw her produce the knife, but suddenly it was in the captain's right hand, hidden from Bahama's sight by Barbara's body. When she stepped back, the knife was gone—into Edwards's pocket, apparently—and he was rubbing his wrists vigorously. Barbara moved unobtrusively toward Scott and had started to untie his hands when Bahama said warningly, "No, not yet. You wait."

Scott glanced over his shoulder and met her eyes. She had chosen to pass the knife to Edwards, not to him, and he read the reason in her eyes. She had not wanted him to take the chance, against the odds of the gun in Bahama's hand, and she had left the decision to Edwards.

Sam Edwards glanced up at the bridge once more, then without a word he picked up the lifebelt and duffel bag and jumped far out into the water. He was right to make no attempt to use the knife, Scott thought; the odds were too great. Edwards came up snorting and pushed the life jacket ahead of him with a strong kick. Already Carl was ashore, standing on a coral head where the mangroves ended.

Bahama waited until Edwards had found a footing, then he said, "You and Miss Barbara go together, Mr. Chapman. I don't want nobody to get drowned."

Scott spun around. "How about Pip?"

"Pip stays with me," Bahama said.

Pip cried out, "No, I want to go with dad."

"I take good care of you, Pip," Bahama said. "You'll be O.K., and your daddy will be O.K., too, if you behave. But I got to take you hostage, shipmate. As long as you're with me, your daddy will behave."

"Bahama, if you do anything to hurt my boy ——" Scott said fiercely.

"You got to give me twenty-four hours," Bahama said. "You stay on that key, make no signals, for twenty-four hours, and everybody will be O.K. But if they come after me, remember I got Pip."

Scott looked bleakly into Barbara's eyes. If only she had passed the knife to him instead of Sam Edwards. He could have found some ruse to get Bahama near, within reach of a desperate lunge. But there was no hope now, and he said grimly, "Son, you'll have to stay aboard. Don't be scared."

Pip came scurrying down the ladder from the bridge and caught his father's hands, still bound behind his back. "Dad, please make him let me go with you."

Scott shot an agonized glance at Barbara. "Son, there's nothing I can do. Show us what a brave fellow you are. You stay on with Bahama and make sure somebody comes to rescue us. That's your job now, to help us. You're man enough for that, I know."

"I'll try," Pip said.

Barbara took him in her arms, kissed him and murmured, "You're the bravest boy I know, Pip. We depend on you, darling."

"O.K.," Bahama said. "Over you go."

Pip was trying to be brave as he stood back to give Barbara room to untie Scott's hands, but his underlip trembled, and tears formed in his eyes. He tried to smile, but the muscles of his cheeks would not relax; he could not manage it. When his hands were free, Scott hugged the boy and said, "Pip, this is a big adventure. You'll remember it all your life. Don't be scared. Just keep your eyes open and absorb every minute of it. How many eight-year-old boys have been kidnaped by a pirate? You know, that's really something!"

"You'll certainly have a story to tell the boys at the Knight Day School," Barbara said.

Pip succeeded with the grin this time, his long upper lip pulling down with his droll smile. "Boy, I sure will," he said.

Barbara reached for Scott's hand and together, hand in hand, they perched on the stern of the *Cormorant*. When Scott said, "Now," they jumped far out. Their hands were torn apart as the water closed over them. Scott came up first, well away from the propellers, and a moment later Barbara's face appeared, her black hair plastered across her forehead. They swam toward shore, and after a dozen strokes, Scott put one foot down and found bottom. He held out his hand to Barbara, and they steadied each other as they stood erect on the rough, stony bottom. Looking back, Scott waved to Pip, just as Bahama gunned the motors. The exhaust roared, and white water churned as the *Cormorant* got under way and headed off into the drifting grayness Pip stood forlornly in the cockpit, watching his father and Barbara wade toward the dark mangroves.

"O.K., Pip, come topside," Bahama said. "We just take a little boat ride, you and me."

Pip sat on the cushioned bench, tense and silent, as he looked at the broad back in the yellow slicker, the huge hands holding the spokes of the wheel. The *Cormorant* was headed back to the waterway, under full power, driving faster than Jack had ever forced her. It

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was not raining any more, and the wind had died down. There were fewer whitecaps, but the boat still rolled jerkily in the sharp, angling waves.

He had a job to do, his father had said. It was his job to see that they were rescued. But what could he do? He looked back, and the key where Bahama had put them all ashore was almost lost in the grayness. He did not even know its name.

Not many kids had been kidnaped by a pirate, his father had said, and he thought that Bahama was a pirate, sure enough. Bahama had taken off his Panama hat and set it on the chart table to dry, and his gray-flecked curls were wind-blown, his broad face looked cheerful now, and he grinned at Pip.

"Don't you worry about your daddy," he said.

Pip hesitated a long time before he asked, "Are you like he said—a pirate?"

Bahama chuckled. "Sure, I guess so."

"And you stole all that money," Pip said.

"Us pirates don't say 'steal,' Pip."

"And you killed people too," Pip said in an awed, fascinated voice.

"Don't you believe that, Pip," Bahama said. "I never killed nobody. I'm just a halfway pirate." He smiled at the boy. "So don't be scared. You're one fine, brave little fella, and I like you. Just do like I say and you won't get hurt. We got a long way to go, you and me."

"To Cuba?" Pip asked.

"What do you know about Cuba?"

"I heard everybody talking," Pip said.

"Nope, I don't take this boat to Cuba, Pip. I got to get rid of this boat."

Pip's eyes opened wide. "Scuttle her?"

Bahama grinned. "Where did you get that word—'scuttle'? Pirates do that, huh?"

"Yes," Pip said.

"You know too much about pirates," Bahama said. "You read too many books. Now I think you better go below. You stay quiet down there until I call you up. O.K.?"

Pip nodded and went down the companionway. He sat on the couch in the deckhouse, gazing through the glass as the *Cormorant* turned eastward in the lee of the keys. The water was calmer now; and going through a cut, she hardly rolled. Here, only yesterday morning, Pip had stood up in the forward cockpit and craned his neck to see a roseate spoonbill. It had been a happy passage then. And he remembered Baker Cut and Buttonwood Sound and the run through Tarpon Basin and Dusenbury Creek, with the mangroves close on either side. Two days ago there had been fishing boats trying their luck close in to the mangroves, but today Dusenbury Creek was deserted.

They were running along beside Key Largo as the afternoon wore on—two hours at least since he had seen his father and Barbara wade ashore to a tiny mangrove island in that desolate waste of water. They were approaching Jewfish Creek, where the highway crossed to Key Largo, and he remembered the marinas there. At marinas there would be people, and there was a bridge tender to open the bascule bridge. Suddenly the air horns sounded deeply overhead—three blasts.

Pip ran through the galley to the forward stateroom. He had a job to do. He had to get away and tell somebody. It was up to him, his father had said.

There was a ventilation-and-escape hatch overhead in the forward cabin; and by standing on the bunk, Pip could reach up to the hooks and unfasten them. The hatch was hidden by the cabin top from Bahama's view in the wheelhouse, he knew. He pushed the hatch up with his shoulders as he crawled out onto the deck. Close by to starboard he saw gas pumps slipping past, but no one was in sight on the pier of the marina. Just beyond and overhead he saw automobiles on the Overseas Highway, saw them stopping as the barriers came down and the bridge began to swing up from its center join.

Pip jumped to his feet and ran toward the bow, waving his hands and shouting, "Help!" He saw the face of the bridge tender, saw him grin and wave back. Pip's shouts were lost in the heavy air, his frantic waves were interpreted as a small boy's excitement. The *Cormorant* swept on under the bridge and into Jewfish Creek, and Pip saw Bahama gazing at him steadily from the wheelhouse.

The bridge was swinging shut, and the traffic was starting to move, then the mangroves shut Pip in. Bahama gunned the motors before the *Cormorant* was clear of the creek, and its wake sent waves curling with a crash in among the stilted roots of the mangroves. Bahama looked down at Pip and beckoned.

Pip stiffened with fright. He backed away toward the bow, seeing Bahama go down into the cockpit and move forward along the narrow deck. The *Cormorant* drove on, on automatic pilot, as Bahama came around the side of the cabin trunk, caught at a grabrail and said, "Come back here, Pip."

"No," Pip said.

"You think I'm mad at you?" Bahama said. "No, I ain't mad. Your daddy said you had to be brave, and you showed you was. Now you come back here."

Pip shook his head.

"I don't want you on the foredeck where you might fall off," Bahama said. "Just crawl back down that hatch."

Pip hesitated, then made his way to the hatch, stooped over for balance. He slid down to the bunk below, and Bahama put the hatch cover back in place. Pip lay huddled on the bunk, hearing thumping footsteps approach the door. Bahama opened it and said, "I want you to make me a promise, Pip."

"You don't think I keep promises," Pip said.

"I think you do O.K.," Bahama said. "I think you try. Now you make me a promise you won't try nothing like that again."

Pip wet his lips. The dark eyes held his, and it was an act of great courage to shake his head. Bahama reached out suddenly and caught Pip's wrist, his fingers closing on it like a vise, hurting him as they had hurt in Caesar Creek.

"Now, you listen," Bahama said. "I got no more patience with you, boy. You do anything like that again and you get hurt. You get hurt bad. You hear me?" He jerked the boy to his feet, pulled him through the galley and the deckhouse and up to the bridge, where he shoved him roughly down on the cushioned bench.

"Now, you just sit there," Bahama said. "Pip, you get this straight. I got no time to be patient with little boys. You try that once more and overside you go. I mean that, Pip. I don't kid."

Pip met the glittering eyes and crouched back on the cushion, shivering. The vise-like grip on his wrist had brought back all the fear, and he remembered Caesar Creek and the awful moment yesterday when he had gulped salt water in the pool.

The *Cormorant* went through another cut that Pip remembered, marked by the ruins of a road and a bridge approach—once a highway had crossed here from Key Largo to the mainland. Bahama stood at the wheel, scowling as he followed the waterway markers, and some time passed before he eased the wheel to starboard. Pip looked up, saw a group of small keys. The *Cormorant* came about in a slow circle and picked up channel stakes.

"This is Caesar Creek," Pip said.

"That's right," Bahama said.

"What are we doing here, Mr. Bahama?"

"Just shut up, boy," Bahama said.

The *Cormorant* entered Caesar Creek as it had before, but this time there were no other boats in sight. Bahama turned off between two keys and stopped the motors. He went quickly forward and lowered the anchor, let out scope. As the anchor caught, the *Cormorant* tended slowly with the tidal current.

"O.K., got to hurry," Bahama said. He loosened the fastenings and ripped the canvas cover off the dinghy, attached the bridle and swung it outboard on its single davit. He let it down with a splash into the water and said, "Get in, Pip."

Pip asked in a frightened voice, "Where are you taking me?"

"You just shut up and do what I say," Bahama said. "Get in."

Pip climbed down to the stern seat, and Bahama passed down the oars, then stepped amidships and sat down, inserting the oarlocks. He pulled briskly away from the *Cormorant* to the other side of the channel, rowing close to the mangroves. The roots were a close tangle, filled with debris. Bahama was inspecting the roots as he rowed and at last he backed water, caught at a root.

"Here we are," he said.

A blaze had been cut on the root, hardly distinguishable except to the eye that sought it.

"Climb out, Pip," Bahama said. "Scramble up on them roots. . . . O.K. Now squeeze in a little further. . . . You see anything in there?"

"It's all wet and slimy in here," Pip said.

"You look sharp. You see something in them roots—a satchel?"

"No," Pip said. "Here's a piece of rope tied to a root."

"Haul on it," Bahama said.

Pip pulled, and up from mud and dead mangrove leaves came a small brown bag. He said, "Yes, it's a satchel."

"Untie that rope and pass it back," Bahama said.

It was hard to loosen the wet knots. The waves had crashed in here in the storm, soaking the line. But at last he got the line free and passed the satchel back to Bahama.

"O.K.," Bahama said. "Get in."

He rowed with quick, hard strokes back to the *Cormorant* and got aboard with the painter in his hand. As Pip passed the satchel up, he said, "Jack was asking who used the dinghy that night. It was you, wasn't it?"

"Get aboard," Bahama said.

He was grinning now, and as Pip came aboard, he set about wiping slime from the satchel with a rag. The piece of line had been looped through the hasp-and-staple fastening and tied securely, and the wet knots were so tight that Bahama cut them. Then he pulled the line out and opened the satchel. Pip peered at the soggy heap of money as Bahama dumped it out on top of the deck chest. It was water-soaked and a blend of colors.

There was a sudden shaft of light. The sun had sunk below a cloud bank, and its rays broke through, bathing the cockpit in a warm, pinkish light. Bahama picked up a sheaf of money, rubbed it on his pants and dropped it back into the satchel. He sat down on the deck chest, and Pip saw how his eyes shone in the sunset light, heard his low, dry chuckle.

"Pip, you wanted to find treasure," Bahama said. "O.K., here it is. Fifty thousand pesos. I give it to you."

Pip shook his head and said, "Aw, quit kidding, Mr. Bahama."

"Not me who's kidding," Bahama said. "Somebody else is kidding, Pip. That money is no damn' good."

"But it will dry out," Pip said.

Bahama grinned sourly. "Sure, it will dry out. It will dry out like a rainbow, Pip. Pretty to look at for one minute and then gone forever—no good to anybody. See how them inks have run? That money is counterfeit, Pip. Somebody found the treasure before me." He shook his head, his face dark with anger in the sunset light. "Oh, that Mr. Norwood, he's one sneaky fellow. Sure, he's got that money. Bahama is one big fat sucker. Me, I got to run and keep running, and he sits there laughing up his sleeve."

TO BE CONCLUDED

"You're new at this intersection. What happened to the other sadist?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Too Many Suitors (Continued from Page 20)

She looked me up and down unfavorably. "I'm surprised you don't have long ears like a rabbit," she said.

"Night after night," I said, "you sit on the lawn just outside my window. I can't help overhearing. And if you don't mind a small bit of constructive criticism from a stranger, may I say you're a terrible planner. Twice in the past three months all three of your suitors have arrived together."

"I'm bad on details," she said, softening a trifle. "I'm under a terrible strain. They're all so horribly jealous of each other. They hate each other, and I have to pretend, but I'm not really cheating. I give them equal time, and I think a girl should know a lot of different fellows. Otherwise how can she make up her mind? I'm just terribly confused."

I made a steeple of my fingers and looked at her in what I hoped was an intellectual way. "You require professional guidance," I said.

"Oh, I do," she said. "Are you a marriage counselor?"

"Only in an amateur way," I said. "I'm an engineer, but engineers have logical minds, and you have a mind like a haystack full of hobos, disorderly and confused. I will be happy to volunteer my services."

"Why?" she said, looking at me suspiciously.

"I'm tired of lying awake nights wondering which one you'll marry," I said. "I'm sick of watching Westerns on my TV and listening to lovesick dialogue floating in my window. As a matter of fact, your entire situation sounds to me like a dreadful soap opera, and I think you ought to ring down the curtain. I think you should eliminate two of your suitors."

"I'd love to," she said. "I've even made charts, but they don't help. They're such nice fellows, but they're so darn different. It's a terrible strain on me; I've lost four pounds."

Her brown eyes were no longer cold. They were melting. She looked tiny, wistful, helpless.

"Leave everything to me," I said. "Now let's see. Tomorrow night is Harold's night. Harold is the mild one who mumbles. I will join you and Harold tomorrow night."

"Harold will be very unhappy," she said. "He won't say anything, of course, because he's very polite, but he won't like it."

"Where are you from?" I said.

"Ardsley, Oklahoma. It's a very small town."

"I come from a small town myself," I said. "I will be your cousin. It's a small deception, but in the greatest cause. In this day of rampant divorce, a happy marriage is all-important. We will give Harold the true test of love tomorrow night."

"What do you plan to do?" she said nervously.

"The experiment will be scientifically planned," I said. "Remember, I'm your cousin."

"Cousin what?" she said plaintively.

"Cousin Dave," I said. I bowed and backed into my apartment and shut the door, while she chewed on one finger and stared at me in a manner that gave me the jimjams.

I did not see Betty in the morning, and I had my dinner in town before returning to my garden apartment. I sat in my living room, which commanded a view of the apartment lawns, and presently Harold came up the walk carrying a small book in his hand. He was about five-feet-nine, pale, and wore glasses. His suit was rumpled and his manner was diffident.

I had pinned a chart on my wall with three names on it, one below another.

HAROLD
FRANK
MARK

It was a balmy evening. I heard Harold enter the apartment house and ring Betty's doorbell. A few moments later they went outside and sat down with their backs to my window. After a little chitchat Harold opened the book, which I gathered was a volume of poetry, and I decided I had been given my cue.

I went outside and gave them a big hello. Betty gave a small scream, then said in a high voice, "Oh, hello, Dave, I mean, cousin Dave."

She was a pretty thing, but she had no future as an actress.

"I'm Betty's cousin from Ardsley," I said, "visiting here for a few weeks, and fortunately I was able to sublet an apartment in the same building. Wasn't that lucky?"

Harold shook hands and agreed it was lucky.

"So you're Betty's fellow," I said, smiling at Harold. "Well, sir, we've all been talking about you back in Ardsley, Harold. Yes sir, Harold, back there in Ardsley we almost feel as though we know you. We're right proud of you, Harold."

"Of me?" Harold said. He blinked through his glasses, then beamed at Betty.

"Of course, Ardsley is a small town," I said. "Betty writes her ma, she writes Aunt Lucy, she writes cousin Petunia, the word gets around. We all know how you're going to be president of a big company. Betty's written us all about the big deals you've pulled off, how ambitious you are and that nothing is going to stand in your way. She's written us that if and when she comes back to Ardsley, she'll be riding in a big car with a chauffeur and diamonds on her fingers that'll knock your eyes out. I tell you, Harold, the folks in Ardsley will be mighty happy to make your acquaintance."

Betty stared at me with her mouth wide open, her hands gripping the arms of her chair. Harold's motor sputtered for a few minutes before he got it going.

"I'm not like that at all," he said, sounding very peeved. "I despise money, I consider it an evil, I believe the capitalistic system is decadent ——"

I reached forward and tapped Harold on one knee. "I predicted the day we saw Betty off at the depot that when she came back to Ardsley she'd have caught herself a mighty big fish. That's what I said, and I'm proud to be right."

Harold mumbled, but no words came out, and Betty just stared. "Well," I went on, "even back in Ardsley we know the saying that three's a crowd. I'll just mosey on down the street and take in a picture show. I hear tell that in the city the theaters stay open every night of the week, not just on Saturday."

I went round the corner and in the back entrance and worked my way forward to my own apartment. I had just got inside when I heard Betty's door slam.

I went across the hall and rang her doorbell.

"May I come in and discuss the campaign?" I said, when she opened up. "How did the test go?"

"Harold went home with a headache," she said. "His sinuses began to bother him."

"You've fixed up your apartment very nicely," I said, edging inside. "Sort of chintzy, isn't it? I could be happy with chintz. I could be happy with burlap if the right girl ever came along. That's more important, don't you think so?"

"I think you're a terrible man," she said. "Harold was so upset he didn't even kiss me good night. He said he'd be awake all night putting hot cloths on his face."

The telephone rang. She picked it up. "Why, Harold," she said. "Harold, what makes you think—why, Harold—Harold!"

She sounded like a broken record, and then she slammed down the phone and glared at me. "That was Harold calling from the corner drugstore while he gets a nose-drop prescription filled," she said. "He says he never realized until tonight that we're incompatible—he even wants his book back."

She threw the book at me. It was a very slim volume, and struck me only a glancing blow which did no serious damage.

"Good night, Betty," I said, and went back to my apartment, looked at my chart and then drew a line through the top name.

~~HAROLD~~
FRANK
MARK

In the morning I emerged from my apartment door just as Betty emerged from hers. "What a coincidence," I said.

"I bet you were waiting for me," she said. "You can't sit outside with us tonight. Frank is taking me out for dinner to La Petite Fleur, which is terribly expensive."

"You mean you're not going to take cousin Dave along with you?" I said. "That's not the kind of cold shoulder we expect from folks in Ardsley. Back in Ardsley ——"

"Your attempt to imitate an Oklahoman's way of speech is ludicrous," she said. "All right, you can come along. Frank isn't an innocent like Harold. He's older, and he'll put you in your place. He'll make a fool of you."

"My only desire is to be of service," I said. "I will see you tonight."

When I rang Betty's doorbell that evening, Frank was already on hand. I gathered that he had been briefed.

Betty introduced us, and I said, "It's mighty nice of you to include me, Frank." I clapped him on the shoulder, and he winced, but bore up bravely.

"I hear we're going to one of those French places," I said. "It'll be quite a change from hominy grits. That's what Betty was brought up on; I guess maybe that's the only thing she ever learned to cook back home. Or were you pretty good with chit'lin's, Betty?"

"I never even heard of chit'lin's," she said angrily.

"Puttin' on big-city airs, but she can't fool us, can she, Frank?" I said, and nudged him in the ribs.

His face got a little red. "Shall we go out to dinner?" he said.

We sat in the front seat of Frank's car, Frank driving, then Betty, then me. I put my arm around her shoulder in a cousinly way, and she pinched me.

At the restaurant Frank had his favorite table reserved for him, and the wine steward rushed over to confer with him.

"I thought we'd begin with a claret," Frank said. "They have a little claret here which isn't one of the great years, but I think it will please your palate."

They brought the claret. "Well, cheers, no tears," I said, "bottoms up," and drank the claret that Frank was rolling around in his glass and hadn't even tasted yet. He looked a little sick; so did Betty.

Nobody said anything, not even the wine steward, who was staring at me in fascinated horror.

"Well, Betty," I said, "this is a far cry from swilling the hogs, isn't it?"

"I have to go to the powder room," Betty said, and took off like a rocket.

Frank looked down his nose and over his claret at me. "You're a hog farmer?" he said.

"That's right, Frank," I said. "And you know I had a kind of a dream coming all the way here from Ardsley, Frank. A fella gets purty lonesome livin' with nothin' but a bunch of hogs. They provide a livin', but a man needs more than hogs. Betty ever call hogs for you, Frank?"

"I'm afraid she never did," Frank said.

"She got a voice carries like the bay of a hound on an October night," I said. "Get her to do it for you sometime. It'll be an experience you'll never forget. But gettin' back to my dream, Frank, I dreamed of comin' up to the big city and takin' Betty back with me."

"The idea is preposterous," Frank snorted.

"Well, Betty told me that," I said. "I come here alone, and I guess I'll go home alone. 'Cousin Dave,' she says to me, 'you're young,' she says, 'you're my age, you'd expect me to cook and keep house and call the hogs and like that. No,' she says, 'I don't aim to cook and keep house. I like to go. I like to eat out ever' night of the week, and no young fella is goin' to treat me like that. I'm going to hoo up with an older man, a man of mature years who can afford to indulge me.' 'Betty,' I said, 'are you tellin' me to my face that you're going to be an old man's ornament?' 'If that's what you want to call me, go right ahead,' she said. 'Sticks and stones will break my bones, but words will never hurt me.' And now I've seen you, Frank, I take it all back. You're only twelve years older than she is, and nobody would ever suspect it if you combed your hair over that bald spot.

Becalmed

By Herbert Merrill

Well, there I was and there I stuck,
A helpless victim of the weather,
My little boat a sitting duck
Without a wind to stir a feather.
Her sails hung limply down like two
White, withered petals in the sun;
The lake was like a pot of glue,
The skipper like a hot-cross bun.
And all the yellow afternoon,
A fly upon the windowpane,
I buzzed and grumbled till the moon
Replaced a sunset's crimson stain
And took me home, with breezes stirring
As gently as a kitten's purring.

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Betty came back about then. Frank jumped up to hold her chair.

"He's real spry, ain't he?" I said to Betty, and that was the last word anyone said through dinner except to talk to the waiter, and I paid him for the meal. Frank didn't give me any argument about picking up the check.

We went outside, and I thanked Frank for including me. "It was a real pleasure to buy that dinner," I said, "and now I'll leave you lovebirds alone."

I went home, and about an hour later I heard Betty come in. I went out, and she stood there, swinging her purse. "Twice now," she said, "last night and tonight, I'm home alone at eight. You should have heard Frank. I had to cover my ears."

"Well, now," I said, "if he has a violent temper, wouldn't you rather find it out now than have him swearing at you on the honeymoon? And if you don't really love Harold, but only pity him, don't you want to know that? Betty, would you rather I didn't show up tomorrow night?"

"I'll die if you don't show up tomorrow night," Betty said, and she laughed suddenly.

"What's so funny?" I said.

"Tomorrow night's going to be funny," he said. "You'd better wear pads and a catcher's mask. Mark's dynamic and huskier than you, and nobody ever pushed Mark around and got away with it. He's the one who pushes. He'll chop you into little pieces, and I can hardly wait."

I went back inside my apartment, looked at my chart and then picked up my pencil and drew a line.

~~HAROLD~~
~~FRANK~~
MARK

"Two down and one to go," I said. And the next night when Mark came up the apartment walk, I was on the outside steps waiting for him.

"Well, howdy," I said, holding out my hand.

"Whatever you're selling, I'm not buying," he said. He had about ten pounds on me, I figured, and a hard jaw and eyes that took me in with one look.

"You mean Betty hasn't told you about me?" I said. "She didn't mention her cousin Dave? She's certainly told me a lot about you. I've been in town three days, and all I've heard is Mark, Mark, Mark. That's how come I recognized you right off. Come on in."

We rang the bell, and Betty let us in. I'll say one thing for Mark—he was different from Harold and Frank. He picked Betty right off the floor and kissed her, then looked at me.

"Where can we drop you, Abner?" he said. "Betty and I have a date."

Betty giggled.

"Well, Mark," I said, "Betty told me you were ticketed for the top of the heap, and I can see why. You get right to the point, and you don't care who gets stepped on."

"Maybe your cousin would like a thick ear to remember the city by," Mark said.

Betty smiled. "Cousin Dave," she said, "could we drop you at the picture show?"

"Well, I'd rather talk to Mark on his way to the top," I said. "Nothing's going to get in your way, is that right, Mark?"

"I don't think it's any of your business," he said. "There are certain things I want. I intend to get them."

"And you're planning to take Betty right along with you," I said.

He grinned at me. "I've made my plans."

"What about Betty's plans, Mark?" I said.

"I don't get you," he said.

"She's not a piece of property, Mark," I said. "She's not a possession to take along. She's a woman, a beautiful young woman with a heart and intelligence and emotions. A woman like Betty you just don't take along; you make her a partner."

"Listen," he said, "I run my business ——"

"And your wife too?" I said. "You make all the decisions. Is she a subordinate, Mark, taking orders from the top; do this, do that, live here, live there? Is that your idea of making her happy?"

"I told you before," he said, "this is none of your business."

"Do you think it's my business, Mark?" Betty said.

"I won't discuss our private life in front of this joker," Mark declared.

"The point is, Mark," I said, "Betty needs only one thing to be happy. She needs to be with a man she loves and who loves her. She doesn't need the possessions that spell success. Whether or not you ever become the president of Ramsey and Company won't mean much to Betty. You could become the most successful tycoon in America, and she could be unhappy."

"All right, wise guy, I've heard enough," Mark said. "Tell him to get out of here, Betty. Or I will."

Betty looked at me, then at Mark. "Maybe you'd better get rid of him, Mark," she said.

"It will be a pleasure," he said. He took a step toward me, and the doorbell rang. Betty answered it, and Harold and Frank came in.

"Oh, heavens," Betty said and began to wring her hands.

"Betty," Frank said, "I want an explanation. There were a number of things about last night's fiasco that disturbed me. I had a hunch and telephoned Harold. He had also encountered this alleged cousin Dave. . . . Now, Mark, I see you've met him."

"I was just about to throw him out the door," Mark said.

"Harold and I will be happy to assist you," Frank said. "We did a little checking on him. He's not related to Betty. He's not from Oklahoma. He's been living in the apartment across the hall for the past year and is employed in this city as a chemical engineer. We'll help you take care of him. But first I think the three of us are entitled to an explanation from Betty."

"And it better be good," Mark added, swinging around to face her. Harold mumbled something, and I gathered he was in agreement.

Betty arched her slim body like a cat. "And if it isn't?"

She took a step toward the three of them, her eyes narrowed, and she even looked like a cat. "What will you do if you don't like my explanation—throw me out on the trash heap? All three of you have been telling me for a year how much you love me. Tell me now how much you love me. Tell me, Harold. . . . Tell me, Frank. . . . And most of all, you, Mark."

"Gentlemen," I broke in, "she can't explain because this wasn't her idea; it was mine. I accept full responsibility."

"Then you explain," Mark said. "And make it fast."

"Why, it's very simple," I said. "I love her. For a year I've watched the three of you monopolize her. I just entered the lists. Maybe my methods were unorthodox, but I had a late start, and all's fair in love, isn't that what the poets say, Harold?"

Mark glanced at Frank, who nodded, and suddenly they came at me. I dodged the first punch, and then they were swarming all over me, and I had a glimpse of Harold dancing around futilely on the outskirts of the melee.

I fancied that I was holding my own until I saw Betty get into the act. She had picked up the handiest available weapon, which seemed to be a statuette of some sort, and the next thing I knew she had hit me in the eye with it. All the fight drained out of me.

"Get out," Betty yelled. "Get out and never come back or I'll call the police."

Out we marched, the four of us. I went into my apartment and, looking out the window, I saw Frank, Harold and Mark going down the walk together, presumably heading for the nearest bar where they could lick their wounds and discuss the perfidy of women.

I was looking at my wall chart when I heard steps, and Betty came in my open doorway and stood beside me. "Do you have a pencil?" she said.

I handed her one. She drew a line on the chart and we looked at it in silence.

~~HAROLD~~
~~FRANK~~
~~MARK~~

Betty turned to me. "You have a split lip," she said. "You're going to have a black eye. You'd frighten your own mother in the morning."

"You know," I said, "they're not bad guys. The right woman might give Harold a little backbone. A woman who loved Frank might take the snobbery out of him. If she loved Mark, she could hold him down a little."

"What could the right woman do for you?" she said.

"You already did it," I said sadly. "I tried my darnedest, and you hit me in the eye with a statue."

"I was aiming at Mark," she said.

She turned again toward the chart and began writing. When she finished the first letter, I bent and kissed the back of her neck. Split lip or no split lip, it felt great.

"You have the most beautiful handwriting in the world," I said, watching her finish the word on my chart.

DAVE

The Case of the Bigamous Spouse (Continued from Page 33)

It's—oh, a couple of miles from the Baxter estate. There was a service station open there, and he said that he'd speak with the attendant about taking a car out."

"All right," Mason said, "what happened?"

"Well, we stopped there, and the attendant was servicing a car, so this man walked around back in the direction of the rest rooms, and that's when I telephoned you."

"And then?" Mason asked.

"Then I waited and waited, and he didn't show up, so finally I went to the man at the service station and asked him if arrangements had been made for him to go out and change the tire on the car, and he wanted to know what car, and I said the car that belonged to the man who had just been talking with him. He said no one had been talking with him. He said that he saw me drive up and saw a man get out of the car and go around the back of the station toward the rest rooms, and then he was busy with the car he was working on and decided we didn't want any service, so he hadn't paid any more attention."

"All right, what did you do then?"

"I asked the man to look in the men's room."

"Your friend wasn't there?"

She shook her head.

"What did you do?"

"I looked in the women's room. He wasn't there. So I drove on home."

"And the gun?" Mason asked.

"I had the gun on the seat beside me."

"All right," Mason said. "You got home. Now, we don't have much time. Let's get this thing straight. What happened?"

"Well, I saw Nell and told her I had a beastly headache and was going to bed. I did just what you told me to."

"And you went to bed?"

"I tried to, but Nell came in and said, 'Look here, Gwynn, I don't know what's getting into you, but you're not acting like yourself and, for your information, you're a rotten liar. Now sit down and tell me what's the matter. Are you having an affair with my husband? And, if so, is it one of those disastrous things that is going to mean breaking up our relationship? Or is it just a casual cheating that you can both get out of your systems, and I can overlook?'"

"So then you told her the whole business?" Mason asked.

"No, I didn't," she said. "I told her that I wasn't having an affair. I told her that I was a little bit concerned, because I'd been stopped by an officer who had given me his gun and then had gone away and left me with the gun. But I didn't tell her anything about my suspicions, nothing about where I'd been, nothing about you."

"And then what?"

"Well, she tried to cross-examine me. She told me that officers don't just toss guns into girls' laps, and she said she felt certain that Felt had something on his mind and that it had to do with me. She wanted to know if he'd been making any more passes at me and if I'd been letting him get to first base. We talked like that for a while, and then she seemed very much relieved. She said, 'All right, I'm going to fix you some milk toast and put you to bed, and I'm going to go to bed myself.'"

"What happened?" Mason asked.

"We had milk toast and sat and talked for a while, and I went to sleep. I didn't think I was going to be able to sleep. I thought I'd be awake and be nervous, but I never slept any more soundly in my life. I got up this morning, and Nell wanted to cross-examine me some more, and she said the more she thought about my story of the officer and the gun, the more fishy it sounded and that she thought I was holding something out on her."

"So what happened?"

"I got the gun and showed it to her, and we swung out the cylinder and looked at it. One shell had been fired."

"One shell?" Mason asked.

She nodded.

"Go ahead," Mason said.

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"Well," she said, "I didn't say anything to Nell. I tried to pass it all off as a matter of course, but I decided I'd better find out about that officer and who he was, and the only place I knew where I could get a lead was out there at the Baxter estate. He'd evidently been working on a case out there."

"What did you do?"

"I drove out to the Baxter estate. I felt that I had plenty of time to get out there and make inquiries and then get back in order to keep my 10:30 appointment with you."

"What happened?"

"The gates were open. I drove in and went to the house. I rang the bell. No one answered. I drove my car around to the back."

"Why your car? Why didn't you walk?"

"I was afraid of dogs. I wanted to be in the car in case there was a watchdog."

"All right. Go ahead."

"I drove around to the back and didn't particularly want to park the car right in the driveway, so I started to turn around and started backing the car. You remember it was raining yesterday, and the grass by the side of the driveway was wet. I got the back tires a little too far off the driveway, and one of the tires skidded—that is, one of the wheels started spinning when I tried to get out. So I left the car right there and opened the door and got out and started to walk to the house, and then I saw a foot sticking out of the tall grass right near the shrubbery, and I took a couple of steps forward and parted the brush and found myself looking into the dead face of Felting Grimes."

"He was dead?" Mason asked.

"Stone, cold dead."

"What made you think he'd been murdered?"

"There was a bullet hole in his chest," she said.

"All right," Mason told her, "go on. Let's hear the rest of it. What did you do?"

"I got in a panic. I ran back to my car, got in it and tried to move the car. The wheels spun for a moment, then I got into the driveway and got out of there."

"And the gun?" Mason asked.

She said, "I got in a terrific panic over the gun. I slowed the car just as I was going through the gates of the Baxter estate. There was some tall shrubbery over there by the gate, and I got out of the car and threw the gun just as far as I could over into that shrubbery. Then I got into the car again and started driving to Nell's place so I could tell her and—and then I remembered my appointment with you so I—well, here I am."

Mason glanced at his client, then at Della Street and said, "This story of yours is ——"

"Is the truth," she interrupted. "If I'd been lying, I'd have thought up a story that would have been so much more plausible than this that it wouldn't even be funny. I know that it sounds strange that an officer would poke his gun through the window of my car so I'd be protected against his advances, but he knew I wasn't going to let him in unless he did something like that, and he *had* to get in. He was desperate. I'm telling you the truth."

"All right," Mason said grimly. "You're my client. I'm going to have to act on the assumption that you are telling me the truth. If you're lying to me, you're buying yourself a one-way ticket to the gas chamber. Do you understand that? The most expensive mistake anyone can make is to lie to a lawyer. It's as bad as a patient's trying to lie to a doctor. Now, do you understand that?"

She nodded.

Mason said, "There isn't time for me to cross-examine you. There isn't time to check any of this stuff. I'm going to have to play it by ear, and I'm going to have to play it fast. I'm going to have to play it on the assumption that you are telling me the truth. Once I start on that assumption, I've got to follow it through all the way. If you're lying to me, everything that I do is going to boomerang. Everything I do that is aimed at protecting you is going to work against you. Do you understand that?"

Again she nodded.

"All right," Mason said. "You have a list of prospects that's phoned in every day?"

"Some days it comes by mail."

"You have some prospects to see now?"

"Why, yes, of course. I have a full day ahead of me."

"Get out and call on them," Mason said.

"But am I not supposed to —— Don't we have to report the finding of a body and ——"

"Do exactly as I said," Mason told her. "Get out of the office. Start calling on your clients."

"But what about the body?"

"You're supposed to report finding a body. You reported to me. I'm your attorney. I'll take care of things for you. Understand now, I don't want you to do anything that can be construed as resorting to flight. I want you to go about your business and ——"

World news wasn't so distressing in the old days because it happened only to foreigners.

HAROLD COFFIN

"And I'm not to tell Nell?"

"You're not to tell a soul," Mason said. "Because of the peculiar circumstances surrounding the death, because of your discovery of the possibility that Nell Grimes is a bigamous spouse and that Felting Grimes is, in reality, Frankline Gillett, and that Mrs. Gillett probably is the first wife and therefore the legal wife, you're to put yourself in my hands and follow my instructions. I'm telling you to go out and start selling books. Don't telephone in to Nell, don't get in touch with anyone until the close of the day. Follow your regular routine and go home when you've finished your day's work."

"As though nothing had happened?"

"Just as though nothing had happened," Mason said. "If no one contacts you before that time, I will either be waiting for you at the Grimes's house or have someone there waiting for you. Now get started."

Gwynn Elston got to her feet, automatically smoothed her skirt down over the hips, started for the door, turned, smiled over her shoulder at Perry Mason and said, "Honestly, Mr. Mason, I'm telling you the absolute truth. If I were lying, it would be a *lot* more artistic."

"Let's hope so," Mason said, as she glided through the door. He nodded to Della Street. "Get down to Paul Drake's office. Tell him we want to know the name of the officer whose car was parked out by the Baxter estate last night. We want to know it fast. We want to know it before anyone else knows it.

"We also want to know what service-station man at Vista del Mesa went out to the Baxter estate and changed a tire on a car. Get Paul Drake started. Tell him to put out all the men that are necessary and then to come down here, so I can fill him in on the details."

"And what about the body?" she asked. "Are you ——"

"I'm going to talk with Lieutenant Tragg at Homicide," Mason said. "Tell Gertie to get him on the line as you go through the outer office. Then get down to Paul Drake's office and get busy."

Della Street nodded. "On my way," she said.

Mason waited until Gertie rang, then picked up his phone. "Well, hello, lieutenant. How are *you* this morning? This is Perry Mason."

"Yes, your switchboard operator told me," Lieutenant Tragg said dryly. "I presume you want information?"

"Not at the moment," Mason said. "I want to give you some information."

"How nice of you," Tragg said. "And may I state this is rather a new gambit, Mr. Mason."

Mason said, "This time I want to report what is evidently a murder."

"Well, well," Tragg said, "you *are* taking a new approach! Can you give me the name of the murdered person?"

"I believe," Mason said, "the murdered man is Frankline Gillett. He lived out on Tribly Way, near Vista del Mesa. For your information, that is only a short distance from the big estate of George Belding Baxter, which is surrounded, I believe, with an ornamental wrought-iron fence. The body of Mr. Gillett is lying on the ground near the driveway at the back door of the house. It is partially concealed by a bush."

"And how do you know all this?" Tragg asked.

Mason said, "I have a client who discovered the body."

"Where is that client now?"

"I can't tell you, except to say the client has left my office."

"You can't get away with that," Tragg said. "We want to question this client. Get him—or her—back."

Mason said, "The law requires that as an attorney I report a crime when it is brought to my attention. The law does not require my client to make any statements other than to report the finding of the body, nor do I have to disclose the identity of my client. Thank you very much, lieutenant. That will be all." Mason hung up the phone before Tragg could make any further comment.

Paul Drake eased himself into the clients' big leather chair, said, "All right, Perry. I've followed instructions, and my men are out working. Now I'd like to know the reason for the big emergency."

Mason said, "Get out your notebook, Paul. George Belding Baxter—he has a big place out on Tribly Way. That's where the car was parked last night. What do you know about Baxter generally? I want it quick."

"A big millionaire sportsman," Drake said. "Has a flock of investments of various sorts."

"How old?"

"About fifty-five."

"Married or single?"

"Single. There was a divorce scandal four or five years ago. She got quite a settlement, a couple of million dollars."

"Find out what you can about him," Mason said.

"Anything else?" Drake asked.

"Lots else," Mason said. "A man by the name of Frankline Gillett, who lived out on Tribly Way, had a child—Frankline Junior, aged seven—also a wife. He was murdered last night, or possibly early this morning, and the police have been notified the body is in the George Belding Baxter estate."

"The devil!" Drake said. "Who notified the police?"

"I did."

Drake started to get up out of the chair. "Hang it, Perry, you can't do things like that."

"Can't do things like what?"

"Notifying the police of a murder and then calling in a detective."

Mason said, "If I *hadn't* notified the police, then what?"

Drake looked at him with an expression of extreme exasperation. "I'm not going to argue with you; I'm telling you."

"All right, I've been told," Mason said. "Now, here's something for your confidential information. I have reason to believe that there may be a .38-caliber revolver lying in the brush by the gates. Here, I'll draw you a diagram." Mason made a hasty sketch. "The gun will be in the area around here somewhere."

"What do *I* do?" Drake asked.

"Get out there," Mason said. "If you can't get in the grounds, hang around outside of the fence and keep an eye on that area. If the police find the gun there, I want to know it."

"And if they don't?"

"If they don't," Mason said, "ask the police if *you* can get in and search the grounds. They won't let you, of course, but it will give them ideas."

"Do you want me to find the gun?" Drake asked.

"Hell, no," Mason said. "I don't want you to find that gun! I'm showing you the place I don't want you even looking for the gun. But I do want the police to find a gun there. And when they do, I want to know it."

Drake said, "One of these days you're going to get yourself a one-way ticket to the penitentiary."

"Never mind that," Mason said. "Do what I tell you to. I want you to get all the information you can on Baxter and on Frankline Gillett. I want you to find out everything you can about the murder. I want you to be out there on the job. The police are going to resent your being there. They're going to resent me. You're going to have to use a lot of wits and quite a bit of diplomacy."

"How will I tell them that I knew about the murder, and who will I tell them is employing me?"

"Tell them I told you about the murder and that I'm employing you," Mason said. "If and when the police find a gun there, I want to know it—fast.

"Now then, here's the lowdown on the car I want you to locate. Last night, sometime around 9:40 or so, this car was stalled out by the gates of the Baxter place. It belonged to an officer or a private detective. Find out everything you can about that car. Get the make of the tires from imprints left in the soft soil on the side of the road, if you can. Get any discarded cigarette packages, anything that may be a clue. Then I want you to cover all the service stations in Vista del Mesa. I want you to talk with the men who were on duty there last night. I want you to find the one who remembers a young woman who was stood up by her escort there. I want you to get a description of the escort, if possible. And be darn sure the police aren't tailing you when you go to *that* place.

"Then check every service station and tow-car garage out there in Vista del Mesa. Find who it was that went out and repaired a tire on that automobile, get the license number of the automobile, who owned it and who ordered the repairs. Now, that may be quite a job, but I want you to get your men at work on it and do it fast. Use whatever men you need to cover the territory thoroughly and fast."

Drake said, "I've got my men checking out at Vista del Mesa. They're on their way. They'll phone in for instructions. The car had a flat tire?"

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"That's right," Mason said. "Apparently the spare tire was flat. Someone got a service-station man to go out and repair the tire, either put on a new tire or they may have simply pumped up the spare so the man could get away. I want to find out who that man was, and I don't want anyone to know you're ——"

The door from the outer office opened and Lieutenant Tragg, his hat tilted slightly to the back of his head, entered the room. He was accompanied by a plain-clothes officer who stood two paces back of Lieutenant Tragg and remained ostentatiously silent.

"That's right, lieutenant," Mason said sarcastically, "always feel free to walk right in without knocking."

"We always do," Tragg said cheerfully. "I've explained that to you before, Perry, particularly on occasions like this. It increases our efficiency."

"You didn't waste any time getting here," Mason said. "I thought you'd be out at the Baxter estate."

"I know you did," Tragg said. "That's why I came here. I see you have your detective here, doubtless giving him instructions."

"That's right," Mason said, "and I think I've given him all of them. Go ahead and get started, Paul."

Tragg smiled at Paul Drake and said, "Keep your nose clean, Paul. You have a license, you know, and you wouldn't want to lose it."

"Sit down, gentlemen," Mason said.

"I don't think we have time for that," Tragg said. "I want to know who your client is in this Gillett murder."

Mason shook his head. "I don't have to tell you that."

"I guess you know the law about making yourself an accessory," Tragg said.

"Sure, I do," Mason told him. "I also know the law about advising clients. And I know the law about concealing evidence. I know the law about reporting a crime. Actually, lieutenant, I gave you a break. I reported a murder when I didn't have to."

"Oh, yes, you did," Tragg said. "It would have been a crime if you had covered up a murder, having knowledge one had been committed."

"What do you mean by knowledge?" Mason asked. "I didn't see any corpse."

"You knew there was one there."

"Someone told me there was a corpse there."

"Well, that's good enough."

"No, it isn't," Mason said. "That's hearsay evidence. I can tell you right now there's a corpse in the intersection at Seventh and Broadway. You aren't guilty of any crime if you don't rush to the phone, call police and say, 'There's a corpse at Seventh and Broadway.'"

"That's because there isn't any corpse at Seventh and Broadway," Tragg said.

"How do you know?" Mason asked.

"Because of the tone of your voice, because of a lot of things."

"So you don't have to report to the police?"

"That's right."

Mason said, "Then it becomes a question of how accurately a person can judge the tone of another person's voice. I wish I'd thought of that a little earlier, lieutenant, because now that you mention it, I'm beginning to think the tone of my client's voice was such that ——"

"I know, I know," interrupted Tragg. "Actually I'm only paying you a neighborly call, Perry, because I'd like to have you around. I'd hate to have you shut up where you wouldn't be able to keep in circulation. It would bother you, and I'd miss you."

"And I'd miss you too," Mason told him. "I always like to have police-officer friends who can drop in and tell me what the law is."

"And," Tragg said, "the minute you start aiding and abetting a murderer ——"

Mason smiled. "Then I become an accessory. But look through the Penal Code, lieutenant, and tell me if you find any statute that says it's illegal to aid and abet an innocent person who is wrongfully accused of murder."

"I'm talking about a guilty person," Tragg said.

"And I'm talking about an innocent one."

"Well," Tragg said, "I'll be moving along, Mason. I dropped in to pay my respects."

"And see if you could catch my client leaving the building," Mason said.

"That too," Tragg said. "We sewed up the place as soon as we could, but what with traffic conditions and all, I guess your client probably slipped through our fingers. After all, it's a little hard to ask officers to watch the people leaving a busy office building and spot anyone who looks like a client of Perry Mason's."

"Is that what you did?" Mason asked.

"Oh, we did better than that," Tragg said. "We aren't quite that dumb, you know, Mason. We threw out our nets."

"Catch any fish?" Mason asked.

"Got too many," Tragg admitted, grinning. "The boys are screening them now. They have probably a dozen irate customers who are cussing the police up one side and down the other. When you try to do a good job of enforcing the law, the citizens get mad. When you don't enforce it, they write letters to the newspapers demanding a cleanup."

Mason was thoughtful. "I'm afraid I underestimated you, lieutenant. I thought you'd be dashing out to the Baxter estate."

"Oh, we're doing that too," Lieutenant Tragg said. "We cover lots of territory, you know. That particular strip out there along Tribly Way is within the city limits and, therefore, within our jurisdiction, and we have to be reasonably efficient. I'd have been here a little sooner, only I had to supervise quite a few telephone calls personally. The elevator operators may be able to give us a little help. We're covering things, Perry. We're getting around."

"I'm sure you are," Mason said thoughtfully.

"I'd like to ask you one thing," Tragg went on. "How did your client know that there had been a murder out at the Baxter estate?"

"I'm not certain my client did," Mason said. "Somebody might have told my client there was a body there, and my client might have told me, and I might have advised my client that the best thing to do was to notify the police."

"That, of course, is possible," Tragg said. "Somehow I hardly think it's probable."

"If my client had murdered the man," Mason said, "then I would not have notified the police. I'd have simply advised my client there was no need to make any statement which might be incriminating, and I would have considered my client's statement one that had been made to me in professional confidence."

Tragg, frowning thoughtfully, said, "Under the circumstances, Perry, the only thing that I can think of is that there's some piece of evidence out there that you're afraid to go after yourself; but you're exceedingly anxious to have the police get hold of it before anything happens to it.

"Now, what kind of a piece of evidence would that be?"

"I'm sure I wouldn't know," Mason said.

Tragg turned to the plain-clothes officer with him and said thoughtfully, "It could be the murder weapon, you know, Jim. Well, I guess we've done all the good we can do here. Let's start rolling and see what we can find out, out toward Vista del Mesa. . . . Nice to have seen you, Mason."

"Thanks a lot for dropping in," Mason told him.

Tragg and the officer left the office.

Mason said to Della Street, "Well, Tragg's had time to get out of the neighborhood. He may be having someone delegated to keep me under surveillance. However, I want very much to talk with Mrs. Felting Grimes. So you'd better get the car and ——"

Mason broke off as the telephone rang frantically, a series of quick, short rings indicating that the girl at the switchboard was trying to give him some signal. Before Mason could more than motion to Della Street to pick up the telephone, the door opened and Lieutenant Tragg and the plain-clothes officer re-entered the office. This time they had Gwynn Elston between them.

"Thought I might surprise you by coming back so soon," Lieutenant Tragg said cheerfully. "Now, this young woman is Miss Gwynn Elston, Perry. I'm wondering if you can identify her."

Mason, his face a wooden, expressionless mask, said, "Why? Does she want to cash a check?"

"According to the stub in her checkbook," Tragg said, "she's already given a check—a check to Perry Mason for five dollars. That was yesterday."

"You had no right to look in her checkbook or her purse without a warrant," Mason said.

"I know," Tragg said. "I guess occasionally we do make our little mistakes; but, you see, it was rather important that we find out about this and —— Of course, we don't intend to use it as evidence, Perry."

"That's just the point," Mason said. "You think you have caught me in some technical violation because I don't report a crime even on the strength of hearsay evidence, and then you go and violate all the laws in the books regarding search and seizure and think nothing of it."

"Well, we're working in the interests of justice," Tragg said.

"And how do you know I'm not?" Mason asked.

"Well, that's a question I'm willing to discuss with you," Tragg said. "Now, this young lady seems to be singularly reticent as to just why she gave you a check for five dollars and where she's been during the last hour, and all of that."

Mason said, "Won't you folks sit down?"

Tragg turned to Gwynn Elston and said, not unkindly, "You'd better be seated, ma'am. We'll stand up."

Mason said, "What brings about this visit, lieutenant?"

Tragg said, "You know, that's the trouble with you brilliant people. You are something akin to a genius, Perry, and you think only in terms of flash and brilliance; you discount good, old, honest, plodding endeavor.

"Now, take this young woman, for instance. As soon as you telephoned that you were reporting a crime, we just took a few routine precautions. We telephoned the taxicab company that has a stand in front of the building and had them broadcast over the radio that any cab which had picked up a fare in front of this building in the last fifteen minutes was to report by telephone. Then we telephoned the two parking lots that are in the neighborhood and said that any person who had parked a car and left it there within less than an hour was to be stalled when he presented his parking ticket, particularly if he seemed to be in a hurry.

"Well, of course, that's a bad way to do things as far as public relations are concerned. We had to check on two taxicabs that had picked up fares from here. And one poor devil, I guess, missed his plane. He's threatening to sue the city, the police force, the chief and the taxicab company—but we had to check him. We tried to make it as painless as possible—the trouble was, he hadn't

"Mind stepping back a little? You're standing on my flippers!"

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allowed himself sufficient time to get to the airport.

"Then there were a dozen people held up at the two parking lots, and they were all squawking their heads off. We got down there and sifted them through pretty rapidly until we came to this young woman.

"This young woman didn't tell a very convincing story. She's not a very good liar. I think she's a nice girl and hasn't had much practice. So, after we looked at her driving license and looked her car over and started asking her questions, she suddenly said that she wouldn't answer any more questions until she had seen her attorney. So then, since she had her purse open, showing us her driving license, we took a look at the checkbook and found a stub dated yesterday, showing that a five-dollar payment had been made to Perry Mason.

"Well, now, putting two and two together, we just decided that perhaps this young woman had told you about the body of Frankline Gillett being out at George Belding Baxter's place, and so naturally we'd like to know how she knew about the body."

"And so you asked her?" Mason inquired.

"We did, and she said she'd have to talk with you."

"You felt a five-dollar check would represent my retainer in a murder case?" Mason asked.

"Not at all," Tragg said, grinning. "That check was yesterday. She consulted you about some little trouble, and by today that little trouble had ripened into a murder."

Mason glanced at Gwynn Elston. Her eyes were eloquent with pleading. Mason almost imperceptibly shook his head.

"Well, what's the answer?" Tragg said.

"Miss Elston," Mason said, "is a client of mine. I wish to talk to her in private."

"I'm afraid we can't arrange that right now," Lieutenant Tragg said. "She hasn't been charged with anything yet, but we're questioning her, and I'm quite sure the district attorney is going to want to question her. I think Hamilton Burger, our district attorney, would take a very dim view of the situation if I permitted you to have a private conversation with her right now."

"She's in custody then?"

"She's in custody to that extent," Tragg said. "Now look, Perry, we don't want to work any injustice in this case. Here is a young, attractive woman who is refusing to answer questions. Now, that's a suspicious sign right on the face of it."

"Let's plant it here!"

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"This," Mason said, "is what comes of trying to co-operate with the police. If I had waited half an hour and then called you ——"

"Then you'd have been suppressing evidence," Tragg interrupted. "Oh, you're a smart one, all right, Perry. You know your way around. You could advise your client to do anything that would protect her constitutional rights, but as far as you were concerned, as an attorney, having been advised that a murder had been committed, it was your duty to pass the information on to the police immediately. You wanted to keep your skirts clean, so you put through a call to us and got Miss Elston out of your office all at the same time."

Mason turned to Gwynn Elston. "Miss Elston," he said, "speaking as your attorney, I advise you not to answer any questions of any sort, not to make any statement of any sort until I have had an opportunity to look into the situation. Now, I want to tell you that I *am* looking into the situation. I expect to find out as much as I can about it within the next few hours.

"Lieutenant Tragg will adopt a very fatherly attitude with you. The officers will tell you that they certainly don't want to work an injustice and, if you are innocent, they certainly don't want to subject you to a lot of newspaper notoriety. They'll tell you all sorts of things to try to get you to talk. Just don't talk. Don't say a word. Sit tight. State that I will do your talking for you."

"Well," Tragg said, sighing, "that's all we needed to know, Perry. We just wanted to be sure that this was the client who had told you about the murder. I'm afraid you're going to have to come with us, Miss Elston."

Gwynn said, "Mr. Mason, may I ——"

"You may not," Lieutenant Tragg interrupted. "You're being held on suspicion of first-degree murder."

"And," Mason said, "you are entitled to the benefit of counsel at all times, Miss Elston."

"After she's booked," Tragg sa "Right now, we're going to take her headquarters for a little interrogation."

"Remember," Mason said to Gwynn, "don't give any answers at all. No matter what questions they may ask, don't answer—not even the simplest questions. Don't tell them where you're living, don't tell them anything." Mason put just a subtle emphasis on the words, "Don't tell them where you're living."

Lieutenant Tragg held the exit door open and motioned to the officer. "All right, officer," he said, "we'll take her along. I dislike to do this to an attractive young woman but, if she won't expedite our investigation, she may be held for quite a while."

Mason said, "Don't even give them the time of day, Miss Elston. Your constitutional rights have been violated. They have searched your purse without probable cause."

Tragg grinned back over his shoulder at Mason and said, "We've got probabl cause, now, Perry," and stepped out t door.

Mason waited until they were well away from the door, then said to Della Street, "Go down and get my car, Della. Start the motor, stay in the parking lot until ten minutes have elapsed. At exactly ten minutes from now drive around to the entrance of the building."

"If I can't find a place to stop?"

"You won't need to," Mason said. "I'll be waiting at the curb. You do the driving, and I'll jump in."

"The Felting Grimes residence?" Della Street asked.

"Exactly," Mason said. "That's the only place where we're one jump ahead of the police. We're going to have to hold that lead."

"But they'll catch up with us?"

"Oh, sure, they'll catch up with us," Mason said. "The only thing that we can hope is that we can get another lead that will put us another jump ahead of them while we're out there. All right, Della look at your watch—drive past the offi building in exactly ten minutes."

TO BE CONTINUED

Quarterback of the Cabinet (Continued from Page 27)

telephone. It was the society editor of a New York newspaper calling. "May I speak," she said, "with one of Mr. Rusk's social secretaries?"

It took all of Mrs. Rusk's tact to conceal her amusement. The Rusks had always lived quietly; they had never dreamed of having a social secretary, much less two of them. Even in Washington, where a Secretary of State is looked to as a leader of diplomatic society, Rusk has confined himself to the minimum of such functions permitted by politeness and protocol.

The Rusk appointment sent the newspapers back to their old files for information on the new Secretary. They found little in the headlines. Rusk had played a significant part in world events and hard decisions in the past, but as a brilliant subordinate, a trusted adviser. Back in the days of our seemingly hopeless World War II struggles in the China-Burma-India (C.B.I.) Theater, young Colonel Rusk, hardly past thirty, had been chosen by hard-bitten Gen. Joseph (Vinegar Joe) Stilwell as his deputy chief of staff. In 1950 as an assistant Secretary of State, Rusk had taken part in the historic Blair House conferences which adopted the bitter but necessary decision to defend South Korea against Communist invasion. Later, serving as right-hand man to John Foster Dulles, while assistant secretary for Far Eastern Affairs, he had helped him in one of his most notable achievements, the arduous and delicate negotiation of the United States-Japanese Peace Treaty. In these and many other tasks he became known as a good man to have around when the going is tough. Word of this, from many sources, doubtless influenced President Kennedy's choice.

If the President searched farther back, he may have learned that his Secretary of State had been weaned on trouble and reared on adversity. Even the boy's birth was fringed with peril. His father, the Rev. Hugh Rusk, a Presbyterian country clergyman in Cherokee County, Georgia, drove his horse eight miles through the bitter night of February 9, 1909, to fetch the doctor, who arrived just in time to deliver the whopping eleven-pound baby boy.

Hugh Rusk was a much beloved minister. But times were hard, and his parish was poor. His meager money income, supplemented by what he could raise on his own small farm, was barely enough to sustain his family—his wife, three sons and two daughters.

When young Dean was four years old his father was stricken with a throat ailment which made it impossible to continue his preaching and life's vocation. The farm alone could not sustain the family; Mrs. Rusk was in frail health. The Reverend Mr. Rusk, who had worked his way through a college education, could not turn to another profession, because his doctor had warned him that his ailment required outdoor activity. Papa Rusk, undaunted and brushing aside any pride of status, decided to apply for a job as a letter carrier in the city of Atlanta.

Here chance, which has played so large a role in Dean Rusk's life, intervened on his family's behalf. Papa Rusk arrived at the Atlanta post office at 4:45 P.M. Fifteen minutes later the office would have closed for the day. As he filled out the application form, he learned that a man past his forty-fifth birthday was not eligible for the position. This was his forty-fifth birthday. He got the job.

Thus a margin of minutes made the difference. Mr. Rusk was able to brin his family to Atlanta. His gifted childre whose talents might never have come flower in the primitive country schoolhouse, found opportunity and encouragement under appreciative teachers in the city's public schools. Parks Rusk, the oldest boy, went on to become publisher of the Miami Beach *Sun*. Roger is now professor of physics at the University of Tennessee. And Dean's quality was spotted from the first as exceptional by students and teachers alike.

Life was no bowl of cherries for a family of seven on a postman's salary. Papa

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Rusk, lugging his heavy mailbag, trudged a daily route of sixteen miles. He also half-soled the family's shoes and cut the boys' hair. Mamma Rusk fashioned underwear from old flour sacks and took care to send the children spotless to school, on occasion drying a hastily washed shirt or dress in the oven at breakfast time. The boys walked the nearby railroad tracks, collecting stray lumps of coal to keep the home fires burning.

Their life, poor in this world's goods, was rich in family spirit. The youngsters absorbed from both parents a conviction that learning was a precious privilege, not a chore. It did not occur to them that they were poor, or underprivileged. Struggle and trouble were a part of life, to be mastered with cheerfulness and fortitude. One day young Dean was told by his father's friend, an old circuit-riding preacher, "Pray as if it were up to God; work as if it were up to you." He has not forgotten this advice. Today, as Secretary of State, it helps sustain him as he grapples with the world's new-thronging perils.

In Atlanta Boys' High young Dean Rusk was an A student in a tough classical course which included Latin, Greek, French, English and mathematics. He was commandant of the R.O.T.C. and got a ten-dollar-a-week job as editor of the Atlanta *Journal*'s school page. He won a cup as the "best all-around boy in his class." Dr. Preston Epps, who taught him then, recalls him as "one of those rare persons who seem to have been born mature, comfortably adequate for any situation which might confront him. I have not met more than five such students in forty-five years of teaching."

He was always a great one for planning ahead. At twelve he wrote a prophetic document, "What I Plan to Do in the Next Twelve Years." On graduating from high school he would work for two years, to save up enough money to go to North Carolina's Davidson College. He would graduate from there with sufficient distinction in scholarship, athletics and leadership to win a Rhodes Scholarship, entitling him to three years at Oxford.

Amazingly, he carried it out. In one thing he fell short. His wages as a lawyer's office boy were too skimpy to provide the money for college. He went to Davidson anyway, as he says, "With more faith than cash." Faith, plus work, plus footwork, paid off. He went through college practically on the run. He ran to and from the campus to a fifty-dollar-a-month job at the bank, then back to the boardinghouse to wait on tables to earn his meals. He also did some running on the athletic fields and on the basketball court, where he was the star center on the college team. In the R.O.T.C. he was again top man, which led on to a commission in the Army Reserve. And still he found time to win Phi Beta Kappa honors in his studies.

In his application for a Rhodes Scholarship Rusk said his chief purpose at Oxford would be the study of ways to achieve world peace. The Rhodes selection committee, interviewing him, wondered why, since his greatest interest was in peace, he had devoted so much time to his military training in the R.O.T.C. He said, "The eagle on the Great Seal has two claws, one with an olive branch and the other with arrows."

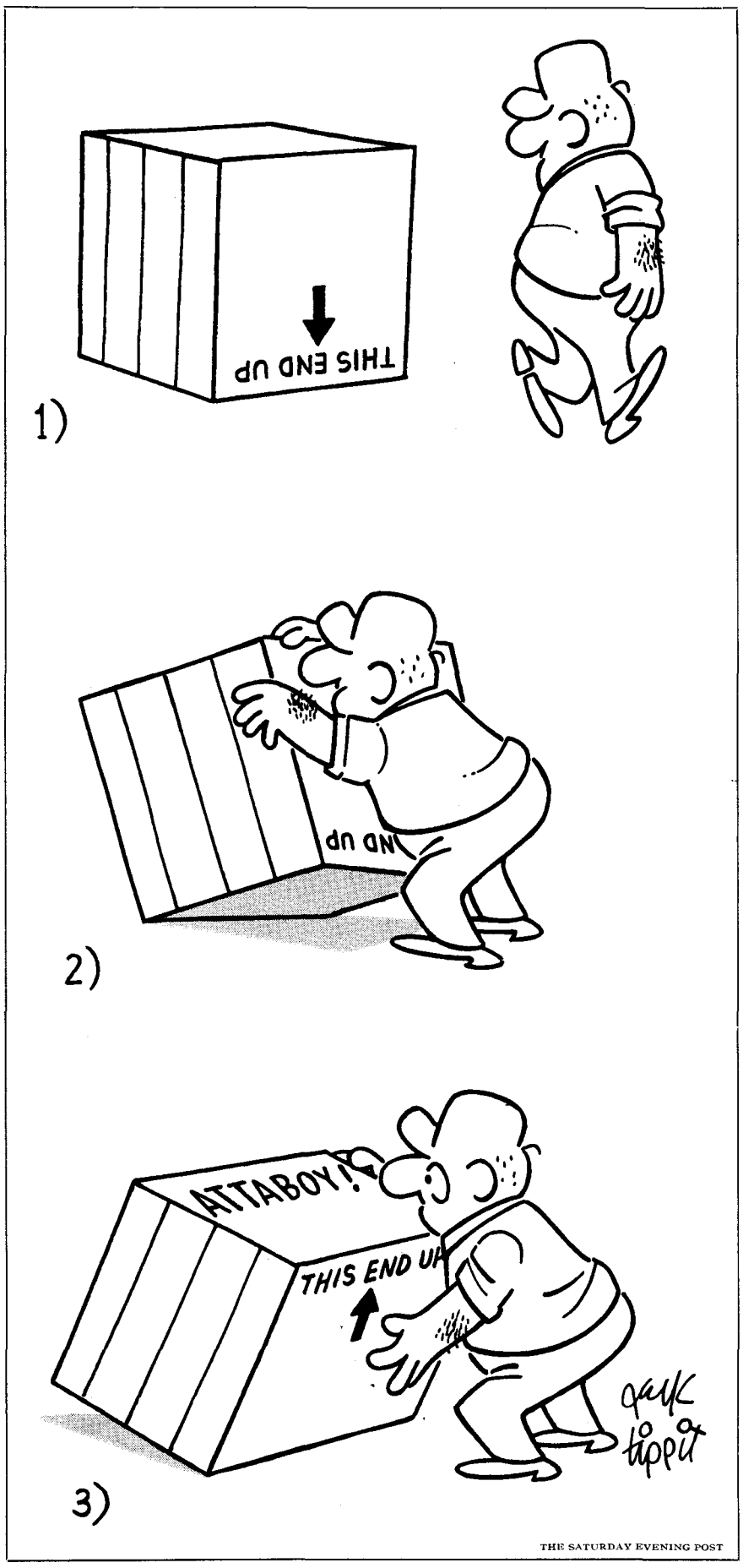
The sentence is worth noting for a number of reasons. It was an example of Rusk's ability to express ideas with brevity and force. Thirty years later it so impressed President Kennedy that he used it almost verbatim in his State of the Union message in January. It was unconsciously prophetic, in that it symbolizes the central dilemma which plagues the President and his Secretary of State as they face world-wide Communist aggression. Their task is to find the delicate balance between the olive branch of peaceful intent and the arrows of military power.

Their dilemma is compounded, they find, by enemy tactics which are neither war nor peace, which take over vulnerable nations of the free world neither by invading armies nor peaceful persuasion. As President Kennedy put it a few weeks ago: "We are opposed around the world by a monolithic and ruthless conspiracy that relies primarily on covert means of expanding its sphere of influence—on infiltration instead of invasion, on subversion instead of elections, on intimidation instead of free choice, on guerrillas by night instead of armies by day.... This is a time of peace and peril which knows no precedent in history."

No such world was dreamed of when young Rusk, in the early 1930's, pursued his studies in the leisurely atmosphere of Oxford. The olive branch was in the ascendant, and Rusk distinguished himself with an essay which won the coveted Cecil Peace Prize. But in his vacations on the continent he saw the arrows of a new war begin to sprout as Hitler's Nazism began to clamp its fanaticism on Germany.

Accordingly Rusk maintained his status as an officer in the Army Reserve when he returned to America in 1934 to teach at Mills College for women in California. In 1937, happily married to one of his former students, Virginia Foisie, he seemed destined to the studious life and placid obscurity of a professor of political science. Then in 1940, with Western Europe overrun and England under the bombs of the *Luftwaffe*, Rusk was called to active duty as a captain of infantry.

His was the 3rd Infantry Division, which was to prove itself one of the great combat outfits of World War II. Shortly before Pearl Harbor a punch-card machine in Washington, searching for likely Intelligence officers, popped up the card of Captain Rusk as one who had studied international affairs at Oxford. He was ordered to Washington at once as an officer in G-2 (intelligence) in the Far Eastern Division of the British Empire Section. A week later several of Rusk's fellow officers in the 3rd Division were detached and sent to the Philippines where, after Pearl Harbor, they were to endure the trials of Corregidor, the Bataan Death March and years in Japanese prison camps. Chance had intervened again to change the direction of Rusk's life. His role in the war, instead of combat, was to be that of a soldier-diplomat, where he first showed the qualities which were to lead to the Secretaryship of State.



Soon after going to work in the old Munitions Building, Rusk met a brilliant Negro named Ralph Bunche. One evening when they were both working late, Rusk invited Bunche to have supper with him in the officers' mess. Bunche demurred. It was an unwritten rule of the place, he pointed out, that Negroes were excluded. Rusk, a Georgia boy whose grandfathers both fought in the Confederate Army, is more free of race prejudice than many a northerner.

"Come on," he said cheerfully. "We'll change that rule right now."

They met chilly stares, but there was something in the look of the powerful, six-foot-one Captain Rusk which silenced comment. Rusk soon forgot the incident, but Bunche did not. He is the same Ralph Bunche who went on to distinction in diplomacy and the U.N. In 1950 he won the Nobel Peace prize; he is now the under secretary for special political affairs of the United Nations. On the day Rusk's appointment as Secretary of State was announced, Bunche, talking with reporters from many lands at the U.N., recalled with some emotion the circumstances of the supper.

"I'll never forget Captain Rusk," he said. It was an auspicious introduction of the new Secretary to the peoples of Africa and Asia. As Secretary of State, Rusk emphasizes that American racial bias is a lamentable handicap in a world where the colored peoples so vastly outnumber the white. The warning is the more impressive as voiced in a southern accent. It is worth noting that Rusk held the same principles long before it became politic to express them.

Assigned to India in 1943 under General Stilwell, Rusk found himself serving more as a diplomat than a soldier. Relations in the C.B.I. were uneasy between us and our allies—the Chinese, the British, colonial India longing to be free. Rusk negotiated and persuaded, seeking better co-ordination of effort. He traveled much between India, Ceylon, Burma and China. More than a dozen times he flew the Hump.

When Rusk first became Secretary of State, commentators speculated that he might be boxed and jostled by strong and prominent men surrounding him in foreign-policy positions: Chester Bowles, his Under Secretary of State; Adlai

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Stevenson, ambassador to the U.N., with Cabinet status; and those three formidable brains, professors McGeorge Bundy, Walt Whitman Rostow and Arthur Schlesinger Jr., installed in the White House as policy advisers and old friends of President Kennedy. If such a thought occurred to Rusk, he may have recalled that in the C.B.I. he took basic training, if not a master's degree, in getting along with strong characters. For example, Chiang Kai-shek, generals Stilwell and Chennault, and Lord Mountbatten. Actually, the new Secretary of State realized that the President and he himself needed advice on policy from all the brains and wisdom they could get.

Rusk returned to Washington in 1945 with a reputation for clear thinking and cool judgment. He was assigned, along with some of the brightest West Pointers of his age, to the General Staff. In 1946 Robert Patterson, Secretary of War, picked Rusk as his special assistant. In 1947 Secretary of State George Marshall appointed him as State's chief of special political affairs.

During the next five years Rusk, as an Assistant Secretary or Deputy Under Secretary of State, was closely involved in American foreign policy in the U.N., in the birth of the Marshall Plan, the development of NATO, the Jewish-Arab disputes in Palestine and in the triumphs and disasters of America's most unpopular war, the fighting in Korea. This gave him a broad professional knowledge of the sprawling Department of State, its organization, its strengths and its weaknesses. The lessons he learned then he is trying to apply today—when and if he gets a minute to catch his breath.

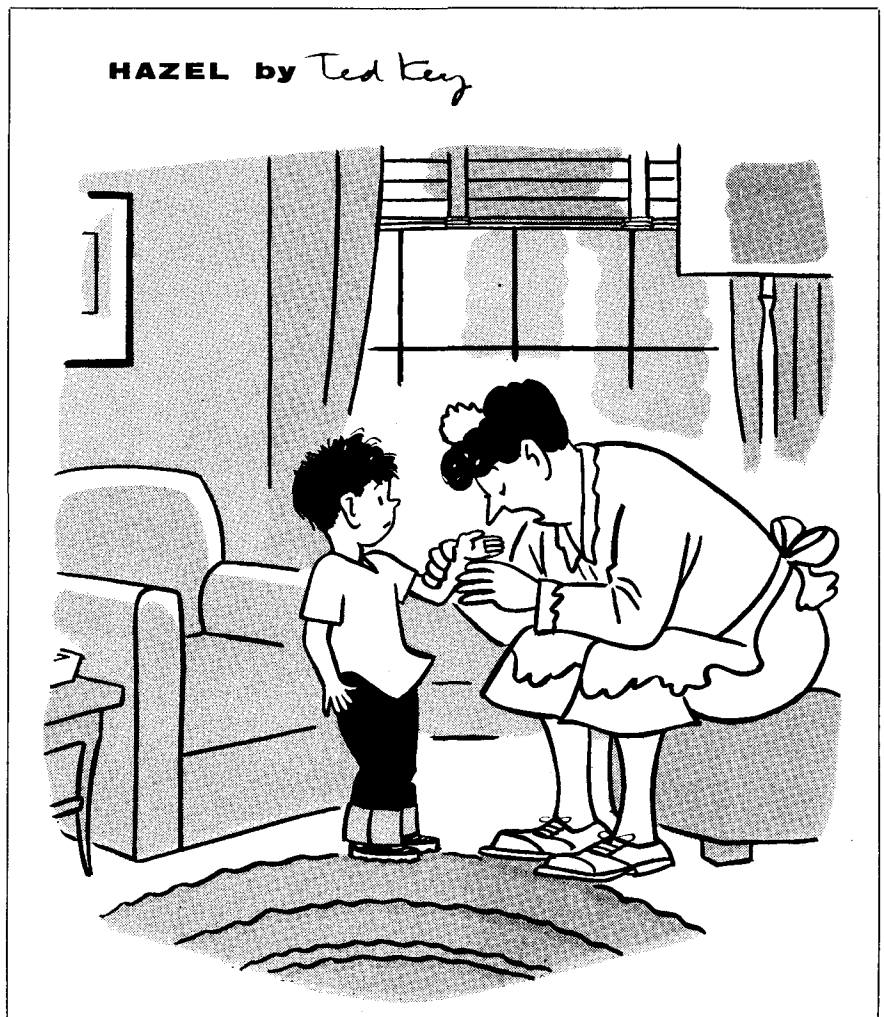
In those years the services of Rusk, never one to toot his own horn, attracted little public notice. But they won him an immense private reputation among those with whom he worked—men as diverse as General Marshall, John Foster Dulles, Dean Acheson and Robert A. Lovett. The last named, who as Under Secretary of State and later Secretary of Defense established himself as one of the great public servants of our time, was particularly impressed.

"I've seen Rusk under all sorts of pressures," Mr. Lovett told me recently. "He is peculiarly equipped to handle the job as of today. He has the intellectual capacity, the moral courage. He's foresighted. He has a knowledge of other countries, along with a sensitivity—an awareness, a comprehension—which alerts him to crises before they develop. He will be a good Secretary of State and can be a great one."

As early as 1950, on the recommendation of Messrs. Lovett and Dulles, Rusk was made a member of the Board of Trustees of the Rockefeller Foundation. John D. Rockefeller 3rd, now chairman of the foundation, surely one of the most self-effacing and public-spirited of the world's wealthy men, saw in Rusk the qualities he wanted in an executive head of the foundation: sensitiveness to human needs, combined with vision and the courage to make hard decisions. In 1952 Rusk resigned from the State Department to become president of the foundation.

At this time the foundation, which earlier had directed its philanthropies to widening the horizons of human knowledge, was turning toward putting this knowledge at the service of those countries which needed it most. Forwarding this aim, Rusk traveled the world—especially its backward areas—studying their human needs and capabilities. How could these people best help themselves? Did they most want agricultural research to develop more abundant food grains? Or was it schools of medicine, of engineering, of political science and the humanities? Only if Rusk was convinced of the genuine local need and enthusiasm was financial help for the project forthcoming.

All unconsciously he was thus carrying out, in a relatively small-scale but efficient private operation, the very policy President Kennedy was later to announce as the policy of American foreign aid to underdeveloped countries: "to help them in ways in which they want to help themselves." He was absorbing a knowledge of their ideals and aspirations which escapes the desk-bound diplomat. And he was forming personal friendships with influential private citizens, doctors, educators, scientists. Thus today, as Secretary of State, he has available friendly counsel from many troubled areas of the world, indicating trends of popular feeling which may not be reported through official channels.



"I see a school. I see kids entering that school. I see homework. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Such was the background, conveyed to Kennedy by men who had worked with Rusk as far back as the early 1940's, which impressed the President-elect as he pondered the vital selection of his Secretary of State. Of one who first suggested Rusk, Kennedy inquired, "Is he a Republican or a Democrat?" Said the friend, who had known Rusk for years, "I haven't the slightest idea." It happens that he is a Democrat, though he has never taken a prominent part in partisan politics. One of Rusk's qualifications, of which Kennedy had heard from senatorial colleagues, was the favorable impression he had made on Republican legislators by the candor and clarity of his testimony before Congressional committees.

However high the recommendations, Kennedy was seeking the answer to a more important question: Was Rusk the kind of man he could work with comfortably, with mutual trust, sympathy and understanding? He was weighing this personal equation in that first casual, seemingly noncommittal talk they had together. Apparently they took to each other from the first. Kennedy found in Rusk many traits congenial with his own: a dislike of windy theorizing, a lightning-quick grasp of the main points at issue, a tough-minded realization that there are no easy solutions of the problems ahead.

We have seen that Rusk, since boyhood, has liked to plan far ahead. One of his cherished purposes, as he took over at State, was to strengthen advance policy planning, so that troubles could be spotted and dealt with before they grew into big crises. As he said, "The United States must aim at the future if we expect to come on target for the present. Otherwise we just knock off a few tail feathers of today's fast-flying problems."

It is an admirable purpose, which he continues to pursue. But so far he has been in the position of a man trying to install a long-range weather-forecasting system in the midst of a hurricane.

Another worthy project, initiated by the President with the warm concurrence of Rusk, was to restore the prestige of the State Department and give it control over all elements of our foreign policy. With the onrush of World War II the then small State Department had not been equipped to cope with such problems as economic warfare, propaganda and intelligence. Special agencies were set up to handle these, and naturally they cut across State's lines of authority. And in recent years dozens of committees, working under the National Security Council, became separate centers of foreign-policy planning and decision. Abroad, agencies of the departments of Agriculture, Commerce and the Treasury sometimes worked at cross-purposes with our diplomacy. At home high military officers often sounded off with a belligerence that alarmed our allies.

Determined that our foreign policy should speak with one voice, Kennedy put the military firmly on notice that their speeches must be cleared. He abolished the proliferating policy committees. He and Rusk, briefing ambassadors departing for their new posts, emphasized that they must keep in close touch with, and furnish the policy leadership for, all American agencies operating in their territory. "We are expected to take charge," Rusk told his policy officers. "It throws upon us an enormous responsibility."

It is a sound program, with bright promise for the future. Had it been in operation sooner, the gigantic miscalculations of the Cuban venture might have been avoided. The essence of the program was that foreign policy should not be set by subsidiary agencies, such as, in the Cuban case, the CIA (Central Intelligence Agency) and its military advisers. Yet the CIA, having worked and planned with the anti-Castro Cuban exiles for nearly a year, had the only supposedly "expert" information available. Kennedy and his White House advisers, and Rusk with his State Department counselors, had no firm independent information of their own to set against the CIA proposals. Lacking this, Kennedy finally approved the expedition.

The result you know. The expedition was not merely a failure. It was a spectacular fiasco—wishful in concept, hopelessly inadequate in force, bungling in execution. More than 1000 of the Cuban invaders were promptly overwhelmed and captured by the well-armed Castro forces.

Thus the young President, who in fourteen years of public office had encountered an almost miraculous run of success and good fortune, abruptly met stark failure face to face. He did not minimize it. He promptly and properly took the entire responsibility upon his own shoulders.

There were a few crumbs of comfort for Kennedy and Rusk. Several other Latin American countries belatedly realized, from Castro's rantings after the invasion attempt, that he had indeed led Cuba into the Communist camp and become a menace to other countries in the hemisphere. A sympathetic Congress promptly passed the full appropriation for Kennedy's plan to help our non-Communist southern neighbors to help themselves toward social and economic progress. Republican leaders, refusing to take advantage of the President's misfortune, closed ranks in friendly support—though later some Republicans seemed inclined to make political capital of it. And the expedition, while a disaster to those involved, did not materially alter an existing situation.

All administrations make mistakes. Perhaps it was as well for the President and his Secretary of State to make one—and a whopper—so early in the game. Apparently it did not shake their confidence in each other. Having passed through the fire together, friends feel that their mutual trust and sympathy are strengthened, as certainly are their resolve and alertness to avoid future mistakes which might have more drastic consequences.

Enduring present storms and facing more on the horizon, Rusk meets his troubles with the cheerfulness and fortitude he learned in boyhood. In times so critical as to panic any but the boldest heart, his round face remains serene, with just a trace of a smile—"a Mona Lisa smile," as reporter Edward T. Folliard calls it—around the corners of his mouth. It suggests that things are tough and may get tougher, but that we—praying as if it were up to God and working as if it were up to us—will come through all right.

THE END

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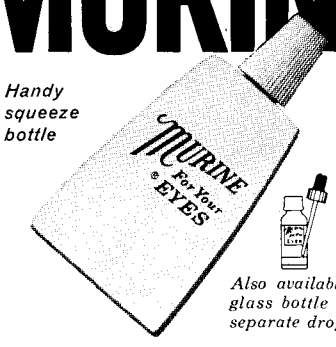

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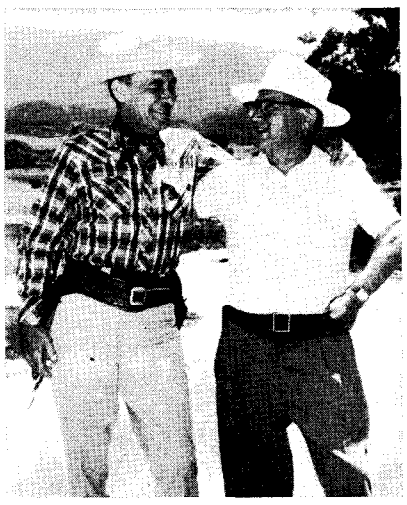
Keeping Posted

All Smiles

The manuscript, correspondence, galley proofs and illustrations for our current Perry Mason serial, THE CASE OF THE BIGAMOUS SPOUSE, which continues on page 32, soon will be en route to the University of Texas, which plans to reproduce the office of author **Erle Stanley Gardner** in its new Academic Center. Eventually Gardner will give the university everything related to his writings—which are so voluminous that a state smaller than Texas would be hard pressed to accommodate them. Our photo of author Gardner was taken not in Texas but on Gardner's Temecula, California, ranch. That's Gardner in the sport shirt; the gunslinger with him is senior fiction editor **Stuart Rose**, whose idea of a swell vacation spot is a Western ranch where he can wrangle cattle for ten or eleven hours a day.

In our other chummy pictur the week, swimming champ **Lynn Burke** is searching for the biceps of sports writer **Dave Anderson**. Last summer Anderson, who works for the New York *Journal-American*, was sent to the Burke home to get a local-girl-makes-good story after Lynn won two gold medals in the Olympics. She told him at that time that she was thinking of retiring from competition. "If you do," said Anderson, "let me know. It might make a story." She did, and it did. See I'M OLD AT EIGHTEEN—on page 18, of course.



Stuart Rose and Erle Stanley Gardner.

Lynn Burke and Dave Anderson.

By Foot and by Plane

Every summer week end **Hal Burton** commutes by plane from his job as chief editorial writer of *Newsday*, on Long Island, to his summer home in Keene Valley, New York. Burton is an avid mountain climber—he has written a half dozen *Post* articles on skiing and mountaineering—and as he hikes from Keene Valley up into the neighboring Adirondacks, he can see the Green Mountains of Vermont peering at him from across Lake Champlain. Recently Burton took a closer look at Vermont, the result being VERMONT: LAST STAND OF THE YANKEES (page 22). He remained strictly objective when he was writing the article—but now he says, exposing his prejudices and clichés for all to see, "Vermont is a great place to visit, but the west side of Lake Champlain is the place to live."

From **Mary Higgins Clark** of Westwood, New Jersey, comes a unique approach to international diplomacy—BEAUTY CONTEST AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE (page 16). Author Clark had opportunity to observe the international scene during the two years (1949–51) when she worked as an airline stewardess on flights to Europe, Asia Africa. She quit to marry Wa Clark, an airline district manager, and now she is the mother of five little Clarks, all professional models who have appeared in ads in *The Post*. So when Mrs. Clark finally made *The Post*, via the above-named story, Warren Jr., aged nine, piped up, "Welcome aboard, mom."

They Make You Laugh: Gately

The face of **George Gately** Gallagher—he snipped the "Gallagher" off his signature because his older brother John became a cartoonist before he did—should be familiar to pub crawlers of northern New Jersey. Are we implying that George is a carouser? We are not. George was a professional entertainer—singing and playing the piano, aspiring, he says, to outperform Bing Crosby and Fats Waller simultaneously.

"I finally wised up, went back to the advertising business"—he had been an ad-agency artist—"for a couple more years, then chucked the whole thing, took a month's vacation in Florida, came home and started free-lancing cartoons." This was in April of 1957. In May he made his first *Post* sale, and he has had no time for warbling since then. Bachelor Gately-Gallagher has lived in Bergenfield, New Jersey, on Sugden Street, for thirty-one of his thirty-two years. It's an neighborhood, with more tha share of termite damage. Whe George read in a local paper that every state except Alaska is bothered by termites, he attempted to conjure up a cartoon in which termites were frozen into submission. But he couldn't get this message across in a gag; so he let the little buggers have their way, as you will see in his absurd cartoon on page 47.

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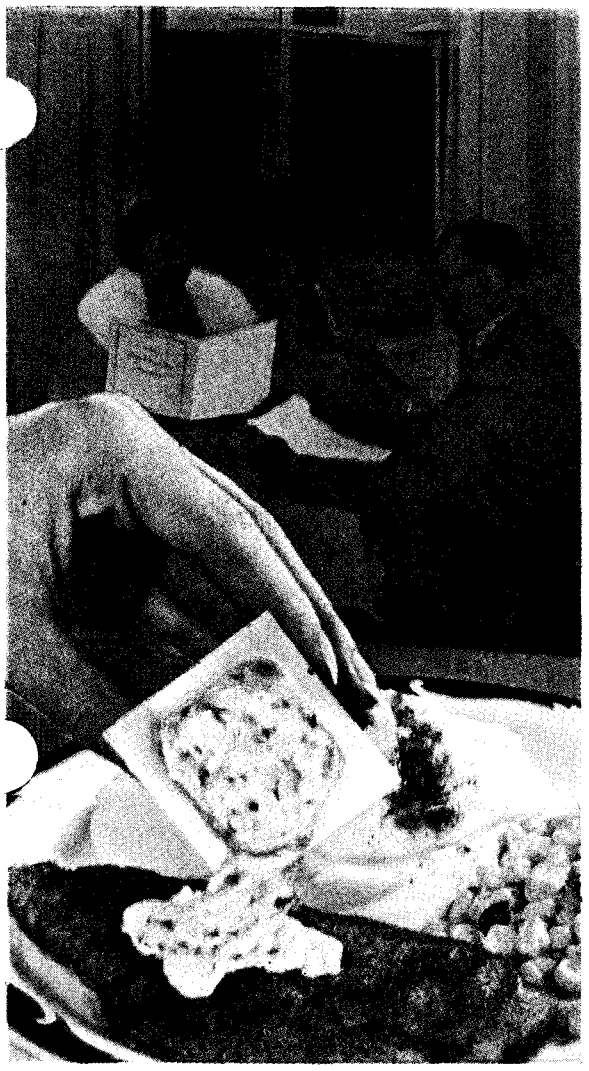
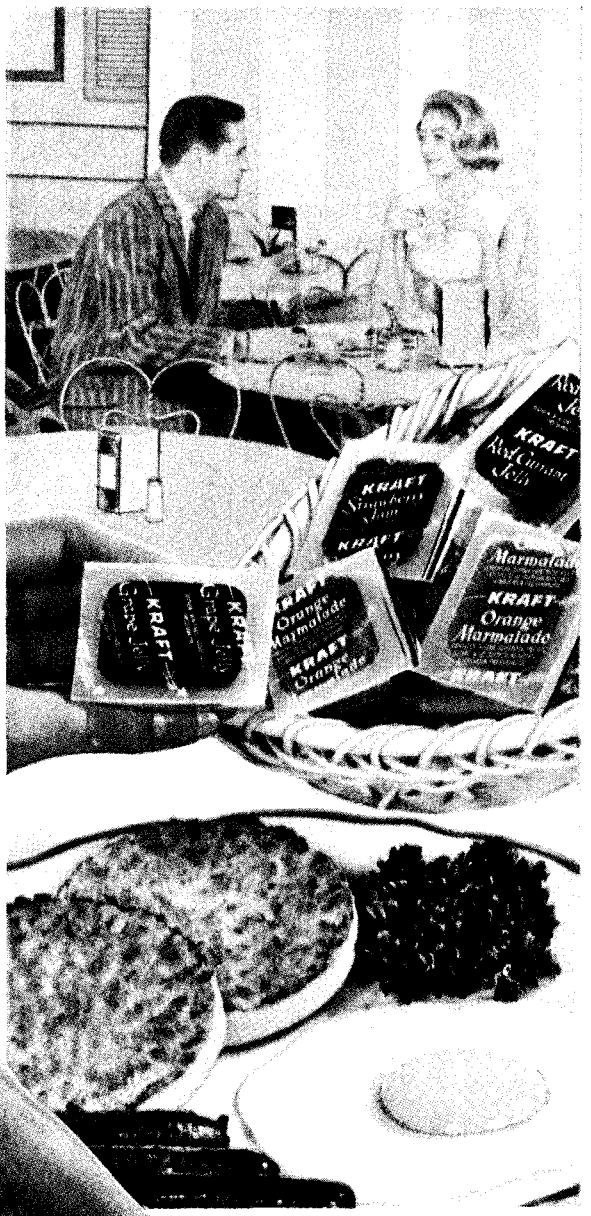
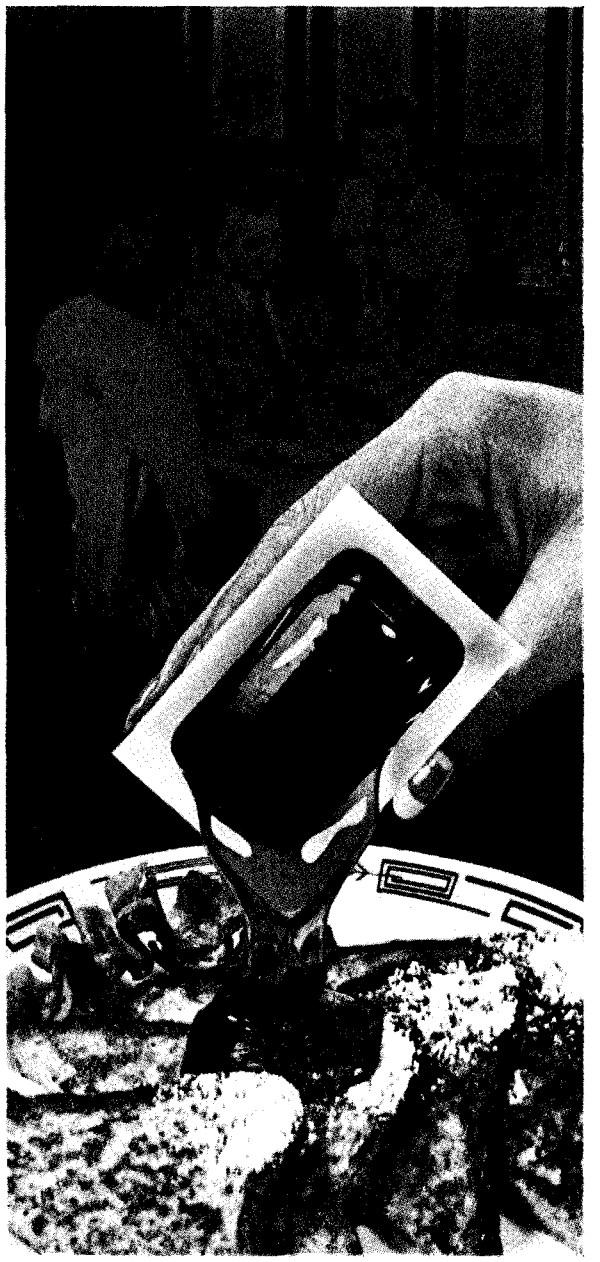


Easiest way to enjoy Kraft tartar sauce

Your choice of Kraft jellies and preserves





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JUST FOR YOU!

Your own individual sealed serving of many fine Kraft foods . . . to make eating out a special pleasure

It's the things you can't get at home that make eating out so enjoyable. Maybe it's a new dish. Or an old favorite fixed a special way. And for mom of course, it's just nice to be waited on for a change—with no thought of dishwashing afterwards.

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KRAFT

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back to those glorious places!

The best souvenirs are yours for the snapping —with Kodacolor Film!

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Travel tip: The Brownie Starmite Camera (right) is the most compact camera with built-in flash holder ever offered by Kodak. Takes black-and-whites, color snapshots, color slides . . . costs less than $12. See your dealer for exact retail price. And be sure to take along enough Kodacolor Film.

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